

The
YOUNG FOLKS
TREASURY









"WHAT DAY OF THE MONTH IS IT?" HE SAID.

YOUNG FOLKS' TREASURY

In 12 Volumes

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Editor

EDWARD EVERETT HALE
Associate Editor

Modern Tales and Animal Stories

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE
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DANIEL EDWIN WHEELER
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INTRODUCTION

TO put a truth before a child's mind in such a way that he will grasp it and be attracted to it, means that he will make it his own. It is not enough merely to say, "Do right; be brave; persevere; be honest; be industrious,—" and so on through all the virtues. We must attract him to these things, make them seem lovely and desirable in some concrete fashion, if we would have him really desire to copy them in real life.

It is just here that good books come in. In them the child finds friends to love, to admire, to emulate, and by giving him stories of the right kind to read, not once, but a hundred times over, and by reading them to him, he is charmed into being good and kind and wise. The gentle, tactful way wins him.

One must begin at very elementary things with little children, and as they naturally love animals, here is a good place to start. A child will delight in stories of squirrels, and horses, and lambs, and mice, and such tales as "Friskytoes," "Sally," "Muffles," "Miss Tabbycat's Adventures," and "A Field-Mouse Tale" will be deeply interesting. Children are often thoughtlessly cruel to animals, but no child could be anything but kind and thoughtful to them after learning of their little lives as these stories give them. The play of fancy, the conversations of the animals, the whole charm of these stories make a direct appeal to the heart of a child.

As children grow older the stories of animals grow even more fascinating to them. Our best writers to-day have given us beautifully written books about deer and birds, rabbits and foxes and dogs, written so that grown people enjoy every word of them as do their boys and girls. Such stories as "Uncle Remus," "The Adventures of a Loon," "My Lion Friend," "My Pet Starling," "Black Beauty," "The Hunt of the Wild Horse," "The King of the Trout-Stream," and "Rab and His Friends," are interesting to a wonderful degree; one scarcely

can lay down one of them until it is done. At the same time they teach facts about nature, and life in the open, and the habits of animals, which are instructive to any reader, even to him who has an idea that he knows all about wild life.

Stories of adventure are always in demand even with very small children. To listen breathless to such experiences as are told in Sheila Braine's "Defending the Fort," or "The Boatman's Story," by E. Nesbit, or "Georgie's Penny" by Maggie Brown, is a joy, and one which leaves no trace afterward of fear, because all the stories "end well."

As the children grow older and demand something beyond these stories, the time has come for giving them some of the classics of our literature. Here are Ruskin's "King of the Golden River"; Hawthorne's "Snow Image"; Irving's "Rip Van Winkle"; Kipling's "Wee Willie Winkie"; the stories of "Oliver Twist," and Dickens's "Christmas Carol;" "The Archery Contest," from Scott's "Ivanhoe"; the delightful "Mad Tea-Party," from "Alice in Wonderland"; and "Tom's First Half-Year at Rugby," by Hughes. Not one of all these should be unknown to growing children; and there are many more which are as interesting, as well written, and as helpful to them as those named.

In one of his poems Longfellow says:

"The pleasant books, that silently among
Our household treasures take familiar places,
And are to us as if a living tongue
Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces!"

It is the "pleasant books" which grow dearer to us as the days go by, and those which we never forget. Children learn poetry easily, and the ballads and stirring verse which they read over and over till they are known better even than their multiplication tables, do as much good as more practical things. Children also love the lives of heroes. When they read of Wallace and Bruce and the soldiers and sailors and patriots of all time, they need no one to point the morals. The suggestion of bravery has been made to their impressionable minds in such a way that it will not be forgotten. So with all the other lessons which stories of the best kind set before our children.

If one could give a child only a small sum of money toward his education, a sum so small that it would not take him to college or even put him through a primary training, would it not be the best possible investment to put it into books made up of the best things in literature? A liberal education can be given by reading the right things, and the boy who can have only access to the best authors, can still hold his own with the one who has had the advantages of school life. Was it not Lincoln, who with his two books, by way of a beginning, and later on only a few more, became a master of English, and could meet on their own ground the best educated men of his day? And on the other hand, no matter how extended the schooling may be which a man receives, if his mind has not been trained in his early home to know and love the best things in literature he will never be truly educated.

Parents and children will both enjoy as a sort of educational game, the writing of little stories somewhat along the line of those in this volume. A monthly paper made up of contributions by children will be a real delight to the family as they read it aloud. It can be arranged to have one of the older children act as editor and he may have the responsibility of making up the paper—and another may read it, as in “Little Women.” The March sisters had such a paper, and by looking this up, all sorts of ideas will be suggested by it.

A prize may be offered by the father for the best short story on some given theme once in a while—and this will stimulate the interest in the children and urge them to do their best. It is astonishing how boys and girls learn to write easily and well by managing such a home paper as this. In after years the experience will be found invaluable.

Mothers will sometimes find it instructive and entertaining to read slowly and carefully a short story, or a poem that tells a story, to their children. After the story is thus read distinctly, one of the children will be requested to write it from memory, and another child may be requested to repeat the story from memory in his own words.

CAROLINE BENEDICT BURRELL.

MODERN TALES

MODERN TALES

LITTLE TALES FOR LITTLE FOLKS

DEFENDING THE FORT

BY SHEILA BRAINE

A SOLDIER in the uniform of a French grenadier was clambering up the side of a steep ravine. His face and hands were covered with scratches, and he was hot and breathless, but still he pressed eagerly after his guide, a young goatherd, only pausing for a second to ask, "Does the fort lie over yonder?"

"But half a league farther," answered the boy, tossing back his shaggy hair, and on they plunged through the underwood, by a path that nobody but one born and bred among those mountains could have found.

They had come six miles across country at a desperate pace, but fatigue was nothing to the grenadier, Latour d'Auvergne, a name already known for valor throughout the length and breadth of France. He had a mission to accomplish, and his duty came before all else.

"Yonder is the fort; you have but to follow the path up the pass," said his guide at last.

Latour's eyes brightened; he put some money into the lad's hand, and the latter disappeared among the bushes. Inspired by fresh courage, the weary grenadier pounded up the narrow rocky way, but he was surprised, as he approached the building, that no sentinel challenged him. What was the garrison doing that it took no precautions against a sudden attack? Latour had an inward feeling that all was not right: his heart misgave him as he rushed up to the door.

Why he had come was that he had received news that a regiment of Austrians was pushing forward to get possession of the fort. If they succeeded, it would be a serious matter for the French army, and Latour had set out instantly to warn the garrison. The fort was ten miles distant by road, but he had found a young goatherd to take him a short way across the mountains.

The door yielded as the grenadier flung his weight against it: he gave a shout as he burst into the court, but no one answered it. "The cowards!" he exclaimed in indignation, "they have deserted the place! The mean-spirited rascals! Would that I had the hanging of them!"

It was but too true: the garrison had evidently been warned of the approach of the enemy, and had fled after the main body of the French army. They had gone off in a great hurry, for muskets lay scattered about on the ground. "Villains!" muttered Latour; and, having completed his survey of the place, he began to prepare for the Austrians. The dauntless soldier knew that if he could delay the enemy's movements for even twenty-four hours it would be of enormous value to his countrymen. The fort was in a fine position, at the head of a steep pass, and Latour meant to hold it as long as there was life in his lean, strong body.

There were some thirty muskets, and these he loaded; he then barricaded the heavy door as well as he could, ate a hearty meal—plenty of provisions were left, fortunately—and sat down to await the enemy.

The night came on, and presently the grenadier caught the sound of footsteps tramping up the narrow pass. Instantly he fired a couple of shots into the darkness, and heard the footsteps retreating. Although desperately weary, the defender of the fort did not dare to close his eyes, and he was glad enough when morning dawned.

"We shall see what will happen now," said Latour to himself.

As soon as it was light, a soldier with a flag of truce came up the path: the Austrian government had sent to summon the garrison to surrender.

Latour naturally did not let the messenger inside. "You can go back and inform your commandant," he called out, "that we are here to defend the pass for France, and that as long as there is a man left, this fort will not yield."

The envoy retired, and the bold grenadier made ready for action. Presently he found that the Austrians were hauling a small cannon up the pass, and as soon as the gunners came in sight he let fly at them, taking care to keep well under cover himself. Five men went down, one after the other, and the rest beat a retreat.

"Ah, ha! 'tis not so easy as you fancied, my fine fellows," said Latour, reloading his guns.

He guessed pretty well that the enemy's next move would be to make a sudden dash and try to take the fort by storm, and he guessed rightly. But the pass was so narrow that the men could only come on two abreast, and Latour, an expert at quick firing, picked them off until fifteen were lying dead or wounded on the ground. Scared, the rest fled down the pass once more, leaving the "garrison" a victor. The commandant was furious, and later a third assault was made, but with the same result as before. By sunset more than forty of his men were killed. The rest were getting discouraged too: for it was like walking into the jaws of certain death to march up that narrow path.

Once again the white flag was seen before the main entrance of the fort, and the garrison was called upon to surrender. By this time Latour was almost worn out: he knew that he could not possibly hold out much longer, so he proceeded to make the best terms he could.

"The garrison is to be allowed to march out with their arms, and retire unmolested to the French army," was his stipulation.

After a good deal of parleying, the commandant agreed to this, and Latour promised to give up the fort at break of day. Then he dropped down, half dead with fatigue, and went to sleep; he had done all he could, and had gained a certain amount of time. Probably if the real garrison had been there, they might not have been able to accomplish much more.

The grenadier was so weary that the sun was already high when he woke, and a furious battering at the great door reminded him of his compact. The Austrians were outside clamoring for the fort to be delivered up to them.

"You are in too great a hurry, my friends," muttered Latour, grabbing an armful of muskets, "come, a little patience"—as the blows redoubled—"the garrison is not ready yet," and he went on calmly gathering the guns together. Then he picked up a couple of straps and fastened them together.

Outside, on the little plateau at the head of the pass which the Austrians had vainly attempted to gain, the troops were now drawn up in line. They left a space for the garrison to march through, and waited impatiently for them to appear.

"What on earth are the fellows about?" growled the colonel, who was in command; "do they mean to keep us here all day? Here, go and tell the captain that if the fort be not instantly given into my hands, I shall hold the agreement at an end."

At that moment the heavy door was pushed slowly open, and, to the astonishment of the Austrians, a solitary man appeared, a grenadier. He staggered along with thirty muskets strapped on his back, and, as the colonel stepped forward, Latour d'Auvergne saluted.

"But where is the garrison?" cried the colonel quickly.

"It means that you behold here the garrison, Colonel."

"What!" thundered the Austrian, "do you expect me to believe that we have been held at bay all these hours by one man? Where are your comrades?"

Latour explained, and for a moment, the officer stood dumbfounded: then he raised his hand to his cap, saying: "Grenadier, you are a hero! Your emperor is indeed fortunate to possess so valiant a soldier." A ringing shout of approval went up from the troops as Latour, again saluting, went slowly onward, with his load of weapons. He had killed a number of their companions, but they knew how to respect a brave soldier.

Latour was one of the most modest of men, and would never accept the honors and dignities offered him as a reward for

his many deeds of valor. One title, however, was given to him, by which he was known both in his own country and in others, that of "The First Grenadier of France." So one reads of him in the pages of history, and at Carhaix in Brittany, his birthplace, a memorial ceremony was kept up for about fifteen years after his death in 1800. The roll-call of the Grenadiers began each day with the famous name of Latour d'Auvergne. There was an impressive silence that lasted a few moments, and then the color-sergeant, stepping forward, saluted gravely, and made answer: "Dead on the field of honor!"



THE BOATMAN'S STORY

BY E. NESBIT

THEY were tired of play—it's a curious thing, but that really does happen to little people sometimes. They had built a sand-castle, and they were anxious to defend it against the incoming tide, but the tide was on its way out, and ungenerously refused to turn before its time, even to oblige Dolly and Dick.

They had gathered together more shells and seaweed in an hour than Nurse would have allowed them to bring home in a year. They had run races on the sand, and written their names there. They had waded out to the old wreck, that showed its bones in the low water, and played at shipwrecked sailors till Dick's arms quite ached with rescuing his sister—the noble captain who refused to leave the sinking vessel—and now they looked round them for a new amusement.

"There's old Creed," said Dolly suddenly. "Let's go and make him tell us a story."

Away they ran, their bare feet dinting the grim sand with the imprint of ten little round toes.

Old Creed, the boatman, was sitting on the shingles, his legs stuck out in front of him, mending his nets.

"Well, kiddies," said he, "what do you want this morning? Tide's too low for a sail."

"We want you to tell us a story," said Dick. "Dolly says you can."

The old boatman laughed. "Stories aren't much in my line," he said; "you must go to your pretty books for those. You know all the stories I could tell, bless you!"

"But in the books the fishermen always know heaps and heaps of stories," said Dick; "not girl's nonsense, but jolly good stories about pirates, and shipwrecks, and rafts, and desert islands, and people being brave, and all that."

"That reminds me," said old Creed thoughtfully; "I do know one story about brave people."

"Oh, *do* begin," cried Dolly, cuddling close up to him among the meshes of the net. So old Creed began.

"There was once two young ladies used to come here to stay a goodish bit. Real ladies they was—and ready always to pass the time of day with a man, and kind as you please. Always lending books and papers to the coast-guards, and many's the nice little thing they brought down in those baskets of theirs when my missus was ill abed. And they was always so kind to all the little children, and whenever they met any always had a good word for them.

"Well, by and by, all in good time, one of them got married and come to have two little 'uns of her own—like as it might be you and Master Dick here when you was tiny. And every year she and her good man and her sister and the children came down to Dymchurch in the summer.

"Miss, she looked as young as ever, but Madam had grown a bit stouter, with more of a presence—as a married lady should—and always the best and kindest, both of them.

"Now there was a young gentleman staying at Dymchurch one year, at Mrs. Young's, in the Terrace, which is a quiet house and lodgers well looked after. And he wanted quiet, for he was ever learning out of his books so as to take something or other—a prize, I think—at Oxford College."

"I'm going there when I grow up," remarked Dick. "Go on!"

"Well, fisher-people have a good deal of time, and what with watching the sky and the wind and the tide, they get to keep their eyes open. And I couldn't help seeing that this young gentleman had no eyes for anything out of doors except for Miss. He never spoke to her like one of our lads would have done if he fancied a girl, because such is not the ways of the gentry. But he *looked*, and I understood well enough, if she didn't.

"Now, one day—it was when I was laid up along of my broken leg, but I saw it all from my window—it got very rough, and Miss and Madam came out to see the weather. Madam's husband had gone to Hythe to see a friend, so he wasn't with them, for you can't be in two places at once, unless you're a bird, as the Irishman said.

"And as they stood there, Miss cries out very sharp:

"'Look, look, in that boat out there! It's the children.'

"'No, no,' says Madam, 'see, the children are along there by the sea-wall.'

"'It's some one's children,' cries Miss, with her heart in her voice.

"'We must call some one,' says Madam.

"'There's no time,' says Miss.

"It was getting rougher and rougher and a great squall coming up. Then all in a minute I see them running like mad to my boat, and begin to push her off. And far away to sea was a boat and two children in it—little children—and how they got out there passes me.

"Then I see Mrs. Young's door fly open, and out comes the young gentleman from Oxford, and leaps on to the sea-wall and down again on to the beach and so to the boat.

"'They're little children,' says Miss; 'we're going out to them.'

"With that he says nothing, but lends a hand to push off the boat, and when she's afloat, he puts one foot on the gunwale and shoves off with the other, and there's the three of them putting out to sea; and the sky blackens and the wind gets louder, and the waves higher every minute. Missy and my young gentleman they pulled and Madam steered. There

wasn't a soul on the sea-wall when they started, but before they reached the boat rocking and tossing with them two little 'uns in it, the sea-wall was black with folk—for all Dymchurch turned out to see them. And the mother of those poor innocents in the other boat was standing there with a face like lead.

"The coast-guards were getting the lifeboat ready, and people held their breaths—when the boat came up with the children. None of the three was much good in a boat, and never a one of them could swim, that's why it was so brave of them: and we wondered if they'd know what to do. Bless you, yes! They got her alongside, Madam and the young gentleman held her fast, and Missy leaned over and pulled the children into my boat. Then they made the other boat fast to the stern and turned to come back, but that was easier said than done. The wind had been rising, rising all this time, and now was dead against her. And folk along the sea-wall sent up a shout—'Put off the lifeboat.' So they ran her down into the sea, and none too soon, for just as the lifeboat came up with them a great wave caught the boats, and the next thing we saw they was rocking bottom up, and every soul of them in the water.

"The coast-guards had 'em out sharp enough. Madam was safe and sound, and Miss—God bless her! though the oar had struck her as the boat heeled over—God bless her, I say!—she'd never let go the little 'uns—got 'em tight, I tell you, with an arm round each of their necks. The gentleman from Oxford he got off with a broken arm.

"I never heard such a shout before or since as went up from the crowd on the sea-wall when they landed from the lifeboat, all dripping and draggled, Miss with the children clinging to her. Every one was for shaking their hands, and I see a woman a-stroking their wet clothes as they went by. As for that poor mother, she fell down at Missy's feet as if she would have liked to kiss them.

"And so it happened that when his arm got well the young gentleman from Oxford married Missy, 'the bravest woman in the world,' says he. But to my thinking Madam was braver, for she had her own little children to think of."

"I've heard that story often," said Dick, who had listened with breathless interest. "I've heard it often—Missy was Aunty Laura and Madam was our own Mammy."

"Well," said old Creed grinning, "I told you, didn't I, as you knew more stories nor I did?"

"Never mind, Creed," said Dolly, putting her arms round his rough jersey and giving him what she called a "hard hug;" "it's a lovely story, and nobody could tell it better than you, and I'm never tired of hearing it—never. But I'm glad father taught us to swim. Of course if we ever have to rescue anybody it won't be so *brave* of us."

"But it will be much safer," said Dick, "and you know that's a great thing."



THE CUNNING GOLDSMITH

BY W. H. D. ROUSE

A KING was talking to his prime minister. "Is it true," said he, "that goldsmiths are great rogues? I have heard that if you give them a quantity of gold to make something with, they often steal part of it. Do you know if this is so?"

"Well," said the prime minister, "I have heard people say so, but I really don't know."

The king was determined to find out, so he sent for the four chief goldsmiths of the kingdom, and asked them. At first they could say nothing, but looked at each other; because, you see, they were very much frightened. However, after a while the first goldsmith said to the king, "Sire, if you will promise that we shall come to no harm, I will tell you the truth." So the king promised and the man said:

"When I have any gold given to me, I keep a quarter, and make it up with brass, and nobody is any the wiser."

The king turned to the second, and he said: "Sire, when

I have gold, I take half of it for myself, and make it up with brass, and nobody is a bit the wiser."

The third said: "I, Sire, keep three-quarters of the gold, and make it up with brass."

The fourth said: "And I keep all the gold, and nobody can tell the difference."

The king was astonished. "You are the cleverest," said he to the fourth goldsmith, "if you can do as you say; but I must test you."

So he took the man into an inner room, and made him change his clothes. Then he gave him a hundred golden sovereigns, and said to him, "with these you must make a golden elephant."

So the goldsmith melted down the gold, and all the while he was closely watched by the king himself and the prime minister. He worked all day, and in the evening they searched him carefully before they would let him put on his own clothes and go home; and the gold was locked up in the room.

When the goldsmith got home, he began to make an elephant of brass; and all day long he worked away at the king's golden elephant, while he worked all night at the brass one at home.

So both the elephants were ready at the same time, and when they were finished, he put the brass elephant into an earthen pot, and said to his wife, "Fill up this pot with buttermilk, and bring it for sale this morning to the king's palace, under the window where I work."

It did not take the goldsmith long to finish the king's elephant and when it was done he said to the king: "All I want now is a little buttermilk to dip it in; that is how we make it shine, you know." Just at that moment, who should come by but a woman crying "Buttermilk, buttermilk, who wants nice buttermilk?" (This was the goldsmith's wife, of course, only the king did not know it.) "There you are," said the prime minister; "there's somebody selling buttermilk, if you want some." They called the woman in, and the goldsmith said: "I only want to dip this elephant in, to make it shine. It won't hurt your buttermilk, and you shall have a halfpenny." "All right," said the woman, "in with it." The goldsmith dipped

in the elephant, and left it there, while he pulled out the brass one he had put there before. Then the woman went away, and the goldsmith handed it to the king.

"Well," said the king, "what now? This is a golden elephant."

"Is it?" said the goldsmith; "Just have it tested."

So the king had it tested, and they told him it was all brass, not worth half a crown.

The king was delighted at the goldsmith's cleverness, though he could not think how he had managed the business; so he made him a present and sent him away.



THE STORY OF THE BIG GREEN DOLL

BY JOAN BARRETT

ONCE upon a time there lived a very beautiful green doll. She was so tall, and so large, and so heavy that she was quite difficult to carry, so her mother who had ever so many other doll-children, did not play much with the green doll, but left her shut up in a large cardboard box in a cupboard.

This made the green doll very sad indeed, and she used to cry at night-time, when the blinds were down at all the windows and the sky was dark. She wished she was only a small doll, for then, she thought, her mother would certainly take her out in the garden or for a nice walk when the sun shone, just as she took her other doll-children.

One day her mother gave a doll's tea-party, and such a lot of dolls came with their mothers! There were blue dolls, and white baby dolls in long clothes, with lace flounces on their dresses, and pink dollies, and red dollies, and dollies dressed in all colors except green. There was not one other dollie in green among them!

Now because it was a party, the big green doll was taken out

of her cardboard box and placed in an armchair. She had to have a real armchair because she was much too big to sit properly in a doll's chair, and she had her tea served on a real tea-table that Nurse had begged from the dining room, and she drank her tea from a china mug that belonged to her mother.

Her dress was spread out all over the chair, and her long golden hair had been nicely brushed and curled and tied up with green ribbon. She wore a fine bead necklace, and had real silk socks on and green kid slippers, yet she was not happy.

"How big she is!" said one little girl, called Lilas, who had come to the party. "I never saw such a big doll!"

The poor green doll hung her head, for she felt ashamed of being so big.

"They must see how sorry I am," she thought, when all at once her mother jerked her head up quite roughly.

"I never had so tiresome a child!" she said. "She is always dropping her head. I think a joint in her neck is broken."

The poor big dolly felt sadder than ever. You see her mother did not know that it was sorrow that made her child hang her head.

The little girl called Lilas was a kind little girl, and she smiled at the dolly, who stared piteously at her with her big blue eyes. "How beautifully she is dressed," said the little girl. "Why, she is all in green."

The big doll's mother smoothed her child's frock. Really, she was very proud of the fine silk frock, and the lace flounces, but she thought she might make her child vain if she let her know how much she admired her pretty clothes. So she made it a rule to pretend that she did not care a bit for fine clothing.

"She is a most untidy child!" she said. "And tries my patience ever so much. I wish she were dressed in different clothes and then I could keep her in the nursery cupboard, and I shouldn't have to wrap her up in tissue-paper and put her back in the box every time after I have her out. Come sit up!"

"Oh, don't speak so roughly to her," said the little Lilas, "May I hold her? I will be very careful of her."

So the green doll's mother said "Yes," and the little girl nursed the big green doll and talked to her and said a great many kind things to her. And the green doll was quite happy.

But when the party was over, and all the little girls had taken their doll-children home, and the green doll was wrapped up in tissue-paper and put back in the cupboard, and the night came, and all the blinds were down, she began to cry. She cried so loudly that a Mr. Mouse, who was running about the cupboard, trying to find some food to carry home to his six little mice, came to the cardboard box to see what was the matter. He could hear the green doll sobbing, and he gnawed away the cardboard, and then the paper, until he could just see the frill of the green velvet bonnet. "Why, what *is* the matter?" he asked, "and who is it making such a terrible noise?"

The green doll could not speak for crying, and the mouse shook his head at her bonnet. He could not see her face, so he thought it was the bonnet that made all the noise. "How can you be so silly?" he asked, "to cry for nothing at all? I wish you had six little bonnets to feed and look after; you would find no time for crying then." And he began to gnaw away at the box again. Now Mrs. Mouse had been bathing the children, and she had just put the baby mouse to bed and tucked him up in his cot, when she heard the green doll crying. So she ran out from her little house into the cupboard and called very sharply to Mr. Mouse, who had been hard at work biting a big hole in the cardboard box.

"What is that terrible noise?" she cried. "How do you think the baby can go to sleep?"

"I am not making the noise, my dear Matilda"—the Mother Mouse's name was Matilda, and the Father Mouse was called John—answered Father Mouse. "It is a green bonnet inside this box."

"Well, just you stop it," said Matilda Mouse, and back she went to her baby and began to sing:

"Rockaby Mousie, mind what you do,
The cat's round the corner watching for you"—

when she heard the big green dolly crying louder than ever. "Dear, dear!" she said to the five little mice, who were all

seated in a row in front of the kitchen fire, warming their toes on the fender and waiting for their supper; "how can your father think that George Augustus is going to sleep with that bonnet making such a disturbance."

The little mice all said that they couldn't think, and their mother made her eldest daughter sit by the cot and rock the baby while she went into the cupboard again. "I'll soon make that bonnet quiet," she said, "I never heard such a thing in all my life! Any one can tell *she* has got no babies!"

"That is just what I have been telling her," said John Mouse. "But she keeps crying all the same."

"Oh! don't be so silly," said Mrs. Mouse. "You should make her be quiet. I will!" and she began to gnaw the frill of the green bonnet.

Now when the big green dolly had been to the tea-party, the kind little girl called Lilas had given her a cake covered with pink sugar to eat, and some crumbs had fallen upon the doll's dress. Her mother had put her away in such a great hurry that she had not brushed the fine green dress. Mrs. Mouse thought the sugar crumbs tasted very nice indeed, so she nibbled and nibbled and gnawed and gnawed until she had eaten a hole in the bonnet, and all the while the dolly kept crying

Then Mr. Mouse came and he gnawed and gnawed, and nibbled and nibbled too, so that very soon the poor bonnet was all in rags.

When Nurse came a few days afterwards to take out the big green dolly for her mother to take to a "pretend" seaside party on "pretend" sands, she was shocked to find that the mice had spoilt the big green doll's clothes. They were all in rags and quite terrible to look at. A little bit of the doll's nose and one pink cheek had been scratched. Baby mouse had made the scratches, though his mother had told him that doll's faces were never very nice to eat.

"Dear, dear," said Nurse. "Those nasty mice!"

The green doll's mother came to see what the naughty mice had done. She was not very much grieved, though she cried a little bit when she saw the pretty silk dress in holes.

"Never mind," said her mother, "you shall have a new one

and we will give this poor doll away. Would you like to give her to any one?"

The green doll's mother remembered that her little friend Lilas loved the green doll. So she said she would like to take it to her. Nurse put the green doll in a box, but this time she had no tissue-paper and was not carefully wrapped up. You see, the mice had ruined her complexion and her dress and so there was no need to be careful of her any longer.

The green doll felt so unhappy while she was being taken to the house where her new mother lived, for she knew that she was scratched, and not nearly so pretty to look at now, and she was afraid that Lilas would not care for her any more.

"I can't think what I shall do if she doesn't love me," she thought.

She was carried upstairs into the nursery, and Lilas opened the box. The big tears came into her eyes when she saw the poor green dolly, who really did look miserable.

"Oh, you poor precious!" she cried. "You dear sweet thing! If my pussy Tabbywinks had been in the cupboard those wicked mice wouldn't have dared to touch you!" Then she kissed the green dolly, and gave her a big hug. "You are still very beautiful, dear," she said, "and I will love you ever so dearly and you shall have a new dress, and a new bonnet, and never be put in a horrid old cardboard box any more."

So the green dolly was made happy. Indeed she was far happier than when she lived in the cupboard, for her new mother thought a great deal of her, and loved her so much that the green doll never once cried again.



THE MONKEY'S REVENGE

BY E. V. LUCAS

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl named Clara Wishbone Platts. She lived in Kensington, London, near the Gardens, and every day when it was fine she walked

with Miss Hobbs round the Round Pond. Miss Hobbs was her governess. When it was wet she read a book; or at least as much of her book as she could, being still rather weak in the matter of long words. When she did not read she made woolwork kettle-holders for her aunts, and now and then something for her mother's birthday present or Christmas present, which was supposed to be a secret, but which her mother, however hard she might try not to look, always knew all about. But this did not prevent her mother, who was a very nice lady, from being extraordinarily surprised when the present was given to her. (That word "extraordinarily," by the way, is one of the words which Clara would have had to pass over if she were reading this story to herself; but you, of course, are cleverer.)

It was generally admitted by Mrs. Platts, and also by Miss Hobbs, and Kate Woodley the nurse, that Clara was a very good girl; but she had one fault which troubled them all, and that was too much readiness in saying what came into her mind. Mrs. Platts tried to check her by making her count five before she made any comment on what was happening, so that she could be sure that she really ought to say it; and Kate Woodley used often to click her tongue when Clara was rattling on; but Miss Hobbs had another and more serious remedy. She used to tell Clara to ask herself three questions before she made any of her quick little remarks. These were the questions: (1) "Is it kind?" (2) Is it true?" (3) "Is it necessary?" If the answer to all three was "Yes," then Clara might say what she wanted to; otherwise not. The result was that when Clara and Miss Hobbs walked round the Round Pond, Clara had very little to say; because, you know, if it comes to that, hardly anything is necessary.

Well, on December 18, in a certain year, the postman brought Mrs. Platts a letter from Clara's aunt, Mrs. Wishbone of Chislehurst, after whom she had been named, and it was that letter which makes this story. It began by saying that Mrs. Wishbone would very much like Clara to have a nice Christmas present, and it went on to say that if she had been very good lately, and continued good up to the time of buying the present,

it was to cost seven-and-six, but if she had not been very good it was only to cost a shilling. This shows you the kind of aunt Mrs. Wishbone was. For myself, I don't think that at Christmas time a matter of good or bad behavior ought to be remembered at all. And I think that everything then ought to cost seven-and-six. But Mrs. Wishbone had her own way of being generous and useful; and it did not really matter about the shilling at all, because, as it was agreed that Clara had been very good for a long time, Mrs. Platts (who did not admire Mrs. Wishbone's methods any more than we do) naturally decided that unless anything still were to happen (which was very unlikely with six-and-sixpence at stake) the present should cost seven-and-six, just as if nothing about a shilling had ever been said.

Unless anything were to happen. Ah! Everything in this story depends on that.

Clara was as good as gold all the morning, and she and Miss Hobbs marched round the Round Pond like soldiers, Miss Hobbs talking all the time and Clara as dumb as a fish. At dinner also she behaved beautifully, although the pudding was not at all what she liked; and then it was time for her mother to take her out to buy the present. So, still good, Clara ran upstairs to be dressed.

In Kensington High Street are a great many large shops, and the largest of these has a very nice way every December of filling one of its windows (which for the rest of the year is full of dull things, like tables, and rolls of carpet, and coal-scuttles) with such seasonable articles as boats for the Round Pond, and dolls of all sorts and sizes, and steam-engines with quite a lot of rails and signals, and clockwork animals, and guns. And when you go inside you can't help hearing the phonograph.

It was into this shop that Mrs. Platts and Clara went, wondering whether they would buy just one thing that cost seven-and-six all at once, or a lot of smaller things that came to seven-and-six altogether; which is one of the pleasantest problems to wonder over that this life holds. Well, everything was going splendidly, and Clara, after many changings of her mind, had

just decided on a beautiful wax doll with cheeks like tulips and real black hair, when she chanced to look up and see a funny little old gentleman come in at the door; and all in a flash she forgot her good resolutions and everything that was depending on them, and seizing her mother's arm, and giving no thought at all to Miss Hobbs's three questions, or counting five, or Kate Woodley's clicking tongue, she cried in a loud quick whisper, "O mother, do look at that queer little man! Isn't he just like a monkey?"

Now there were two dreadful things about this speech. One was that it was made before Aunt Wishbone's present had been bought, and therefore Mrs. Platts was only entitled to spend a shilling, and the other was that the little old gentleman quite clearly had heard it, for his face flushed and he looked exceedingly uncomfortable. Indeed, it was an uncomfortable time for every one, for Mrs. Platts was very unhappy to think that her little girl not only should have lost the nice doll, but also have been so rude; the little old gentleman was confused and nervous; the girl who was waiting on them was distressed when she knew what Clara's unlucky speech had lost her; and Clara herself was in a passion of tears. After some time, in which Mrs. Platts and the girl did their best to soothe her, Clara consented to receive a shilling box of chalks as her present, and was led back still sobbing. Never was there such a sad ending to an exciting expedition.

Miss Hobbs luckily had gone home; but Kate Woodley made things worse by being very sorry, and Clara hardly knew how to get through the rest of the day. She could not even play with her chalks.

Clara's bedtime came always at a quarter to eight, and between her supper, which was at half-past six, and that hour she used to come downstairs and play with her father and mother. On this evening she was very quiet and miserable, although Mrs. Platts and Mr. Platts did all they could to cheer her; and she even committed one of the most extraordinary actions of her life, for she said, when it was still only half-past seven, that she should like to go to bed.

And she would have gone had not at that very moment a



CLARA'S BED-TIME CAME ALWAYS AT A QUARTER TO EIGHT.

tremendous knock sounded at the front door—so tremendous that, in spite of her unhappiness, Clara had of course to wait and see what it was.

And what do you think it was? It was a huge box addressed to Mrs. Platts, and it came from Parker's, the very shop where the tragedy had occurred.

"But I haven't ordered anything," said Mrs. Platts.

"Never mind," said Mr. Platts, who had a practical mind. "Open it."

So the box was opened, and just inside was a note, and this is what it said:

DEAR MADAM,

I am so distressed to think that I am the cause of your little girl losing her present, that I feel there is nothing I can do but give her one myself. For if I had not been so foolish—at my age, too!—as to go to Parker's this afternoon, and without any real purpose but to look round, she would never have got into trouble. Parker's is for children, not for little old gentlemen with queer faces. And so I beg leave to send her this doll, which I hope is the right one, and with it a few clothes and necessaries, and I am sure that she will not forget how it was that she very nearly lost it altogether.

Believe me, yours penitently,

The Little-old-gentleman-who-really-is-
(as-his-looking-glass-has-too-often-told-
him)-like-a-monkey.

To Clara, this letter, when Mrs. Platts read it to her, seemed like something in a dream, but when the box was unpacked it was found to contain truly enough, not only the identical doll which she had wanted, with cheeks like tulips and real black hair, but also dresses for it, and night-dresses and petticoats, and a card of tortoiseshell toilet requisites, and two pairs of shoes, and three hats, and a tiny doll's parasol for Kensington Gardens on sunny days.

Poor Clara didn't know what to do, and so she simply sat down with the doll in her arms and cried again; but this was a totally different kind of crying from that which had gone before. And when Kate Woodley came to take her to bed she cried too.

And the funny thing is that though the little old gentleman's present looks much more like a reward for being naughty than

a punishment, yet Clara has hardly ever since said a quick unkind thing that she could be sorry for, and Miss Hobb's three questions are never wanted at all.



GEORGIE'S PENNY

BY MAGGIE BROWN

GOOD-BY, Dorothy!" called Mother.
"Good-by, Georgie!" called Aunt Jeanie.

Georgie ran to the nursery window, and waved his hand; but Dorothy curled herself up in the armchair, and looked just as cross as a small girl can look.

"Come and play at something, Cousin Dorothy," said Georgie.

Dorothy frowned.

"Won't you show me your new doll?" said Georgie.

Dorothy shook her head.

"Mother promised to take me with her," she said.

"Well, but you have company," said Georgie, "and you ought to be polite to your company."

"I didn't want the company to come," said Dorothy; "I wanted to go out with Mother."

"You're a cross old thing," said Georgie, "and I wish the company hadn't come," and he thrust his hands into his pockets, and stared out of the window.

"It's just like a girl," he began, pulling his handkerchief out with a jerk.

Something rolled out of his pocket on to the floor.

Dorothy looked up.

"There," said Georgie, "now I've lost it. I quite forgot it was in my pocket."

"What was it?" asked Dorothy, uncurling herself from the chair.

"A penny," said Georgie.

Dorothy jumped down on to the floor.

"A penny!" she cried. "Why, Georgie, we'll go shopping."

"We will," said Georgie, clapping his hands.

"Put on your hat," said Dorothy, "and I'll get mine. I wish I could wear my best one, but I can't reach the box, and I don't think I'll ask Sarah to get it for me."

"Never mind your best hat," said Georgie; "girls always bother about their clothes. Come on."

"Come quickly down stairs," said Dorothy; "Sarah is in the garden, so she won't see us."

Not until they were outside the front door did either of them remember the penny.

"I thought you had it," said Dorothy.

"Well, we can't get in again," said Georgie; "we must go without it, Dorothy. We'll just tell the shop people that we left the money at home."

They trotted down the road quite happily.

Dorothy knew the way, and the shops were not very far from home.

"Shall we buy a toy or sweets?" said Dorothy.

"I think a toy," said Georgie, "I want a rocking-horse very badly; but of course we couldn't carry that."

"A rocking-horse," said Dorothy, laughing. "You can't buy a rocking-horse with a penny."

"Dorothy," said Georgie, pointing to the pavement, "look there! It is beginning to rain, and I shall get my new coat wet."

"Boys sometimes bother about their clothes," said Dorothy slyly. "We will wait under this arch until it stops."

But the shower was quite a sharp one, and the children quickly grew tired of waiting.

"I wish we had an umbrella," said Georgie.

"We'll borrow one," said Dorothy; "we'll ask the old lady at the china-shop to lend us hers."

Georgie looked at Dorothy admiringly.

They both ran quickly from the arch to the shop, and Dorothy walked boldly in.

The old lady was standing behind the counter, and she smiled at Dorothy.

"What does your Mamma want, Missie?" she said.

"Nothing, thank you," said Dorothy, "but I want an umbrella."

"An umbrella!" said the good old lady. "I don't sell umbrellas."

"Of course not," said Dorothy, "I know that; but we don't want to buy one—we want you to lend us one."

The old lady looked rather astonished, but she went into the parlor behind the shop, and brought out a very large, very old umbrella.

"We'll bring it back quite safely," said Dorothy; "thank you very much."

"We shan't be long, you know," said Georgie.

When the children got outside the shop, they found that the rain had almost stopped, but Dorothy carefully put up the umbrella.

"I don't think we shall want it," said Georgie; "it's scarcely raining at all. Shall we give it back to the old lady?"

"Not until we've finished our shopping," said Dorothy.

So the children marched along under the big umbrella. Dorothy found it quite as much as she could manage.

"Oh dear! it is so heavy," she sighed, after a few minutes.

"Well, put it down," said Georgie; "the sun is shining."

"Perhaps I had better," said Dorothy.

But it was far more easily said than done, and although both the children tried their hardest they could not move it.

"Well, we must keep it open," said Dorothy.

"We can't go into any shops, then," said Georgie. "I wish we'd never borrowed it."

"I can hold the umbrella and you can go into the shops, and then you can hold the umbrella while I go into the shops," said Dorothy. "Here is the sweet-shop—what shall we get?"

"Chocolate," said Georgie.

"All right," said Dorothy; "take the umbrella and I'll go in and ask."

Georgie took the umbrella, and Dorothy walked into the shop. There was a young woman behind the counter whom Dorothy did not know.

"Have you any chocolate?" said Dorothy.

"Yes, miss," said the girl: "chocolate plain, chocolate drops, chocolate almonds, chocolate creams, chocolate cakes—which will you have?"

Much to the astonishment of the girl, Dorothy ran out of the shop.

"Georgie, do you like chocolate creams?" she said.

"No," said Georgie; "but it's my turn now; you take the umbrella, Dorothy."

Dorothy took the umbrella, and Georgie marched into the shop.

"I want some chocolate, please," said Georgie to the girl.

"So did the other one," said the girl. "How much money have you?"

"A penny," said Georgie, "only we shall have to—"

"Georgie!" called Dorothy. And Georgie ran out of the shop.

"Georgie," said Dorothy, "we must go home. I thought I saw Mother and Aunt Jeanie."

The girl came to the shop-door.

"Look here," she said, "do you want any chocolate? I can't be bothered like this. I don't believe you've got any money."

"We can't shop now—we are going home," said Dorothy.

"She is a cross girl," said Georgie, as the girl shut the shop-door with a bang.

"Well, never mind," said Dorothy.

Once more the two set out in the sunshine, under the umbrella that would not shut up.

They were quite pleased when they reached the china-shop, and were able to hand it back to the old lady.

"Where have you been?" said Sarah as she let the children in at the side door. "Go upstairs at once."

Dorothy looked at Georgie and nodded, and the nod meant: "They have come home: we shall get scolded."

"They must be in Mother's bed-room," said Dorothy. "we'd better go and tell them all about it."

"No, don't tell," said Georgie.

"I always tell Mother everything," said Dorothy.

She began to speak as soon as Georgie opened the bedroom door.

"Mother, we've been shopping: you don't mind my going out if I tell you, and you were out?"

Then she stopped, for Georgie was laughing.

The room was empty. Mother and Aunt Jeanie had not come home.

"But they will be back directly, and then we shall have to tell them," said Dorothy.

"Well, come and look for the penny," said Georgie.

They went back to the nursery, and they searched every nook and corner, but the penny was not to be found.

"I am sorry I've lost it," said Georgie.

"Well, never mind," said Dorothy, "we went shopping; only I do wonder what Mother will say."



HETTY'S HALF-CROWN

BY EMILY BENNETT

IT'S jolly dull, isn't it, Hetty?" said Willy, throwing down his book and yawning discontentedly. His sister was sitting curled up in a corner of the sofa, making little Polish boots for her doll, out of an old white kid glove.

"I thought you said it was so exciting, when the hunters tracked the lion by its blood on the sand—"

"Oh! I didn't mean the story, although that's not much at the end. I meant these Easter holidays."

"But, Willy, no one could help your having a horrid sore throat to keep you indoors and away from all the fun," answered Hetty affectionately, while she fitted on the tiny boots on her doll, and then showed them with great pride to Willy.

"Aren't they sweet?" said she.

"Oh, jolly!" he answered, without looking; "but why are

people so fussy over a stupid sore throat, I wonder. I'm sure the Jacksons might have come over, the whole crew; they're as strong as anything! I shall slang those fellows jolly well next time I see them. Oh! look, Hetty, I do believe it's left off raining *at last*."

"So it has!" cried she, running to the window to look out.

"Hetty, I vote we go and spend your half-crown this afternoon—eh?"

"*Aunt Penelope's half-crown?*"

"Yes."

"But we can't, Willy!"

"Why not?"

"Because I haven't decided what to buy with it."

Willy cast himself into a rocking-chair, and began to sway backwards and forwards restlessly.

"I don't believe girls ever know what they *do* want!" said he irritably.

"Oh, yes, they do," answered Hetty gently.

"Well, then, say it out!"

"I want to do good with it—I promised Aunt Penelope."

"Spend it on some *poor* person, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"But what could you get for half-a-crown that's any real use?"

"That is what puzzles me so. Mamma says I must think it out all by myself."

"Well, look here, Hetty, who is it you would most like to help? that little hunchback fellow?"

"No. It's some one I've never seen, but Nurse has told me about her. It's a Mrs. Moore, and she is very old, and she lives in a room all by herself at the very top of one of those wretched houses by the gas-works."

"I know, Hetty; she's the mother of that chap who robbed the doctor."

"Yes, and ever since he's been in prison she has been ill."

"But lots of people send her money, Hetty."

"Ah, but it's only just enough to keep her from starving. Nurse says she has only a bed and a chair, and *one* blanket,

and no curtains or blind to her window; and now her teapot is broken!"

"It's awful!" said Willy, "for teapots are jolly dear. A fellow got one last term—"

"So are blinds and curtains," broke in Hetty, "and lots of things poor old Mrs. Moore must want!"

Presently Willy yawned again.

"Then it's no go, I suppose, Hetty? Heigh-ho! I shouldn't feel dull if I could do some carpentering, but I finished the bird-cage yesterday."

Hetty was silent for some minutes, then she said:

"Willy, would a window-box be difficult to make?"

"Why?" returned he, opening his eyes suddenly.

"Because that would brighten up Mrs. Moore's dingy window, and make her think of the country. Wouldn't *that* be a good way to spend the half-crown?"

"Wait a sec., Hetty! I must just think it out. You mustn't spend your money on the *box*, but on the flowers! I can make it out of an old wine-case—but I must get the measurements first."

Willy leaped out of the rocking-chair; he looked quite a different boy. All his listlessness had gone. Five minutes later he was down in the tool-shed, hunting up old pieces of oil-cloth, and strips of zinc, with which to line the future box. Willy was never so happy as when working with his tools.

The children told Nurse at tea-time about their plan, which commended itself so much to her that she volunteered to get the measurements that same evening.

All the next day Willy worked hard at the window-box. He made it nine inches deep, and a little wider than the ledge of the window, and screwed all the parts securely together. Then he left a small partition in front of the box, leaving an air-space to keep the roots cool in summer, and lastly he covered the outside with the strips of gay-colored oilcloth, and bored holes in each end. The gardener gave him a little broken charcoal for drainage, and the box was ready!

It was a triumph of carpentering.

"Mamma," said Hetty, flushed with excitement. "do come

and see the lovely window-box Willy has made for poor Mrs. Moore! Where shall I buy the flowers to fill it? and how many could I get for my half-crown?"

"Is this your own idea, entirely, Hetty?"

"Yes, Mamma. Will Aunt Penelope like it, do you think?"

"It will simply delight her, as it has me. Willy has never made anything more cleverly; his Father will give him the promised watch now, I am sure."

Willy's face flushed with joy—it was such a long-coveted prize.

"Mamma, how soon can we take the box?" inquired Hetty.

"Why not this very afternoon? We will first go to the florist's and you shall choose your flowers, and Morris will show you how to plant them, and give you some proper mold."

This was soon accomplished, and then Hetty and Willy bore off the gay box filled with lovely pink and white hyacinths, in triumph to the dingy street where the poverty-stricken people seemed to hide away out of the sunshine.

Poor old Mrs. Moore's joy in receiving the gift was not greater than the children's in bestowing it.

"Why!" she said, "I might be back in my old home down in the country! Oh! the scent of them! what happy thoughts it brings me!"

Willy then fixed the box in the simple brackets he had made, in the windowsill, while Nurse sat by the bedside, talking to the poor old woman in her cheerful way about people they mutually knew.

Hetty's eyes wandered from Willy's busy fingers to the bare walls of the desolate room, and she felt glad to have spent Aunt Penelope's half-crown in the way that she had.

Now, it sounds like a fairy tale, but it is nevertheless true, that from this day heaven seemed to shower blessings down on the sick woman, for the gay windowbox seemed to charm numberless gifts from all kinds of people!

The hearth that had so often been cold was now never fireless; the dry crusts and weak tea changed into the most delicate food that could tempt an invalid to eat; and pictures of happy children from the Christmas papers smiled down, from the once bare walls, on the lonely woman.

"Well, if you ain't in luck's way!" exclaimed an old crony of Mrs. Moore's one day, "with your stripy blind to shade your flowers, and your new teapot, and your warm blankets, and your smart new shawl, and goodness knows what else!"

"Ah!" returned Mrs. Moore, pointing to the window with her trembling fingers, "that I be; and those dear children are going to give me a fine *glass* winter-box for the cold weather, as they knows them flowers are my pride!"

So the curtainless window was dull no more, but became the one bright spot in the dismal street.

When the summer came and the spring flowers had faded away, they were replaced by brilliant red and pink geraniums, while a pretty creeping vine clambered round the window on slender trellis-work and made it a cool and shady bower in the hottest days.

Often when Hetty passes down the street with Nurse, she sees Mrs. Moore's white head at the window, where she is tending her flowers, and Hetty longs for her Aunt Penelope to come and see how much joy her half-crown has brought into a life that was once all misery.

MODERN TALES

UNDINE

By FRIEDRICH, BARON DE LA MOTTE-FOUQUÉ

ADAPTED BY MARY MACGREGOR

I

THE FISHERMAN AND THE KNIGHT

A FISHERMAN brought a stool to the doorway of his home and, sitting down, he began to mend his nets.

His cottage stood in the midst of green meadows, and his eyes grew glad as he looked at the green grass. After the heat of the fair summer's day it was so cool, so refreshing.

At the foot of the meadows lay a large lake of clear blue water. The fisherman knew it well. It was there his work was done, through sunshine or through storm.

To-day, as his gaze wandered from the green meadows to the blue lake, he thought he saw the waters stretch out soft arms, until slowly they drew the fair meadows and the little cottage into a loving embrace.

The fisherman, his wife and their foster-child lived very quietly on this pleasant spot. It was but seldom that any one passed their door, for between the beautiful meadows and the nearest town lay a wood. So wild and gloomy was the wood, so tangled its pathway, that no one cared to enter it.

Moreover, it was said that there were strange beings lurking amid the gloom—ugly goblins, misshapen gnomes; and there were shadowy spirits too, which flitted through the branches of the strongest trees, and these even the bravest would not wish to see.

Through this dark and haunted wood the old fisherman had often to journey.

It was true that he entered the dreaded shades with fear, yet no specter ever crossed his path. But perhaps that was because the thoughts of the old man were pure, or perhaps because he never entered the forest without singing a hymn in a clear brave voice.

As the fisherman sat mending his nets on this fair summer eve he began to move restlessly, to glance around uneasily.

Then a sudden terror fell upon him as he heard a noise in the forest behind.

Ah, how the trees rustled and how the grass was being trampled underfoot! Could it be a horseman who made haste to escape from some terrible foe?

And now, although he was wide awake, the fisherman seemed to see a figure, which he had seen before only in his dreams.

He saw the figure of a tall, strong, snow-white man, who came with slow steps toward him, and at each step he took, the figure nodded his great white head.

The fisherman rubbed his eyes as he glanced toward the wood. At the same moment the wind seemed to blow the leaves aside to make room for the snow-white man, whose head never ceased to nod.

"Well," said the fisherman to himself, "I have ever passed through the forest unharmed, why should I fear that evil will befall me here?" and he began to repeat aloud a verse of the Bible.

At the sound of his own voice courage crept back into the heart of the fisherman, moreover, the words of the holy book rebuked his fears. Nor was it long before he was able even to laugh and to see how foolish he had been.

For listen! The white nodding man was after all only a stream which the fisherman knew very well, a stream which ran and bubbled out of the forest and fell into the lake. As for the rustling noise, the fisherman saw what had caused that, as a gaily clad knight rode forth from the forest shadows toward the little cottage.

This was no specter or spirit of the wood, this stranger who wore the garments of a knight of high degree. He rode a white horse, which stepped softly, so that the flowers in the meadows lifted their delicate heads uninjured by his tread.

The fisherman raised his cap as the stranger drew near, and then quietly went on mending his nets.

Now when the knight saw the old man's face it was welcome to him, as indeed any human face would have been after the terrors of the forest. There he had seen strange mocking faces peering at him whichever way he turned, there he had been followed by strange shadowy forms from which escape had been well-nigh impossible; here at length was a kind and friendly mortal. He would ask him for the food and shelter of which both he and his steed stood in need.

"Dear sir," answered the fisherman when he had listened to the knight's request, "dear sir, if you will deign to enter our cottage, you will find a welcome with the food and shelter we offer. As for your horse, can it have a better stable than this tree-shaded meadow, or more delicious fodder than this green grass?"

Well pleased with this answer, the knight dismounted, and together he and the fisherman freed the white horse from its saddle and bridle, and turned it loose into the waving meadow.

Then the old man led the stranger into the cottage.

Here, by the light of the kitchen fire, sat the fisherman's wife. She rose, with a kind greeting for the unexpected guest. Then seating herself again in her armchair, she pointed to an old stool with a broken leg. "Sit there, good knight," she said; "only you must sit still, lest the broken leg prove too weak to bear you."

Carrying the stool over beside the old woman, the knight placed it carefully on the floor and seated himself as he was bidden. As he sat there talking with the good old fisherman and his wife, it seemed to him almost as though he were their son, who had come home again after journeying in a distant land.

It was only when the knight began to speak of the wood that the fisherman grew restless and refused to listen.

"It were wiser, Sir Knight," he said, "not to talk of the wood at nightfall, or indeed to say much of it at any time."

And then the old couple told their guest how simply they

lived in the little cottage by the lake, and they in their turn listened eagerly while the knight told them of himself. He was named Sir Huldbrand, and he dwelt in his castle of Ringstetten, which stood near the source of the river Danube.

Now, as he talked or listened to the quiet tales of the old fisherman, the knight heard a strange sound that seemed to come from the direction of the window. Again and again it came, a strange sound as of water being dashed against the window-panes.

It was plain that the fisherman heard it too, for at each splash a frown crossed his good-natured face.

A louder splash, and a shower of water streamed through the loosely built window-frame into the kitchen.

Then the old man could sit still no longer. He hastened to the window, and opening it called out in an angry voice, "Undine, cease these childish tricks. A stranger, and he a knight, is in our cottage."

A low laugh answered him. Hearing it, the old man shut the window and sat down again, saying to his guest; "Sir Knight, forgive this rude behavior. Undine my foster-daughter is still only a child, although she is now nearly eighteen years of age. Yet her tricks are harmless, and she herself is full of kindness."

"Ah," said the old woman to her husband, "to you, who are not with her save when the day's work is over, her pranks may seem harmless. But you would not talk so lightly of her ways were she by your side all day. Ever I must watch her, lest she spoil my baking, or undo my spinning or burn the soup. Nay—"

"It is true," said the old man interrupting his wife with a smile, "it is true that you have the maiden by your side throughout the livelong day, while I have but the sea. Yet when the sea is rough and breaks down my dikes I do not love it the less. Even so do you love the little one no less for all her tricks and tiresome ways."

The old woman turned to her guest. "Indeed, Sir Knight, he speaks truly. It is not possible to be angry with the maiden long."

At that moment the door flew open, and she, the maiden of whom they spoke, entered the little kitchen. She was fairer far than any one the knight had ever seen.

"Father," she cried, "where is he, the stranger guest?"

Even as she spoke her eyes fell on the knight, who had sprung to his feet as she entered the cottage. He stood gazing in wonder at the marvelous beauty of the maiden.

But before he could greet her, she was at his side, trustingly looking up into his face. Then kneeling before him, she seized his hand and made him seat himself again on the broken old stool.

"You are beautiful, Sir Knight," she said, "but how did you come to this little cottage? Have you looked for us long before you could find us? Have you had to pass through the terrible forest ere you could reach us, Sir Knight?"

The knight would have told the maiden the story of his adventures in the wood, but Undine's foster-mother was already speaking, and her tones were loud and angry.

"Go, maiden, go get you to work, and trouble not the stranger with your questions."

Then Undine, unashamed, drew a little footstool near to Huldbrand, and sitting down to her spinning, cried, "I shall work here, close to the beautiful knight."

The old fisherman took no notice of the wilful maiden, and began to speak of other things, hoping that the guest would forget his foster-daughter's questions.

But even had the knight been able to forget, Undine did not mean to sit there quietly, her questions unanswered.

Her sweet voice broke upon the silence. "Our beautiful guest has not yet told me how he reached our cottage," she said.

"It is even as you thought," answered the knight. "I journeyed through the haunted wood ere I found this safe and hospitable shelter."

"Then tell me of your wonderful adventures," demanded the maiden, "for without these no one may pass through the forest."

Huldbrand shuddered as he remembered the strange beings who had startled him as he rode through the wood. He glanced

distrustfully toward the window. Were the grim figures there, peering at him through the window-pane? No, he could see nothing save the dim night light, which now closed them in.

The knight drew himself up, ashamed of his foolish fears, and turning toward the maiden, he was beginning to tell her of the wonders which had befallen him, when the fisherman hurriedly interrupted.

"Nay, now, Sir Knight," he cried, "tell not your tale until the hours of dark have passed."

At her foster-father's words Undine sprang angrily from the footstool and stood before him. Her eyes flashed and grew larger, colder.

"You say to the stranger not to tell his tale, father," she cried, "you say to him not to answer me. But he shall speak, he shall, he shall!" And in her anger she stamped her little feet.

The knight well-nigh smiled as he watched the maiden's wrath, but the old man was grieved that the stranger should see the wayward behavior of his foster-child, and he reproved her for her anger. The old woman also muttered her displeasure.

Then Undine slipped quickly toward the door of the little cottage. She did not choose to listen to these rebukes.

"I will not stay with you, for you do nothing but scold me, and you will not do anything that I wish," she cried, and before they could reach her she had opened the door, and was away and out, out into the dark night.

II

UNDINE IS LOST

Huldbland and the fisherman sprang after the maiden, but when they reached the door of the cottage and looked out into the night she was nowhere to be seen, nor could they catch the sound of her tiny feet to guide them whither she had fled.

The knight looked in astonishment at his host. Was the beautiful maiden only another of the wonderful beings who had

bewildered him in the forest? Was she some lovely elf or sprite who had come but to vex them with her pranks?

But as he looked at the old man standing by his side, and saw the tears streaming from his eyes, he knew it was for no spirit of the wood that he thus grieved.

"Alas!" sighed the fisherman, "this is not the first time that the maiden has treated us thus. It may be she will not return the livelong night, and until she returns it is not possible that we should close our eyes. For what terror may not seize upon her as she wanders hither and thither in the darkness."

"We must follow her, father, follow her without delay!" cried the young knight.

"Nay," answered the fisherman, "my limbs are stiff. Though I knew whither she had fled, I could never follow with speed enough to reach her. Ever she would vanish as I drew near, for she is fleet, fleet as an arrow from the bow."

"If we may not follow her, at least let us call and entreat her to return," said the young knight, and without waiting for an answer he called, "Undine! Undine!"

But the old man shook his head. "It is useless to call," he said, "the little one will not heed your voice." Yet still the knight's cry rang out into the night, "Undine, dear Undine, I pray you return!"

No answer came back from the darkness, and at length Huldbrand returned with the fisherman to the cottage.

The old woman, who seemed little troubled by Undine's flight, had gone to bed and the fire was well-nigh out. But the fisherman, drawing the ashes together, placed wood on the top of them, and soon the fire blazed brightly.

Then in the light of the flames they sat and talked, yet they thought only of Undine. The window rattled. They raised their heads to listen. The rain fell in heavy drops, pitter, patter. They thought it was the tread of tiny feet.

"It is she, it is Undine!" they would cry, yet still the maiden did not come. Then they shook their heads sadly, but as they went on talking they listened still.

"It was fifteen years ago, on such a night of wind and rain,

that she came," murmured the old man. "Our home was sad and desolate, for we had lost our own little child."

"Ah," said the knight, "tell me how the beautiful maiden came to your little cottage."

Now this is the story the fisherman told to the knight.

"It is fifteen years ago," began the old man, "since I went through the forest, hoping to sell my fish in the city beyond. I was alone, for my wife was at home watching our little babe. Our little babe was dear to us and very fair.

"In the evening, having sold all my fish, I went home through the haunted forest, nor did I fear its gloom, for the Lord was at my right hand.

"But no sooner had I left the wood than I saw my wife running toward me, while tears streamed from her eyes. She had dressed herself, I noticed, in black garments, and this she was not used to do. I felt sure that trouble had befallen us.

"Where is our child, our little one?" I cried, though even as I spoke my voice was choked with sobs.

"Our child is with God, the great Father," answered my wife.

"Then in the midst of her tears the poor mother told her sad tale.

"I took our child down to the edge of the lake, and there we played together, so happy, so merry. Suddenly the little one bent forward as though she saw something beautiful in the water. Then she smiled, and stretched out her tiny hands, and even as she did so, she slipped from my arms into the lake, and I saw her no more."

"That evening," said the fisherman, "my wife and I sat by our hearth in silence, we were too sad for words. Suddenly the door of our cottage flew open, and there before us, on the threshold, stood a little maiden, three or four years of age. Her eyes were blue and her hair was gold and she was clothed in beautiful garments.

"We gazed in wonder at the tiny vision. Who was she? From whence had she come? Was she only a magic child come to mock us in our loneliness, or was she real, a living child?

"Then as we looked we saw that water trickled from her



THERE BEFORE US STOOD A LITTLE MAIDEN.

golden hair and that little streams were gathering at her tiny feet, as the water dripped and dripped from her beautiful clothing.

“‘She must have fallen into the lake,’ I said to my wife, ‘and in some strange way have wandered into our cottage. We have lost our own dear child, let us now do all we can to help this little one.’ Thus it came to pass that the little stranger slept in the cot in which until now our own babe had lain.

“When morning dawned my wife fed our tiny guest with bread and milk, and the little one looked upon us, and her blue eyes danced merrily, but never a word did she say.

“We asked her where her father and mother dwelt, and how she had come to our cottage. But her only answer was some childish talk of crystal palaces and shining pearls. Even now indeed she speaks of things so marvelous that we know not what to think.

“After some days we asked her once again from whence she came. She told us that she had been on the sea with her mother, and had fallen from her arms into the water, nor had she known more until she awoke under the trees, close to our cottage, so well pleased with the fair shore that she felt no fear.

“Then we said, ‘Let us keep the little stranger, and care for her as we would have cared for our own lost child.’ We sent for a priest, who baptized her, giving her the name by which she called herself, though indeed it seemed no name for a Christian child.

“‘Undine,’ said the priest as he performed the holy rite, while she, the little one, stood before him gentle and sweet. No sooner, however, was the service ended than she grew wild wilful as was her way. For it is true that my wife has had much trouble with the maiden—”

At that moment the knight interrupted the fisherman.

“Listen,” he cried, “how the stream roars as it dashes past the window!”

Together they sprang to the door. The moon had risen, and the knight and the fisherman saw that the stream which ran from the wood had burst its banks. It was now rushing wildly along, carrying with it stones and roots of trees. As

they looked, the clouds grew dark and crept across the face of the moon, the wind rose and lashed the water of the lake into great waves.

"Undine! Undine!" cried the two men together, but no answer reached them save the shrieking of the wind among the trees of the forest.

Then, careless of the storm, the fisherman and the knight rushed from the cottage in search of the maiden.

III

UNDINE IS FOUND

As Huldbrand rushed out into the night, followed by the fisherman, the storm seemed to rage yet more fiercely. The old man was soon left far behind in the search for the lost maiden.

The knight, battling bravely with the storm, hastened hither and thither, but all his efforts were vain. Undine was nowhere to be found.

And now, as the rain dashed down upon him and the wind hustled him, Huldbrand grew bewildered. The storm seemed to have changed the peaceful meadows into a weary wilderness, and even the maiden herself seemed to flit before him as a phantom spirit of the wind.

Could it all have been but a dream? Had the cottage, the fisherman, and his wife been as unreal as the figures that had followed him in the haunted forest? No, that he would not believe, for even yet in the distance he could hear the faint echo of the fisherman's voice as he called out pitifully, "Undine! Undine!" Now in his search the knight had reached the edge of the stream. The stream, as you know, had already overflowed its bank, and as the moon suddenly shone through the dark clouds, Huldbrand saw that the water was rushing back toward the forest. In this way the little bit of meadow-land on which the fisherman's cottage stood was turned into an island.

A terrible thought struck the knight. Had Undine strayed into the fearful forest she could not now return to the cottage,

save across the raging stream, nay, she might even now be surrounded by the spirits of the wood. She would be among them alone, helpless.

At once Huldbrand made up his mind to cross the torrent. He plunged into the water, and even as he did so he seemed to see on the other shore the figure of a tall white man, who nodded his head and mocked him as he struggled on. Huldbrand knew the tall white figure only too well. It was the one that had followed him as he journeyed through the forest.

Now, in his haste to find Undine, the knight was leaping from stone to stone, sometimes slipping into the water, then with a struggle placing his feet once again upon the stones. These, tossed by the rushing stream, gave no firm foothold to the knight, and he was forced to seize the branch of a fir-tree to help him across the dangerous passage.

While he was still in the midst of the current, he heard a sweet voice crying, "Trust not the stream, trust it not, for it is full of craft!"

The knight knew the voice. It was that of the maiden for whom he sought. Yet though he peered eagerly through the gloom he could see no trace of her.

"See! you can find me now, Sir Knight, for the moon is shining clear," cried the voice he longed to hear, and looking around him Huldbrand saw where Undine had found a shelter. It was on a little island, beneath the branches of a great tree, that the maiden sat. There was no terror of the storm in her eyes. She was even smiling happily as she nestled amid the sweet-scented grass, safe from the fury of the storm.

A few quick strides and the knight had crossed the stream and stood by the side of the maiden. She bade him sit down on the grass, and then, whispering low, she said: "You shall tell me your story here, Sir Knight, on this quiet island here, where no cross old people will disturb us, and where we are sheltered from the storm that rages beyond."

Then Huldbrand forgot all about the old man who was still seeking for his child, forgot too all about the old woman who was alone in the little cottage by the lake, and he sat down to tell his tale as the maiden wished.

Meanwhile the fisherman had reached the brink of the stream, and great was his surprise to see the knight seated by the side of his lost child.

"You have found her, you have found my little one!" he cried reproachfully. "Why did you not hasten to tell me she was found, Sir Knight?"

Then Huldbrand was ashamed, though, as he told the old man, it was but a little while since his search had ceased.

"Bring her without more delay to the mainland!" shouted the fisherman, when he had listened to the sorry excuse which was all the knight could offer.

But Undine had no wish to go home. She would rather stay with the knight in the forest than go back to the cottage, for there, so she said, no one would do as she wished.

Then, flinging her arms around the knight, she clung to him and begged him to stay with her in the forest.

The old fisherman wept as he heard her words, yet Undine did not seem to notice his tears. But the knight could not help seeing the old man's grief, and he was troubled.

"Undine," he cried, "the tears of your foster-father have touched my heart. We will **return to him.**"

The blue eyes of the maiden opened wide with surprise, yet she answered gently: "Sir Knight, if this is indeed your will, we shall return to the mainland. There you must make the old man promise to listen in silence to all that you saw as you journeyed through the forest."

"Only come, and you shall do all that you wish!" cried the fisherman, and he stretched out his arms and nodded his head, to show to the maiden how glad he was that she should do as she wished. But the knight shuddered as his eyes fell upon the fisherman. The nodding head, the white hair reminded him once again of the tall white man of the forest.

Shaking off his fears he lifted Undine in his arms and bore her across the stream. Already the storm was well-nigh over and the waters flowed more quietly. It now seemed to the knight only a few steps from the grassy plot where he had found the maiden to the green meadows among which the cottage stood.

"Now I will hear the brave knight's story," cried the maiden,

and the old people smiled and said they too would hear the tale.

And the sun rose slowly over the lake and the birds sang merrily on the wet and leafy trees, as the knight began his tale.

IV

THE KNIGHT'S STORY

"It must be about eight days ago now," said the knight, "since I left my castle of Ringstetten, and journeyed toward the city which lies beyond the haunted forest.

"The city was gay with lords and ladies who had come thither for the tournament which was then being held.

"I at once entered the lists, for my steed was strong and I myself was eager for the fray. Once, as I rested from the combat, my eyes fell upon a lady who was wondrous fair. She was looking down from a gallery upon the tournament.

"Bertalda was the name of the beautiful maiden, and she was the foster-child of a great duke. I knew that, as I again seized my lance, the lady's eyes followed me into the lists, and I fought even more bravely than before.

"In the evening a great festival was held, and here I met Bertalda, and danced with her; indeed, evening after evening we were together until the tournament drew to a close."

As Huldbrand spoke these words he felt a sharp pain in his left hand. It was hanging by his side, and as he looked down to see what had caused the pain, he found that Undine had fastened in it her little pearly teeth.

The knight could see that the maiden's face was no longer smiling. She looked up at him, and there was sorrow in her large blue eyes as she whispered, "Sir Knight, it is your own fault that I hurt you. I would not have you praise the lady Bertalda." Then quickly, as though ashamed of her words, she hid her face in her hands.

As the knight went on with his story, his face was grave.

"It is true," he said, "that Bertalda was a lovely maiden, yet as I knew her better I found her ways were cold and proud.

She pleased me less as the days passed by, though, as she looked upon me with favor, I begged that as a token of it she would give me a glove.

" 'You shall have it,' answered she, 'if you will go alone through the forest which men say is haunted, and bring me tidings of all that happens to you.'

"I cared little for her glove, but I would not tarry to be asked a second time to go through the forest, lest the maiden should doubt my courage."

"I thought Bertalda had loved you," cried Undine, "yet then had she not driven you from her into the haunted forest."

The knight smiled at the maiden's words and went on with his tale.

"It was but yesterday morning that I set forth on my adventure. The sun shone bright, so bright that it was not easy to believe that evil was lurking in the shadows beneath the rustling leaves. 'I shall soon return,' I said to myself, as I plunged into the green shade.

"But amid the maze of trees it was not long ere I lost sight of the path by which I had entered the wood.

" 'It may be that I shall lose myself in this mighty forest,' I thought, 'but no other danger threatens me.'

"I gazed up toward the sun, which had risen higher now than when first I entered the wood, and as I gazed I saw a black thing among the branches of a leafy oak.

"Was it a bear, I wondered, and my hand felt for the sword that hung by my side.

But it was no bear, for ere long I heard a voice mocking me with rough and cruel words. 'Aha, Sir Wiseacre,' said the voice, 'I am breaking twigs off these tall trees, so that at midnight I may light a fire in which to roast you.' Then, before I could answer, the black thing grinned at me and rustled the branches, until my steed grew restless and at length galloped away."

Undine looked at the knight, her blue eyes sparkling as she cried, "But indeed the wicked creature did not dare to roast you, Sir Knight!"

"In its terror," continued Huldbrand, "my horse dashed

itself against the trees, reared and again rushed madly forward. Onward we flew, until at length I saw before me a dark abyss. Yet still I found it impossible to pull up my frightened steed.

"Then all at once a tall white man stood still directly in front of my maddened horse, which swerved aside as soon as it saw the tall man, and in that moment I was once more master of my steed. I saw also that my deliverer was not a tall white man, as I had imagined, but a brook, which shone silver in the sunlight."

"Dear brook, I will be grateful to you for evermore," cried Undine, clapping her hands as she spoke, in childish glee. But the fisherman shook his head and was silent.

"And now," said the knight, "I was anxious to hasten as quickly as possible though the forest, for it seemed to me that not only might I find it difficult to regain the pathway I had lost, but that strange beings might again startle both me and my noble steed.

"I turned my horse away from the dark chasm which lay before us, but even as I did so I found at my side a strange little man. He was uglier than any one I had ever seen. His nose was well-nigh as large as all the rest of his body, and his mouth was so big that it stretched from one ear to the other.

"This ugly creature, as soon as he saw that I had noticed him, grinned at me, until his mouth looked even larger than before. He scraped his feet along the ground and bowed mockingly to me a thousand times.

"My horse was trembling at the sight of the strange figure, so I resolved to ride on in search of further adventure, or if I found none, to ride back to the city which I had left in the morning.

"But the ugly little man did not mean to let me escape. Quick as lightning he sprang round and stood again in front of my horse.

"'Get out of the way,' I now cried in anger, 'lest my steed trample you under its feet!'

"This did not seem to frighten the strange creature. He laughed in my face, and then said in a gruff voice: 'You must

give me gold, for it was I who turned your horse aside from yonder dark abyss."

" 'Nay, what you say is not true,' I answered him, 'for it was the silver brook that saved me and my horse from being dashed to pieces. Nevertheless, take thy gold and begone.'

"As I spoke I flung a coin into the strange-shaped cap which he was holding before me, then putting spurs to my horse I rode quickly forward.

"I heard the ugly little man give a loud scream, then to my surprise there he was, running by my side, grinning and making horrible grimaces.

"My horse was galloping, and I thought I would soon get away from the little man. But it seemed impossible to go faster than he, for he took a spring, a jump, and there he was still by my side. He held up the piece of gold I had thrown to him, and in a hollow voice he cried, 'It is a false coin, a false coin!'

"At length I could bear his horrible shrieks no longer. I pulled up my steed, and holding out two coins I called to him, 'Take the gold, but follow me no farther!'

"Then the little ugly man began to scrape his feet and bow his head, but it was plain that he was not yet satisfied.

" 'I do not wish your gold,' he grumbled. 'I have gold enough and to spare, as you shall soon see.'

"As he spoke a strange thing happened. The beautiful green ground seemed to change into clear green glass. I looked through the glass and saw in a great cavern a group of little goblins.

"They were playing at ball, these little goblins, and I noticed that all their toys were made of silver or gold. Merry little creatures they were, running swiftly hither and thither after the ball, nor was it easy to see whether they were standing on their heads or on their heels, or whether they were running on their hands or on their feet. No sooner was their game ended than they pelted each other with their playthings, then in a mad frolic lifted handfuls of gold-dust and flung it each in the other's eyes.

"All this time the ugly little man was standing half on the



"I SAW IN A GREAT CAVERN A GROUT OF LITTLE GOBLINS."

ground and half within the great cavern where the tiny goblins played their games. Now I heard him call to the mischievous imps to give him handfuls of gold.

"This they did, and then he, laughing in my face, showed the gold to me ere he flung it back again into the cavern.

"Then the ugly little man called to the tiny goblins to stop their pranks and look at the coins I had given to him. When they caught sight of them they held their little sides, shaking with laughter; then all at once they turned and hissed at me.

"In spite of myself terror crept over me. Again I plunged my spurs into my horse's sides, and it dashed madly off into the midst of the forest.

"When at length the flight ended, the evening lay cool and quiet around me. A white footpath seemed to point out the way which led back to the city. But each time I tried to approach it a face peered at me from between the trees. I turned to escape from this new phantom, but in vain, for whichever way I turned there was the face still staring at me.

"I grew angry and urged my horse in the direction of the shadowy face, only however to find myself drenched by a stream of white foam.

"Thus I was driven away from the white footpath, and only one way, rough and tangled, was left open to me. As soon as I began to follow it, the face, though it kept close behind, did me no further harm.

"Yet again and again I turned, hoping to find that the face had disappeared. Instead I found it closer than before, and now I could see that it belonged to a tall white man. It was true that at times the long white figure seemed to be but a wandering stream, but of this I was never sure.

"I was weary now and my horse was exhausted. It seemed useless to try any longer to force my way past the white face, so I went on riding quietly along the one path left open to me. The head of the tall man then began to nod, as though to say that at length I was doing as he wished.

"By this path I reached the end of the wood, and as the meadows and the lake came into sight the white man vanished, and I found myself standing near to your little cottage."

As the knight had now finished the story of his adventure, the fisherman began to talk to his guest of how he might return in safety to the city and to the followers who there awaited him.

Huldrbrand, listening to the old man, yet caught the soft ripple of Undine's laughter.

"Why do you laugh, Undine?" asked the knight. "Are you so pleased to hear your foster-father talk of my return to the city?"

"I laugh for joy that you cannot leave us," said the maiden. "You have but to look to see that you must stay."

Huldrbrand and the fisherman rose and saw that what the maiden had said was indeed true. It would not be possible for the knight to leave the little island until the stream had once more returned to its usual course.

As they entered the cottage, Huldrbrand whispered to the maiden, "Undine, tell me that you are glad that I cannot yet return to the crowded city."

But the maiden's face was no longer glad, nor would she answer the knight's question. She had remembered Bertalda.

When the stream had grown quiet the knight would go back to the lady for whose sake he had undergone such strange perils. And of that time the wilful maiden did not wish to think.

V

THE KNIGHT STAYS AT THE COTTAGE

Day after day the forest stream rushed wildly on. The bed along which it thus hastened grew wider and wider, separating the island with the fisherman's cottage yet farther from the mainland.

The knight was well pleased to linger where he was. Never had he found the days pass by so swiftly.

He discovered an old crossbow in a corner of the cottage. When he had mended it he would wander forth in search of birds, and if he succeeded in bringing some down with his arrows he would carry them back to fill the larder of the little cottage.

And Undine, for she was pitiful, would not fail to upbraid

the knight for taking the life of the little birds, so glad, so free. Seeing them lying there, quiet and still, she would weep.

Yet, did Huldbrand return without his prey, so wilful was the maiden that she would blame him, and complain that she could now have nought to eat save fish or crabs.

But the knight loved Undine's wayward words. And well he knew that after she had shown her anger most, she would in but a little while be again kind and gentle as before.

On the quiet island Huldbrand heard no call to knightly deeds. His sword hung unused on the cottage wall, his steed fed undisturbed among the sweet-scented meadows.

"The maiden is the daughter of a great prince," thought the knight. "It is not possible that she should remain in this humble cottage all her life. She shall be my bride, and in days to come she shall dwell in my castle of Ringstetten on the banks of the Danube."

Meanwhile, naught disturbed the dwellers in the little cottage, save now and again when her foster-mother would chide Undine in the presence of the knight.

Now, though this displeased Huldbrand, he could not blame the old woman, for it was ever true that the maiden deserved reproof more often than she received it.

At length wine and food began to grow scarce in the little cottage. In the evening, when the wind howled around their home, the fisherman and the knight had been used to cheer themselves with a flask of wine. But now that the fisherman was not able to reach the city, his supply of wine had come to an end. Without it the old man and the knight grew silent and dull.

Undine teased them, laughed at them, but they did not join in her merriment.

Then one evening the maiden left the cottage, to escape, so she said, from the gloomy faces in the little kitchen. It was a stormy night, and as it grew dark the wind began to blow, the waters to rise. Huldbrand and the fishermen thought of the terrible night on which they had sought so long in vain for the wilful maiden. They even began to fear that they had lost her again, and together they rushed to the door. But to

their great delight Undine was standing there, laughing and clapping her little hands.

"Come with me," she cried when she saw them, "come with me and I will show you a cask which the stream has thrown ashore. If it is not a wine-cask you may punish me as you will."

The men went with her, and there in a little creek they found the cask and began to roll it toward the cottage.

But though they rolled it rapidly the storm crept quickly up. So black were the clouds, so threatening, that it seemed each moment that the rain would burst forth upon them.

Undine helped the men to roll the cask, and as the sky grew yet more threatening she looked up at the dark clouds and said in a warning voice, "Beware, beware that you wet us not."

"It is wrong of you thus to try to rebuke the storm," said her foster-father, but at his words the maiden only laughed low to herself in the darkness.

It would seem, however, that Undine's warning had been of use, for it was not until the cask was rolled in at the cottage door that the storm broke.

By the bright glow of the fire they opened the cask and found that it did indeed hold wine. They tasted it and found it very good, and soon they were once more as gay as the maiden could wish.

Then suddenly the fisherman grew grave, grieving for him who had lost the cask.

"Nay, grieve not," said the knight, "I will seek for the owner and repay him for his loss when I come again to my castle at Ringstetten."

The fisherman smiled and was content.

Undine, however, was angry with the knight. "It is foolish," said she, "to talk of seeking for the owner of the cask. Were you lost in the search I should weep. Would you not rather stay by my side?"

"Yes, and that do you right well know," answered the knight.

"Then," said the maiden, "why should you speak of helping other people. It is but foolish talk."

The foster-mother sighed as she listened to Undine's care-

less words, while the fisherman forgot his usual quiet and scolded her sharply.

"Your words are wild, and are such as no Christian maiden should utter," he said. "May God forgive both you and those who have allowed you thus to speak."

"It is indeed true," said Undine, "that as I think I speak. Why, therefore, should you scold me for my words?"

"Say no more," said the fisherman, for he was very angry.

Then the maiden, who, for all her wilfulness, was timid as a bird, drew close to the knight and whispered, "Are you also angry with me, Sir Knight?"

Huldrand could find no words with which to comfort the maiden, whom he had learned to love. He could only hold her hand and stroke her golden hair, but with this Undine was well content.

VI

THE WEDDING

Now it was on this same night on which the cask was found that, as the storm still raged, a knock was heard at the cottage door. It startled all within, for who was there could have crossed the stream that now separated them from the mainland? It could surely be no mortal who stood without.

As the inhabitants of the little cottage sat silent, thinking these thoughts, the knock was heard again. It was followed by a low groan. Then the knight rose and took his sword from the wall where it had hung for many days. But the fisherman, watching him, shook his head as he muttered, "A sword will be of but little use to-night."

Undine meanwhile had gone toward the door. She did not open it, but she called out in a loud voice, "Remember, whoever you be, spirit of earth or fire, that if harm befall us my uncle Kühleborn will punish you."

These strange words made the knight marvel. But a voice answered the maiden, "I am no wandering spirit, but an old frail man. For the love of God open your door and give me shelter from the storm."

At these words Undine, holding a lamp high in one hand, flung the door wide open with the other. Before her stood an old priest, who looked upon her with surprise. How came so fair a maiden to be dwelling in so lonely a home? he wondered, and in his bewilderment he stood still outside the shelter and warmth which awaited him.

"Will you not enter, holy Father?" said Undine.

The priest roused himself to thank the beautiful maiden, and then entered the kitchen. Water flowed from his long robe and trickled from his long white beard and snowy locks.

"Come with me, Father," said the fisherman, and he drew the priest into a little room and made him take off all his wet garments. Then, clad in a suit of dry clothes which belonged to his host, the priest returned to the kitchen.

The old woman pulled forward her own armchair and made the priest sit in it, while Undine brought a little stool and put it beneath the feet of the stranger.

Meanwhile food was placed before the priest. When he had eaten he was refreshed and able to tell his host how he had reached the island.

"It was but yesterday," he said, "that I was sailing across the lake, when a sudden storm arose. A wave dashed upon my boat, overturning it and throwing me on to the shore. I lay there stunned for some time. Then, as I slowly recovered my senses, I saw a footpath before me, and following it I reached the shelter of your cottage."

Then the fisherman said to the priest, "Unless the stream subsides we shall, I fear, be in need of food. For days I have found it well-nigh impossible to fish in the lake, and even should I be able to do so I could not sell my fish. It would be too hard a task to reach the city beyond the wood until the stream once more runs quietly between its banks."

To Huldbrand as he listened it mattered not though the stream rushed on forever. The world beyond the wood was becoming to the knight more and more as a dream. Also the little island on which he was living seemed to him the most beautiful spot on earth, for on it dwelt the maiden he loved so well.

As these thoughts passed through the knight's mind he turned, and saw at once that Undine must have annoyed her foster-mother, for the old woman was casting angry looks upon the maiden. Perhaps the angry looks would be followed by harsh words, as had happened on other days.

Quickly the knight made up his mind. Were Undine but his wife, no one would venture to reprove her. The priest was in the cottage. Why should he not marry the beautiful maiden without delay?

He spoke a few words to Undine, then drawing her gently toward the priest he said, "Father, you see before you the maiden whom I love, whom, if her foster-parents are willing, I would wed this very day."

The priest turned to the fisherman and his wife. "You hear the words of the noble knight," he said. "Are you willing that he should wed the maiden?"

It was easy to see that the old people were in no way startled by the priest's words.

"To no braver or more courteous knight could we give our foster-child," said the fisherman, and his wife smiled and nodded as he spoke.

Then the foster-mother brought two candles, which long years before had been blessed by a holy man, and placed them on the kitchen table, while the knight, unfastening the chain which hung around his neck, began to take off it two golden rings, one for Undine, the other for himself.

"Ah, do not so," cried the maiden. "Touch not the golden chain. Believe me, my parents, could they know, would wish us to use the rings they entrusted to my care when I was but a child."

She ran quickly from the room, and when she came back she held in her hand two radiant rings, one of which she gave to the knight, while the other she kept for herself.

Her foster-parents looked at Undine in surprise, for they had neither seen the rings nor known that their foster-child had any jewels in her possession.

Then the maiden, seeing their astonishment, told how her parents had stitched the rings into the little garments she had

worn when first she came to them, a tiny child. "They bid me also tell no one that they had given me these precious gems until the evening of my wedding-day."

Meanwhile the priest had clad himself again in his own garments, and lighting the candles, he called to Huldrbrand and the maiden to come and kneel, before him.

Gladly they obeyed, and then in the little cottage were heard the solemn words of the marriage service, and Undine became the wife of Huldrbrand, the knight of Ringstetten.

The maiden had been unusually quiet as she listened to the solemn words of the marriage service, but now a spirit of mischief seemed to seize her. She laughed and danced, she played childish tricks upon her husband, her foster-parents, even upon the priest himself.

Her foster-mother would have rebuked Undine as of old, but the knight silenced her, for Undine was now his wife. Yet he himself was little pleased with her behavior. When Undine saw a frown upon his brow, it is true that she would grow quieter, and sitting near him, would for a little while smooth his brow with her soft white hand. Soon, however, a new fancy would take hold of her, she would jump up, and her tricks would grow even more vexing than before.

Then the priest spoke, and his voice was grave.

"Lady, you are fair to look on, but I pray you to cease these foolish ways, lest your soul become less beautiful than your face."

Undine's laughter ceased. After a while she looked at the priest and asked in a timid whisper, "What is this thing which you call a soul, holy Father?"

Over the little kitchen a hush fell as the holy man answered: "How can I tell you what this strange thing which we call our soul really is? Yet can I tell you why God gives us this great gift. It is that we may learn to know and love Him. Our bodies will grow old, and we will lay them aside as a garment which we no longer need, while our souls will live and dwell with Him forever."

Undine's eyes grew sad, tears streamed down her cheek. "Ah," she sobbed, "I have no soul, no soul. I think it would hurt me to have a soul, yet fain would I have one."



IN THE LITTLE COTTAGE WERE HEARD THE SOLEMN WORDS
OF THE MARRIAGE SERVICE.

Then, with one of those quick changes which had at times startled her foster-parents, she dried her tears, and ran quickly to the window. She looked out into the night. It seemed to call her forth to a careless, thoughtless life. Why should she stay when the wind whispered to her and the waters brought her messages from the depths of the sea?

"Ah no, I will have no soul!" cried Undine, turning once more toward the priest. "I must be free, free as the breezes and the dancing waters."

"Your love for me will change and grow cold," said the knight sadly, "unless you have a human soul. For none can love truly without this precious gift."

Yet even as he spoke Huldbrand was trying to stifle a fear that had begun to creep into his heart, a fear that the maiden he had wedded was a fairy or a mocking spirit from another world.

But his beautiful wife was smiling softly, for as he had spoken his last words she had learned a secret. And as the knight looked into her blue love-lit eyes he too learned the secret. Through love Undine had won a soul, which is indeed the gift of God to every mortal.

VII

UNDINE'S STORY

Undine lost her wilful ways on her wedding-day.

Her foster-parents watched her, bewildered, so gentle was she, so thoughtful. She, who had but seldom flung her arms around them, embraced them now, and thanked them with tears in her eyes for all their care. Nor would she let them go, until she saw that the old woman wished to prepare breakfast.

Then she herself flew to the hearth, and making her foster-mother rest, she swept and dusted, and prepared the meal. It was strange that she had never thought of doing this before.

And those who dwelt with her, as they watched her grow so gracious, so gentle, learned to love her even more than in the days when she had been wild and wilful.

One evening Undine, with Huldbrand by her side, wandered along the bank of the forest stream.

The knight marveled that the waters had suddenly grown peaceful, and that now again they were gliding quietly along their usual course.

"To-morrow," said his fair wife sorrowfully, "to-morrow you can ride forth where you will."

"But," said Huldbrand, "you know well that if I go I will not leave you behind."

"I do not think you will leave me, Huldbrand. Yet carry me across to yonder little island, for there I will tell you the story of the maiden you have made your wife. It may be that when you have heard it, you will ride away alone into the wide world."

Then silently the knight carried her, as she wished, across the stream to the tiny island, and laid her down on the green grass. It was on this very spot that he had found her on the night of the terrible storm.

"Sit there, where I can look into your eyes as I tell my tale," said his wife, "for as I look I shall be able to see what you are thinking, nor will there be any need for you to tell me."

"In the world," said Undine, "there are many beings whom mortals seldom see, for should these beings hear a mortal drawing near, they quickly hide themselves. These beings of whom I tell you are spirits that dwell in fire, earth, air, and water.

"Those who dwell in the flames are called salamanders, nor do these spirits wish for any other home, as they play merrily and fearlessly among the sparkling fires.

"Deep under the earth live the gnomes, rough and fearsome spirits they, full of malice too, should any mortal cross their path.

"In lofty forests dwell more fair and joyous spirits, guarding each some well-loved spot from a mortal's heavy tread.

"And better known and better loved than these of whom I have told you are the spirits who haunt the waters. These have their home in sea or lake, in river or in little brook.

"Deep down under the blue waters, hidden from mortal eyes, are the palaces of the water-spirits. Their walls are built



UNDINE

of crystal and are hung with coral, their floors are paved with shining pearls.

"Deep down under the blue waters are yellow sands. There the merry little water-spirits play their games and gambol all the glad long days, until they leave their childhood far behind.

"Pure and fair, more fair even than the race of mortals are the spirits of the water. Fishermen have chanced to see these water-nymphs or mermaidens, and they have spoken of their wondrous beauty. Mortals too have named these strange women Undines. Look upon me, Huldbrand, look long and well, for I, your wife, am an Undine!"

The knight gazed sadly upon his beautiful wife. He wished to believe that she was but weaving fairy tales with which to charm him through the quiet eventide, yet as he gazed upon her he shuddered lest the tale she told was true.

Undine saw that he shuddered, and tears sprang into her blue eyes as she went on with her story.

"When I was a child I lived in the depths of the sea. My father's crystal palace was my home, for he, my father, is the Lord of the Ocean. Kühleborn is my uncle. He used to watch me with his big eyes until I grew afraid, and even now, although I live above the waters, he comes to me and oftentimes he frightens me as though I were again a little child.

"Brothers and cousins, too, were mine and played with me on the yellow sands beneath the blue, blue sea.

"Merry were our lives and free, for the sorrows of mortals came not near to us. We had no soul, the gift God gives to every mortal, and without a soul no pain could enter into our lives.

"Yet my father, the King of the Ocean, longed that I, his only daughter, should gain the great gift which is given to every mortal. And this he wished, though well he knew that to mortals was given, with the gift of a soul, the power to suffer.

"An Undine can gain a soul in one way alone. She must love and be loved by one of mortal birth.

"You, Huldbrand, you have given me my soul, and should you now despise me or drive me from you, I should suffer even as one of your own race.

"Yet if you care not to have an Undine for your wife, leave me, and I will plunge into the waters. Then Kühleborn, my uncle, who brought me a merry, happy child to the fisherman, will come and carry me back to my ocean home. There will I live, loving, sorrowing, for into the depths of the blue sea will I carry my new-won soul."

Then Huldbrand forgot everything save the great love he bore his fair wife Undine. He took her in his arms and carried her across the little stream, whispering to her that she should never leave him.

Together they went back to the cottage, and to the water-maiden the little dwelling gleamed more bright than the crystal palace of the Ocean King.

A MAD TEA-PARTY

(From "*Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*")

By CHARLES L. DODGSON ("LEWIS CARROLL")

THE cat only grinned when it saw Alice. It looked good-natured, she thought: still it had *very* long claws and a great many teeth, so she felt that it ought to be treated with respect.

"Cheshire Puss," she began, rather timidly, as she did not at all know whether it would like the name: however, it only grinned a little wider. "Come, it's pleased so far," thought Alice, and she went on. "Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?"

"That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the Cat.

"I don't care much where—" said Alice.

"Then it doesn't matter which way you go," said the Cat.

"—so long as I get *somewhere*," Alice added as an explanation.

"Oh, you're sure to do that," said the Cat, "if you only walk long enough."

Alice felt that this could not be denied, so she tried another question. "What sort of people live about here?"

"In *that* direction," the Cat said, waving its right paw round, "lives a Hatter: and in *that* direction," waving the other paw, "lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they're both mad."

"But I don't want to go among mad people," Alice remarked.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat: "we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

Alice didn't think that proved it at all; however, she went on. "And how do you know that you're mad?"

"To begin with," said the Cat, "a dog's not mad. You grant that?"

"I suppose so," said Alice.

"Well, then," the Cat went on, "you see a dog growls when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's pleased. Now *I* growl when I'm pleased, and wag my tail when I'm angry. Therefore I'm mad."

"I call it purring, not growling," said Alice.

"Call it what you like," said the Cat. "Do you play croquet with the Queen to-day?"

"I should like it very much," said Alice, "but I haven't been invited yet."

"You'll see me there," said the Cat, and vanished.

Alice was not much surprised at this, she was getting so used to queer things happening. While she was looking at the place where it had been, it suddenly appeared again. . . .

After a minute or two she walked on in the direction in which the March Hare was said to live. "I've seen hatters before," she said to herself; "the March Hare will be much the most interesting, and perhaps, as this is May, it won't be raving mad—at least not so mad as it was in March." As she said this, she looked up, and there was the Cat again, sitting on a branch of a tree. . . .

"I wish you wouldn't keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly: you make one quite giddy."

"All right," said the Cat; and this time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail, and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.

"Well! I've often seen a cat without a grin," thought Alice; "but a grin without a cat! It's the most curious thing I ever saw in all my life."

She had not gone much farther before she came in sight of the house of the March Hare: she thought it must be the right house, because the chimneys were shaped like ears and the roof

was thatched with fur. It was so large a house, that she did not like to go nearer till she had nibbled some more of the left-hand bit of mushroom, and raised herself to about two feet high: even then she walked up towards it rather timidly, saying to herself, "Suppose it should be raving mad after all! I almost wish I'd gone to see the Hatter instead!"

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice, "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity; "it's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles.—I believe I can guess *that*," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least—at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see'!"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like'!"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, which seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe'!"

"It *is* the same thing with you," said the Hatter; and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice: he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and then said, "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled: "you shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily: "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to have no meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand," she said, as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea upon its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied: "what's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than waste it asking riddles with no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied: "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper).

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice thoughtfully: "but then—I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter: "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I!" he replied. "We quarreled last March—just before *he* went mad, you know—" (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare) "—it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing

'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!"

You know the song, perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way:

'Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky,
Twinkle, twinkle—'"

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep "*Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle—*" and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen jumped up and bawled out 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh: "it's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter: "as the things get used up."

"But what happens when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. "I wasn't asleep," he said in a hoarse, feeble voice: "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well—"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked; "they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse: "*very* ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean you can't take *less*," said the Hatter: "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this: so she helped herself to some tea and bread and butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question. "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said "It was a treacle-well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh! sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked: "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly. "I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one*."

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters—they were learning to draw, you know—"

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter: "let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him: the March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change: and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water-well," said the Hatter; "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well—eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse; "—well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M—"

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze; but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on: "—that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things are 'much of a muchness'—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think—"

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear: she got up in great disgust, and walked off; the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her: the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

"At any rate I'll never go *there* again!" said Alice as she picked her way through the wood. "It's the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life!"

Just as she said this, she noticed that one of the trees had a door leading right into it. "That's very curious!" she thought. "But everything's curious to-day. I think I may as well go in at once." And in she went.

Once more she found herself in the long hall, and close to the little glass table. "Now, I'll manage better this time," she said to herself, and began by taking the little golden key, and unlocking the door that led into the garden. Then she set to work nibbling at the mushroom (she had kept a piece of it in her pocket) till she was about a foot high: then she walked down the little passage; and *then*—she found herself at last in the beautiful garden, among the bright flower-beds and the cool fountains.

OLIVER TWIST

By CHARLES DICKENS

ADAPTED BY L. L. WEEDON

OLIVER TWIST was an orphan and had been born in the workhouse of a certain country town. No one knew what name he should have been called by, for his mother died soon after her little son drew his first breath, and although the parish advertised for his relatives to come and claim him, no one ever came forward to do so.

And so, as it was necessary to provide him with a name, the parish beadle did so.

"We name our unknown children in alphabetical order," he said. "The last was S—Swubble I named him. This was a T—Twist I named *him*."

Poor little Oliver had a very miserable infancy. He was boarded out with a number of other infants to a woman, Mrs. Mann, who never spoke a kind word to them, and who gave them insufficient food and clothing, so that they were cold, hungry, and wretched.

Oliver Twist's ninth birthday found him a pale, thin child, small for his age, but with such a sturdy spirit in spite of the ill treatment he received, that he did occasionally rebel; and so it fell out that he was keeping his birthday in the coal-cellar, with a select party of two other young gentlemen, as a punishment for having dared to say he was hungry.

No doubt he would have remained there for the rest of the day, had not Mr. Bumble arrived and requested that the boy should be brought into his presence.

Mr. Bumble was the beadle who had given Oliver his name, and he had been sent to fetch the child to the workhouse, as he was now considered too old to remain on with the other pauper infants.

Oliver had had a hard time at his first home, but he cried lustily when he was taken away from it, for he left behind him all the friends he had ever known, and among them one little fellow, Dick by name, who had been his special friend and playmate.

They had been beaten, starved, and shut up together many and many a time.

Oliver found he was treated no better in the workhouse than he had been in the cottage with Mrs. Mann. The children were fed almost entirely on thin gruel, and they became at length so desperate with hunger, that they decided to cast lots to see who should walk up to the master after supper and ask for more food; and the lot fell to Oliver Twist.

The room in which the boys were fed was a large stone hall, with a copper at one end, out of which the master, dressed in an apron for the purpose, ladled the gruel at meal-times. Each boy had one porringer of gruel and no more. The bowls never wanted washing, for the boys polished them with their spoons till they shone again.

The evening of the day on which the boys had cast lots arrived; the boys took their places, the master in his cook's uniform stationed himself at the copper, the gruel was served out, and a very long grace said over the short commons.

The gruel disappeared; the boys whispered to each other and winked at Oliver, while his next neighbor nudged him. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger and reckless with misery. He rose from the table, and advancing to the master, basin and spoon in hand, said, somewhat alarmed at his own boldness:

"Please, sir, I want some more."

The master was a fat, healthy man, but he turned pale with horror and clung for support to the copper, and the boys one and all seemed frozen with fear.

At length the master called for the beadle, and Mr. Bumble appeared; and, hearing the enormity of Oliver's crime, dragged him before the board, a number of gentlemen who managed the workhouse affairs.

They were so shocked at Oliver's wickedness—for, having

never been hungry themselves, they did not believe any one else could be—that they decided to get rid of him before he contaminated the other boys.

So they apprenticed him to an undertaker; but although his master was not an unkindly man, his wife was a cruel and vindictive woman, and the poor child suffered so terribly at her hands that at length he decided to run away.

And so, one cold dark night, when every one was in bed, he tied up in his handkerchief the few articles of wearing apparel he had, and then, after waiting for the first ray of morning light, unbarred the door, slipped out into the street and hurried away, to put as great a distance as he could between himself and the town he wished to leave behind him.

It was not until he had gone some distance that he remembered the road he had taken would lead him past the cottage where he had spent the first nine years of his life.

When he reached the house he saw a little child weeding the garden. It was Dick.

"Hush, Dick!" said Oliver as the boy ran to the gate, and thrust his thin arm between the rails to greet him. "Is any one up?"

"Nobody but me," replied the child.

"You mustn't say you saw me, Dick," said Oliver. "I am running away. They beat and ill-used me, Dick; and I am going to seek my fortune, some long way off. I don't know where. How pale you are!"

"I heard the doctor tell them I was dying," replied the child with a faint smile. "I am very glad to see you, dear; but don't stop, don't stop!"

"Yes, yes, I will, to say good-by to you," replied Oliver. "I shall see you again, Dick; I know I shall. You will be well and happy!"

"I hope so," replied the child. "After I am dead, not before. I know the doctor must be right, Oliver, because I dream so much of heaven and angels, and kind faces that I never see when I am awake. Kiss me," said the child, climbing up the low gate, and flinging his little arms round Oliver's neck. "Good-by, dear! God bless you!"



OLIVER TWIST ASKS FOR MORE

The blessing was from a young child's lips, but it was the first that Oliver had ever heard invoked upon his head; and through all the struggles and sufferings and troubles and changes of his after life he never once forgot it.

After Oliver had left the town nearly five miles behind him he sat down to rest by a milestone, on which was carved the information that it was seventy miles from that spot to London. London, thought Oliver, was such a great, large place that nobody, not even Mr. Bumble, would ever find him there. He had often heard the old men in the workhouse say that no lad of spirit need want in London, and that there were ways of living in that vast city which those who had been bred up in country parts had no idea of. It was the very place for a homeless boy who must die in the streets unless some one helped him.

As these things passed through his thoughts he jumped upon his feet and again walked forward, and was four miles farther on the road to London before he recollected how much he would have to suffer and endure before he reached his goal. He had with him a crust of bread, a coarse shirt and two pairs of stockings; and in his pocket, a penny which his master had given him one day when he was pleased with him. However, having made up his mind to go to London, Oliver picked up his bundle and trudged along.

For seven weary days he tramped on and on, and begged a little food by the way; but on the morning of the seventh day, when he limped slowly into the little town of Barnet, he was almost dead with hunger and fatigue. He sank down upon a doorstep, covered with dust, and with bleeding feet. He had no heart to beg, and although the passers-by stared at him, no one offered to relieve him until a boy stopped and asked him what ailed him.

This boy, who was about Oliver's age, was a very queer-looking little fellow. He was a snub-nosed, flat-browed, common-faced boy enough, and as dirty a juvenile as one would wish to see, but he had about him all the airs and manners of a man. He was short for his age, rather bow-legged, and had little, sharp, ugly eyes. His hat was stuck on the top of his head so lightly that it threatened every moment to fall off, and

would have done so very often if the wearer had not had a knack of every now and then giving his head a sudden twist, which brought it back to its old place again. He wore a man's coat which reached nearly to his heels. He had turned the cuffs back half-way up his arm to get his hands out of the sleeves, apparently with the ultimate view of thrusting them into the pockets of his corduroy trousers, for there he kept them. He was altogether as roistering and swaggering a young gentleman as ever stood four-foot-six, or something less, in his boots.

When Oliver told him that he had been walking for seven days and was worn out with hunger and fatigue, he took him to a shop close by and gave him a hearty meal of bread, ham, and beer. Then he enquired as to where Oliver intended to spend the night, and hearing that the weary boy had no shelter to go to, he offered to take him to London with him and introduce him to a respectable old gentleman of his acquaintance. This offer seemed too good to be refused, and so Oliver accepted it gratefully and the two set out together.

On the way, Oliver learned that his companion's name was John Dawkins, and that he was more generally known by the title of "The Artful Dodger."

Night had fallen by the time Oliver and his friend reached the respectable old gentleman's home, and, when Oliver found what a dirty and wretched neighborhood it was in, he was half inclined to run away. However, he was ushered into a back room, the walls and ceiling of which were black with age and dirt. There was a deal table before the fire upon which were a candle stuck in a ginger-beer bottle, two or three pewter pots, a loaf and butter, and a plate. In a frying-pan which was on the fire, and which was secured to the mantel-shelf by a string, some sausages were cooking; and standing over them, with a toasting-fork in his hand, was a very old shriveled Jew, whose villainous and repulsive face was half hidden by a quantity of matted red hair. He was dressed in a greasy flannel gown with his throat bare, and seemed to be dividing his attention between the frying-pan and a clothes-horse, over which a great number of silk handkerchiefs were hanging. Several rough beds made of old sacks were huddled side by side on the

floor, and seated round the table were four or five boys, none older than the Dodger, smoking long clay pipes with the air of middle-aged men. These all crowded about their associate as he whispered a few words to the Jew and then turned round and grinned at Oliver, as did the Jew himself, toasting-fork in hand.

"This is him, Fagin," said Jack Dawkins; "my friend, Oliver Twist."

The Jew told Oliver he was welcome, and gave him a good supper and a warm seat near the fire. Seeing that Oliver was eyeing the silk handkerchiefs rather curiously, he told him they had just been looking them out ready for the wash. Both the Jew and his young companions seemed to look upon this as a fine joke, though Oliver could not quite understand why they laughed so heartily. It was not long before he understood only too well. The morning after his arrival, he was surprised to see Fagin the Jew and two of the boys playing at a very strange game. The old man walked up and down the room, while the boys tried to pick his pockets without his detecting them. Oliver was allowed to join in this game, though he was not allowed to accompany the boys when they went out to "work."

He was disappointed, for it was hot and close in the Jew's kitchen, and the old man was not very pleasant company. But after he had been some days in his new abode, to his great delight, he was told one morning that he could go out with his friend, the Artful Dodger, and another boy, Charley Bates. But his delight was speedily changed to horror when he saw the boys deliberately pick the pocket of an old gentleman who was reading a book at a bookstall. In a second, the meaning of all that he had seen at the Jew's house flashed across his mind. The silk handkerchiefs had all been stolen, as had, no doubt, the watches and trinkets he had seen the Jew take from a box; and when he had joined in the strange game, he was being taught to be a thief like his companions.

As he stood gazing with a horrified expression at the victim of the Dodger's theft, the old gentleman turned, felt for his handkerchief and missed it. Without waiting to consider the folly of his behavior Oliver turned and fled.

"Stop, thief!" shouted the old gentleman, thinking Oliver must be the culprit, and the crowd took up the cry. On rushed the boy through the mud, up streets and down alleys, until at length he was knocked down and lay on the dirty pavement, bleeding from the mouth and gasping for breath.

When the old gentleman whose handkerchief had been stolen was hustled forward, he seemed to wish he had never raised the hue and cry and was anxious to let the boy go, but a policeman who had come up insisted upon taking him to the nearest police station.

The magistrate, who was a very disagreeable man, would have sent poor Oliver to prison, but fortunately the owner of the bookstall, at which the old gentleman had been standing, arrived just in time to say he had witnessed the robbery, and that it was another boy who was the thief.

The fright and fatigue had made Oliver so ill that he fainted, and the old gentleman, whose name was Mr. Brownlow, carried him to a coach and took him to his own home, where he was put to bed and carefully tended. But for many days Oliver remained insensible to all goodness of his new friends. The sun rose and sank, and rose and sank again, and many times after that, and still the boy lay stretched on his uneasy bed, dwindling away beneath the dry and wasting heat of fever. Weak and thin and pallid, he awoke at last from what seemed to have been a long and troubled dream. Feebly raising himself from the bed, with his head resting on his trembling arm, he looked anxiously round.

"What room is this? Where have I been brought to?" said Oliver. "This is not the place I went to sleep in."

He uttered these words in a feeble voice, being very faint and weak, but they were overheard at once, for the curtain at the bed's head was hastily drawn back, and a motherly old lady, very neatly and precisely dressed, rose from an armchair close by, in which she had been sitting at needlework.

"Hush, my dear," said the old lady, softly. "You must be very quiet, or you will be ill again, and you have been very bad—as bad as bad could be, pretty nigh. Lie down again, there's a dear!"

With these words the old lady very gently placed Oliver's head upon the pillow, and, smoothing back his hair from his forehead, looked so kindly and lovingly in his face, that he could not help placing his little withered hand on hers and drawing it round his neck.

"Save us!" said the old lady, with tears in her eyes. "What a grateful little dear it is! Pretty creetur! What would his mother feel if she had sat by him as I have, and could see him now!"

"Perhaps she does see me," whispered Oliver, folding his hands together. "Perhaps she has sat by me. I almost feel as if she had."

"That was the fever, my dear," said the old lady, mildly.

"I suppose it was," replied Oliver, "because heaven is a long way off and they are too happy there to come down to the bedside of a poor boy. But, if she knew I was ill, she must have pitied me, even there, for she was very ill herself before she died. She can't know anything about me though," added Oliver, after a moment's silence. "If she had seen me hurt, it would have made her sorrowful, and her face has always looked sweet and happy when I have dreamed of her."

The old lady made no reply to this, but, wiping her eyes first, and her spectacles, which lay on the counterpane, afterwards—as if they were part and parcel of those features—brought some cool stuff for Oliver to drink, and then, patting him on the cheek, told him he must lie very quiet or he would be ill again.

So Oliver kept very still, partly because he was anxious to obey the kind old lady in all things, and partly, to tell the truth, because he was completely exhausted with what he had already said.

But now that Oliver's sickness had taken a turn towards the high road to recovery, he soon began to mend, and one day he was brought downstairs to the old lady's own little sitting-room. This old lady, whose name was Mrs. Bedwin, was house-keeper to Mr. Brownlow, and she told Oliver to try and look his best and brightest, for that her master was coming to visit him. There was a picture in Mrs. Bedwin's room of a very

beautiful young lady. It seemed to take Oliver's fancy, for he could not keep his eyes from it, and Mr. Brownlow, coming in just then, looked up at the picture, and then with a start down at Oliver's face.

"Bedwin, look there!" he said to his housekeeper, pointing hastily at the picture, and then to the boy's face. There was its living copy. The eyes, the head, the mouth, every feature was the same.

But although Oliver made eager inquiries respecting the lady in the picture, Mrs. Bedwin either would not, or could not, tell him anything about her, and the next day Oliver was grieved to find the picture had been taken down.

Oh! what a happy time that was for the boy. Everything was so quiet and neat and orderly, everybody so kind and gentle, that after the noise and turbulence, in the midst of which he had always lived, it seemed like heaven itself. He was no sooner strong enough to put his clothes on properly, than Mr. Brownlow caused a complete new suit and a new cap and a new pair of shoes to be provided for him. As Oliver was told that he might do what he liked with the old clothes, he gave them to a servant who had been very kind to him, and asked her to sell them to a Jew, and keep the money for herself. This she very readily did, and as Oliver looked out of the parlor window and saw the Jew roll them up in his bag and walk away, he felt quite delighted to think that they were safely gone, and that there was now no possible danger of his ever being able to wear them again. They were sad rags, to tell the truth, and Oliver had never had a new suit before.

One evening, about a week after the affair of the picture, as he was sitting talking to Mrs. Bedwin, there came a message from Mr. Brownlow, that if Oliver Twist felt pretty well, he should like to see him in his study, and talk to him a little while.

Oliver went down, and after some little conversation with his kind friend, he was sent on a message for him. He had a five-pound note given him, and was told to go and pay a certain bill and bring back ten shillings change. Besides this he was to take back some valuable books to a book-shop.

Now the reason Mr. Brownlow sent Oliver out on such an important errand was that he wished to show how he trusted the boy, for a friend of his who was present just then, had suggested that it was rather indiscreet of Mr. Brownlow to take a strange boy into his home, and that Oliver would be sure to turn out badly.

When Oliver had darted off, pleased and proud to be able to do some service for Mr. Brownlow, this friend said:

"You really expect him to come back, do you? Remember, he has a new suit of clothes on his back, a set of valuable books under his arm, and a five-pound note in his pocket."

But Mr. Brownlow was not afraid. Oliver had an honest face, and he felt sure he was to be trusted.

What, then, was his grief when hour after hour passed by and no Oliver returned. It did indeed seem that he had been deceived.

But if Mr. Brownlow felt grieved, the agony of mind Oliver suffered was indescribable, for he had fallen again into the clutches of Fagin the Jew.

Ever since Oliver had been taken up for the theft committed by his companions, the Jew and his accomplices had been on the watch for him. They were afraid he would betray them to his new friend.

And so, the very first time Oliver appeared outside Mr. Brownlow's house, he was pounced upon and carried off to the old thief's kitchen.

When he saw Mr. Brownlow's money and books taken from him and divided between the evil people who had captured him, he burst into tears.

"They belong to the old gentleman," said Oliver, wringing his hands; "to the good, kind, old gentleman who took me into his house and had me nursed when I was near dying of fever. Oh! pray send them back; send him back the books and money! Keep me here all my life long; but pray, pray send them back! He'll think I stole them; the old lady; all of them who were so kind to me will think I stole them. Oh! do have mercy upon me, and send them back!"

But his enemies were merciless, and after a vain effort to escape them, Oliver realized that the brief spell of happiness he had enjoyed was at an end, and that he was doomed to become the associate of thieves and vagabonds without a hope of release, for the Jew and his companions never for a moment allowed him out of their sight.

He sank into a state of hopeless despair. He knew that Fagin and his accomplices intended to train him to become a thief, even as they were, and he could only pray God to save him from such wickedness and degradation.

There was one man in particular, Sikes by name, of whom Oliver stood in great dread. Wherever this man went he was accompanied by his dog, a shaggy white creature with his face scratched and torn in twenty different places from fights with other dogs or rats. This animal was as ferocious as his master, and at one word from him would have flown at the throat of any one who had ventured to cross Mr. Sikes's will, and held on like grim death till bidden to let go.

It was no wonder then that Oliver was terrified when the Jew one day told him that he was to accompany Sikes on a visit he intended paying a little way out of town.

Oliver did not know where they were going, or what object Sikes had in view; but he was certain it could be no good one.

After traveling a good way, they came at length to a place called Shepperton, and when it was getting dark, Sikes stopped at a lonely, ruinous looking old house.

Here they went in, when Oliver found it was not as uninhabited as it looked, for two men were there who were evidently expecting Sikes. After some food and drink, they all lay down to sleep, until one of the men started up and announced that it was half-past one o'clock. Sikes and one companion, who was called Toby Crackit, enveloped themselves in their great coats, and, after loading themselves with pistols, crowbars, and several other appliances, they started forth into the dark night, leading Oliver between them so that he could not possibly hope to escape.

After walking about a quarter of a mile, they stopped be-

fore a detached house surrounded by a wall, to the top of which Toby Crackit, scarcely pausing to take breath, climbed in a twinkling.

"The boy next," said Toby. "Hoist him up; I'll catch hold of him."

Before Oliver had time to look round, Sikes had caught him under the arms, and in three or four seconds he and Toby were lying on the grass on the other side. Sikes followed directly, and they stole cautiously towards the house.

And now, for the first time, Oliver, well-nigh mad with grief and terror, saw that housebreaking and robbery were the objects of the expedition. He clasped his hands together and involuntarily uttered a subdued exclamation of horror. A mist came before his eyes; the cold sweat stood upon his ashy face; his limbs failed him; and he sank upon his knees.

"Get up!" murmured Sikes, trembling with rage, and drawing a pistol from his pocket.

"Oh! for God's sake let me go!" cried Oliver; "let me run away and die in the fields! I will never come near London; never, never! Oh! pray have mercy on me, and do not make me steal. For the love of all the bright angels that rest in heaven, have mercy upon me!"

Sikes was so angry that he cocked his pistol and would have shot the boy there and then, had not his companion struck his hand up and reminded him that a pistol shot would arouse the household.

They dragged the boy to a little lattice-window, and after threatening him with dire punishments if he should disobey them, they lifted him up, and, dropping him through the window, bade him run to the hall door and very softly undo the fastenings and let them in.

Oliver, more dead than alive with fear, gasped out "yes," but he had firmly resolved that whether he died in the attempt or not, he would make one effort to dart upstairs from the hall and alarm the family. Filled with this idea, he advanced at once, but stealthily.

"Come back!" suddenly cried Sikes aloud. "Back, back!"

Scared by the sudden breaking of the dead stillness of the

place, and by a loud cry which followed it, Oliver let his lantern fall and knew not whether to advance or fly.

The cry was repeated—a light appeared—a vision of two terrified half-dressed men at the top of the stairs swam before his eyes—a flash—a loud noise—a smoke—a crash somewhere, but where he knew not, and he staggered back.

Sikes had disappeared for an instant; but he was up again, and had him by the collar before the smoke had cleared away. He fired his own pistol after the men, who were already retreating, and dragged the boy up.

“Clasp your arm tighter,” said Sikes, as he drew him through the window. “Give me a shawl here. They’ve hit him! Quick! How the boy bleeds!”

Then came the loud ringing of a bell, mingled with the noise of firearms, and the shouts of men, and the sensation of being carried over uneven ground at a rapid pace. And then the noises grew confused in the distance, and a cold deadly feeling crept over the boy’s heart, and he saw or heard no more.

For he had fainted from loss of blood, and Sikes and his companion, after carrying him some distance and finding that they were hotly pursued, flung the boy’s body into a ditch, neither knowing or caring if he were alive or dead so long as they escaped without hurt.

Oliver lay where he had been flung until the morning dawned. The air grew colder and the rain and mist fell fast, but Oliver felt it not until, with a low cry of pain, he awoke. His left arm, rudely bandaged in a shawl, hung heavily and useless at his side, and the shawl was saturated with blood. Urged by a creeping sickness at his heart, which seemed to warn him that if he lay there he must surely die, he got upon his feet, and with his head drooping languidly on his breast, went stumbling onward he knew not whither.

Presently he came in sight of a house, and thinking that the people living there might have compassion on him, he summoned all his strength and tottered towards it. Then it was that he discovered he had reached the scene of the previous night’s attempted burglary. But he was too weak to think of

flight, and, climbing the steps, he knocked faintly and then sank down against one of the pillars of the little portico.

The servants who opened the door were very much excited to find one of the thieves reclining upon their very doorstep. They carried him in and shouted up to their mistress the news of the capture of a wounded burglar.

"Hush!" whispered a voice from the stair head. "You frighten my aunt almost as much as the thieves did. Is the poor creature much hurt?"

Hearing that he was, the young lady ordered him to be carried up to the butler's room and a constable and a doctor to be sent for immediately.

When they arrived, and the doctor had seen Oliver and attended to his broken arm, the good man told the constable that the boy was too ill to be disturbed. Next he persuaded Mrs. Maylie, the owner of the house, and her niece, Miss Rose, to visit the desperate villain who had been captured; and when they saw the delicate, fair-haired child, his face drawn by suffering, lying asleep in bed, their kind hearts were touched and they would on no account have handed him over to the police.

They easily persuaded Giles, the butler, that Oliver was not the boy who had been shot by him; indeed, it was not difficult to persuade him that he had shot no one at all, but had been mistaken by excitement and fright.

And so the boy was left quietly to the care of Mrs. Maylie and her niece, and was gradually nursed and tended back to health under the directions of the kind-hearted doctor who had been called in to see him.

When he had sufficiently recovered he told them the story of his sad life, and they assured him that his troubles were now all at an end, and that in the future they would care for him and never let him go back to the dreadful people among whom he had passed such a terrible time.

Oliver was most anxious to make Mr. Brownlow and good Mrs. Bedwin acquainted with the change in his fortunes, but when he was taken to the house where Mr. Brownlow lived, it was found that he and his housekeeper had both gone to the West Indies.

It was a sad disappointment to the boy, for he could not bear to think that he must still appear in the light of an ungrateful thief in the eyes of those who had befriended him.

But before long this trouble was removed, for Mr. Brownlow returned to England, and Oliver saw him one day when he was in town with his kind friends, the Maylies, entering a house near the Strand. He was too nervous to speak to him; but later in the day Miss Rose drove him to this house.

She left the boy in the coach and went in to the house alone. When she had explained her business to Mr. Brownlow and had told him all about Oliver, and the manner in which he had been kidnapped and all that he had suffered, the kind old gentleman was pleased beyond words.

"This is great happiness to me," he said, "great happiness. But why did you not bring him with you?"

"He is waiting in a coach at the door," replied Rose.

"At this door!" cried the old gentleman. With which he hurried out of the room, down the stairs, up the coach-steps and into the coach without another word.

It was a very happy reunion, but Mr. Brownlow knew there was some one else whose heart would rejoice at the sight of Oliver, and so he hurried him into the house and sent for Mrs. Bedwin.

The old housekeeper answered the summons with all despatch, and, dropping a courtesy at the door, waited for orders.

"Why, you get blinder every day, Bedwin," said Mr. Brownlow, rather testily.

"Well, that I do, sir," replied the old lady. "People's eyes at my time of life don't improve with age, sir."

"I could have told you that," rejoined Mr. Brownlow; "but put on your glasses, and see if you can't find out what you were wanted for, will you?"

The old lady began to rummage in her pocket for her spectacles. But Oliver's patience was not proof against this new trial, and, yielding to his first impulse, he sprang into her arms.

"God be good to me!" cried the old lady, embracing him; "it is my innocent boy!"

"My dear old Nurse!" cried Oliver.

"He would come back—I knew he would!" said the old lady, holding him in her arms. "How well he looks! and how like a gentleman's son he is dressed again! Where have you been this long, long while? Ah! the same sweet face, but not so pale; the same soft eye, but not so sad. I have never forgotten them or his quiet smile, but have seen them every day, side by side with those of my own dear children, dead and gone since I was a lightsome young creature." Running on thus, and now holding Oliver from her to mark how he had grown, now clasping him to her, and passing her fingers fondly through his hair, the good soul laughed and wept upon his neck by turns.

And now a very strange and wonderful thing happened. It had been thought that Oliver's real parentage never would be discovered; but Mr. Brownlow, having noticed the very strong resemblance between Oliver and the lady whose picture had hung on Mrs. Bedwin's room, had been making inquiries, which resulted in the discovery that Miss Rose was actually the sister of that lady, and aunt to Oliver, for the beautiful girl in the picture was Oliver's own mother!

It happened in this way. A very dear friend of Mr. Brownlow's had married quite secretly a very beautiful young girl. Being obliged to go abroad on business, he had left the painting of his young wife in Mr. Brownlow's care, though he did not tell him her name. But while abroad he died, and the poor young girl, believing herself to be deserted, and fearing her father's wrath should he discover the truth, wandered away a long, long distance from home. She was taken ill in the street, and being carried to the workhouse, died there, leaving a little infant son to face a hard world alone.

Oliver's father had been previously married, and had one son, and although this son had known of Oliver's birth, he had kept the secret, wishing to inherit the whole of the father's property; but now that chance had placed some papers in Mr. Brownlow's hands, through which he learnt the truth, Oliver's elder brother confessed all that he knew of the story.

This young man had so wasted the property which had fallen into his hands, that there was not a very large fortune left.

What there was was divided between them, and Oliver had met with such kind friends that he had no need of a fortune.

As Rose Maylie was about to be married, and as her aunt, Mrs. Maylie, was to live with her, Mr. Brownlow begged to be allowed to adopt Oliver.

Mr. Brownlow, Oliver, and Mrs. Bedwin, removed to a house within a mile of the one in which Rose and her husband and aunt lived, so that Oliver was happy in the midst of all the friends who had been kind to him and whom he had learned to love.

From day to day Mr. Brownlow became more and more attached to his adopted son, and took pleasure in filling his young mind with stories of knowledge, so that as the boy's nature developed, he showed thriving seeds of all his adopted father wished him to become.

There was only one drop of sorrow in Oliver's well-filled cup of happiness.

Remembering the little companion of his early years, poor little Dick, who had prayed "God bless you!" on the morning when he set out upon his journey to London town, Oliver begged that he might be allowed to visit him and assure him that in all his happiness there was none so great as coming back to make him happy too.

So Oliver was taken to the little country town in which his own poor young mother had died, and started off to visit Dick.

"We'll take him away from here," Oliver had said to Rose, "and have him taught and clothed, and send him to some country place where he may grow strong and well. He said 'God bless you!' to me when I ran away, and I will say 'God bless you!' and show him how I love him for it."

But Oliver came back from that visit looking very sad, with the tears stealing down his cheeks, for Dick, poor, loving little Dick was dead!

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

"AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN"

By RUDYARD KIPLING

HIS full name was Percival William Williams, but he picked up the other name in a nursery-book, and that was the end of the christened titles. His mother's *ayah* called him Willie-*Baba*, but as he never paid the faintest attention to anything that the *ayah* said, her wisdom did not help matters.

His father was the colonel of the 195th, and as soon as Wee Willie Winkie was old enough to understand what military discipline meant, Colonel Williams put him under it. There was no other way of managing the child. When he was good for a week, he drew good-conduct pay; and when he was bad, he was deprived of his good-conduct stripe. Generally he was bad, for India offers many chances of going wrong to little six-year-olds.

Children resent familiarity from strangers, and Wee Willie Winkie was a very particular child. Once he accepted an acquaintance, he was graciously pleased to thaw. He accepted Brandis, a subaltern of the 195th, on sight. Brandis was having tea at the Colonel's, and Wee Willie Winkie entered strong in the possession of a good-conduct badge won for not chasing the hens round the compound. He regarded Brandis with gravity for at least ten minutes, and then delivered himself of his opinion.

"I like you," said he slowly, getting off his chair and coming over to Brandis. "I like you. I shall call you Coppy, because of your hair. Do you *mind* being called Coppy? It is because of ve hair, you know."

Here was one of the most embarrassing of Wee Willie Winkie's peculiarities. He would look at a stranger for some time, and then, without warning or explanation, would give

him a name. And the name stuck. No regimental penalties could break Wee Willie Winkie of this habit. He lost his good-conduct badge for christening the Commissioner's wife "Pobs"; but nothing that the Colonel could do made the Station forego the nick-name, and Mrs. Collen remained "Pobs" till the end of her stay. So Brandis was christened "Coppo," and rose, therefore, in the estimation of the regiment.

If Wee Willie Winkie took an interest in any one, the fortunate man was envied alike by the mess and the rank and file. And in their envy lay no suspicion of self-interest. "The Colonel's son" was idolized on his own merits entirely. Yet Wee Willie Winkie was not lovely. His face was permanently freckled, as his legs were permanently scratched; and in spite of his mother's almost tearful remonstrances, he had insisted upon having his long yellow locks cut short, in the military fashion. "I want my hair like Sergeant Tummil's," said Wee Willie Winkie, and his father abetting, the sacrifice was accomplished.

Three weeks after the bestowal of his youthful affections on Lieutenant Brandis—henceforward to be called "Coppo" for the sake of brevity—Wee Willie Winkie was destined to behold strange things, and far beyond his comprehension.

Coppo returned his liking with interest. Coppo had let him wear for five rapturous minutes his own big sword—just as tall as Wee Willie Winkie. Coppo had promised him a terrier puppy, and Coppo had permitted him to witness the miraculous operation of shaving. Nay, more—Coppo had said that even he, Wee Willie Winkie, would rise in time to the ownership of a box of shiny knives, a silver soap-box, and a silver-handled "sputter-brush," as Wee Willie Winkie called it. Decidedly, there was no one except his father who could give or take away good-conduct badges at pleasure, half so wise, strong, and valiant as Coppo, with the Afghan and Egyptian medals on his breast. Why, then, should Coppo be guilty of the unmanly weakness of kissing—vehemently kissing—a "big girl," Miss Allardyce, to wit? In the course of a morning ride, Wee Willie Winkie had seen Coppo so doing, and, like the gentleman he was, had promptly wheeled round

and cantered back to his groom, lest the groom should also see.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have spoken to his father, but he felt instinctively that this was a matter on which Coppy ought first to be consulted.

"Coppy," shouted Wee Willie Winkie, reining up outside that subaltern's bungalow early one morning, "I want to see you, Coppy!"

"Come in, young 'un," returned Coppy, who was at early breakfast in the midst of his dogs. "What mischief have you been getting into now?"

Wee Willie Winkie had done nothing notoriously bad for three days, and so stood on a pinnacle of virtue.

"I've been doing nothing bad," said he, curling himself into a long chair with a studious affectation of the Colonel's languor after a hot parade. He buried his freckled nose in a teacup and, with eyes staring roundly over the rim, asked, "I say, Coppy, is it pwoper to kiss big girls?"

"By Jove! You're beginning early. Who do you want to kiss?"

"No one. My muvver's always kissing me if I don't stop her. If it isn't pwoper, how was you kissing Major Allardyce's big girl last morning, by ve canal?"

Coppy's brow wrinkled. He and Miss Allardyce had with great craft managed to keep their engagement secret for a fortnight. There were urgent and imperative reasons why Major Allardyce should not know how matters stood for at least another month, and this small marplot had discovered a great deal too much.

"I saw you," said Wee Willie Winkie calmly. "But ve *sais* didn't see. I said, '*Hut jaol*'"

"Oh, you had that much sense, you young Rip," groaned poor Coppy, half amused, and half angry. "And how many people may you have told about it?"

"Only me myself. You did n't tell when I twied to wide ve buffalo ven my pony was lame; and I fought you would n't like."

"Winkie," said Coppy enthusiastically, shaking the small hand, "you 're the best of good fellows. Look here, you can't

understand all these things. One of these days—hang it, how can I make you see it!—I'm going to marry Miss Allardyce, and then she'll be Mrs. Coppy, as you say. If your young mind is so scandalized at the idea of kissing big girls, go and tell your father."

"What will happen?" said Wee Willie Winkie, who firmly believed that his father was omnipotent.

"I shall get into trouble," said Coppy, playing his trump-card with an appealing look at the holder of the ace.

"Ven I won't," said Wee Willie Winkie briefly. "But my faver says it's un-man-ly to be always kissing, and I did n't fink *you'd* do vat, Coppy."

"I'm not always kissing, old chap. It's only now and then, and when you're bigger you'll do it too. Your father meant it's not good for little boys."

"Ah!" said Wee Willie Winkie, now fully enlightened. "It's like ve sputter-brush?"

"Exactly," said Coppy gravely.

"But I don't fink I'll ever want to kiss big girls, nor no one, 'cept my muvver. And I *must* vat, you know."

There was a long pause, broken by Wee Willie Winkie.

"Are you fond of vis big girl, Coppy?"

"Awfully!" said Coppy.

"Fonder van you are of Bell or ve Butcha—or me?"

"It's in a different way," said Coppy. "You see, one of these days Miss Allardyce will belong to me, but you'll grow up and command the regiment and—all sorts of things. It's quite different, you see."

"Very well," said Wee Willie Winkie, rising. "If you're fond of ve big girl, I won't tell any one. I must go now."

Coppy rose and escorted his small guest to the door, adding—"You're the best of little fellows, Winkie. I tell you what: in thirty days from now you can tell if you like—tell any one you like."

Thus the secret of the Brandis-Allardyce engagement was dependent on a little child's word. Coppy, who knew Wee Willie Winkie's idea of truth, was at ease, for he felt that he would not break promises. Wee Willie Winkie betrayed a

special and unusual interest in Mis Allardyce, and, slowly revolving round that embarrassed young lady, was used to regard her gravely, with unwinking eye. He was trying to discover why Coppy should have kissed her. She was not half so nice as his own mother. On the other hand, she was Coppy's property, and would in time belong to him. Therefore it behooved him to treat her with as much respect as Coppy's big sword or shiny pistol.

The idea that he shared a great secret in common with Coppy kept Wee Willie Winkie unusually virtuous for three weeks. Then the Old Adam broke out, and he made what he called a "camp-fire" at the bottom of the garden. How could he have foreseen that the flying sparks would have lighted the Colonel's little hay-rick and consumed a week's store for the horses? Sudden and swift was the punishment—deprivation of the good-conduct badge and, most sorrowful of all, two days' confinement to barracks—the house and veranda—coupled with the withdrawal of the light of his father's countenance.

He took the sentence like the man he strove to be, drew himself up with a quivering under-lip, saluted, and, once clear of the room, ran to weep bitterly in his nursery—called by him "my quarters." Coppy came in the afternoon and attempted to console the culprit.

"I'm under awwest," said Wee Willie Winkie mournfully, "and I did n't ought to speak to you."

Very early the next morning he climbed on to the roof of the house—that was not forbidden—and beheld Miss Allardyce going for a ride.

"Where are you going?" cried Wee Willie Winkie.

"Across the river," she answered, and trotted forward.

Now the cantonment in which the 195th lay was bounded on the north by a river, dry in the winter. From his earliest years, Wee Willie Winkie had been forbidden to go across the river, and had noted that even Coppy—the almost almighty Coppy—had never set foot beyond it. Wee Willie Winkie had once been read to, out of a big blue book, the history of the Princess and the Goblins—a most wonderful tale of a land where the Goblins were always warring with the children of men,

until they were defeated by one Curdie. Ever since that date it seemed to him that the bare black and purple hills across the river were inhabited by Goblins, and, in truth, every one had said that there lived the Bad Men. Even in his own house the lower halves of the windows were covered with green paper on account of the Bad Men who might, if allowed clear view, fire into peaceful drawing-rooms and comfortable bedrooms. Certainly, beyond the river, which was the end of all the earth, lived the Bad Men. And here was Major Allardyce's big girl, Coppy's property, preparing to venture into their borders! What would Coppy say if anything happened to her? If the Goblins ran off with her, as they did with Curdie's Princess? She must at all hazards be turned back.

The house was still. Wee Willie Winkie reflected for a moment on the very terrible wrath of his father; and then—broke his arrest! It was a crime unspeakable. The low sun threw his shadow, very large and very black, on the trim garden-paths, as he went down to the stables and ordered his pony. It seemed to him, in the hush of the dawn, that all the big world had been bidden to stand still and look at Wee Willie Winkie guilty of mutiny. The drowsy *sais* gave him his mount, and, since the one great sin made all others insignificant, Wee Willie Winkie said that he was going to ride over to Coppy Sahib, and went out at a foot-pace, stepping on the soft mold of the flower borders.

The devastating track of the pony's feet was the last misdeed that cut him off from all sympathy of humanity. He turned into the road, leaned forward, and rode as fast as the pony could put foot to the ground in the direction of the river.

But the liveliest of twelve-two ponies can do little against the long canter of a Waler. Miss Allardyce was far ahead, had passed through the crops, beyond the police-posts, when all the guards were asleep, and her mount was scattering the pebbles of the river-bed as Wee Willie Winkie left the cantonment and British India behind him. Bowed forward and still flogging, Wee Willie Winkie shot into Afghan territory, and could just see Miss Allardyce a black speck, flickering across the stony plain. The reason of her wandering was simple enough.

Coppy, in a tone of too-hastily-assumed authority, had told her over night that she must not ride out by the river. And she had gone to prove her own spirit and teach Coppy a lesson.

Almost at the foot of the inhospitable hills, Wee Willie Winkie saw the Waler blunder and come down heavily. Miss Allardyce struggled clear, but her ankle had been severely twisted, and she could not stand. Having fully shown her spirit, she wept, and was surprised by the apparition of a white, wide-eyed child in khaki, on a nearly spent pony.

"Are you badly, badly hurted?" shouted Wee Willie Winkie, as soon as he was within range. "You did n't ought to be here."

"I don't know," said Miss Allardyce ruefully, ignoring the reproof. "Good gracious, child, what are *you* doing here?"

"You said you was going acwoss ve wiver," panted Wee Willie Winkie, throwing himself off his pony. "And nobody—not even Coppy—must go acwoss ve wiver, and I came after you ever so hard, but you would n't stop, and now you've hurted yourself, and Coppy will be angwy wiv me, and—I've bwoke my awwest! I've bwoke my awwest!"

The future colonel of the 195th sat down and sobbed. In spite of the pain in her ankle the girl was moved.

"Have you ridden all the way from cantonments, little man? What for?"

"You belonged to Coppy. Coppy told me so!" wailed Wee Willie Winkie disconsolately. "I saw him kissing you, and he said he was fonder of you van Bell or ve Butcha or me. And so I came. You must get up and come back. You did n't ought to be here. Vis is a bad place, and I've bwoke my awwest."

"I can't move, Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, with a groan. "I've hurt my foot. What shall I do?"

She showed a readiness to weep anew, which steadied Wee Willie Winkie, who had been brought up to believe that tears were the depth of unmanliness. Still when one is as great a sinner as Wee Willie Winkie, even a man may be permitted to break down.

"Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, "when you've rested a little,

ride back and tell them to send out something to carry me back in. It hurts fearfully."

The child sat still for a little time and Miss Allardyce closed her eyes; the pain was nearly making her faint. She was roused by Wee Willie Winkie tying up the reins on his pony's neck and setting it free with a vicious cut of his whip that made it whicker. The little animal headed towards the cantonments.

"Oh, Winkie! What are you doing?"

"Hush!" said Wee Willie Winkie. "Vere's a man coming—one of ve Bad Men. I must stay wiv you. My faver says a man must *always* look after a girl. Jack will go home and ven vey'll come and look for us. Vat's why I let him go."

Not one man but two or three had appeared from behind the rocks of the hills, and the heart of Wee Willie Winkie sank within him, for just in this manner were the Goblin's wont to steal out and vex Curdie's soul. Thus had they played in Curdie's garden, he had seen the picture, and thus had they frightened the Princess's nurse. He heard them talking to each other, and recognized with joy the bastard Pushto that he had picked up from one of his father's grooms lately dismissed. People who spoke that tongue could not be the Bad Men. They were only natives, after all.

They came up to the boulders on which Miss Allardyce's horse had blundered.

Then rose from the rock Wee Willie Winkie, child of the dominant race, aged six and three-quarters, and said briefly and emphatically, "*Jao!*" The pony had crossed the river-bed.

The men laughed, and laughter from natives was the one thing Wee Willie Winkie could not tolerate. He asked them what they wanted and why they did not depart. Other men with most evil faces and crooked-stocked guns crept out of the shadows of the hills, till, soon, Wee Willie Winkie was face to face with an audience some twenty strong. Miss Allardyce screamed.

"Who are you?" said one of the men.

"I am the Colonel Sahib's son, and my order is that you go at once. You black men are frightening the Miss Sahib.

One of you must run into cantonments and take the news that the Miss Sahib has hurt herself, and that the Colonel's son is here with her."

"Put our feet into the trap?" was the laughing reply. "Hear this boy's speech!"

"Say that I sent you—I, the Colonel's son. They will give you money."

"What is the use of this talk? Take up the child and the girl, and we can at least ask for the ransom. Ours are the villages on the heights," said a voice in the background.

These *were* the Bad Men—worse than Goblins—and it needed all Wee Willie Winkie's training to prevent him from bursting into tears. But he felt that to cry before a native, excepting only his mother's *ayah*, would be an infamy greater than any mutiny. Moreover, he, as future colonel of the 195th, had that grim regiment at his back.

"Are you going to carry us away?" said Wee Willie Winkie, very blanched and uncomfortable.

"Yes, my little *Sahib Bahadur*," said the tallest of the men, "and eat you afterwards."

"That is child's talk," said Wee Willie Winkie. "Men do not eat men."

A yell of laughter interrupted him, but he went on firmly: "And if you do carry us away, I tell you that all my regiment will come up in a day and kill you all without leaving one. Who will take my message to the Colonel Sahib?"

Speech in any vernacular—and Wee Willie Winkie had a colloquial acquaintance with three—was easy to the boy, who could not yet manage his "r's" and "th's" aright.

Another man joined the conference, crying: "O foolish men! What this babe says is true. He is the heart's heart of those white troops. For the sake of peace let them go both; for if he is taken, the regiment will break loose and gut the valley. *Our* villages are in the valley, and we shall not escape. That regiment are devils. They broke Khoda Yar's breast-bone with kicks when he tried to take the rifles; and if we touch this child they will fire and rape and plunder for a month, till nothing remains. Better to send a man back to take the

message and get a reward. I say that this child is their god, and that they will spare none of us, nor our women, if we harm him."

It was Din Mahommed, the dismissed groom of the Colonel, who made the diversion, and an angry and heated discussion followed. Wee Willie Winkie, standing over Miss Allardyce, waited the upshot. Surely his "wegiment," his own "wegiment," would not desert him if they knew of his extremity. . . .

The riderless pony brought the news to the 195th, though there had been consternation in the Colonel's household for an hour before. The little beast came in through the parade-ground in front of the main barracks, where the men were settling down to play spoil-five till the afternoon. Devlin, the color-sergeant of E Company, glanced at the empty saddle and tumbled through the barrack-rooms kicking up each room Corporal as he passed. "Up, ye beggars! There's something happened to the Colonel's son," he shouted.

"He could n't fall off! S'elp me, 'e *could n't* fall off," blubbered a drummer-boy. "Go an' hunt acrost the river. He's over there if he's anywhere, an' maybe those Pathans have got 'im. For the love o' Gawd don't look for 'im in the nullahs! Let's go over the river."

"There's sense in Mott yet," said Devlin. "E Company, double out to the river—sharp!"

So E Company, in its shirt-sleeves mainly, doubled for the dear life, and in the rear toiled the perspiring Sergeant, adjuring it to double yet faster. The cantonment was alive with the men of the 195th hunting for Wee Willie Winkie, and the Colonel finally overtook E Company, far too exhausted to swear, struggling in the pebbles of the river-bed.

Up the hill under which Wee Willie Winkie's Bad Men were discussing the wisdom of carrying off the child and the girl, a lookout fired two shots.

"What have I said?" shouted Din Mahommed. "There is the warning! The *pulton* are out already and are coming across the plain! Get away! Let us not be seen with the boy!"

The men waited for an instant, and then, as another shot was fired, withdrew into the hills, silently as they had appeared.

"The wegiment is coming," said Wee Willie Winkie confidently to Miss Allardyce, "and it's all wight. Don't cwy!"

He needed the advice himself, for ten minutes later, when his father came up, he was weeping bitterly with his head in Miss Allardyce's lap.

And the men of the 195th carried him home with shouts and rejoicings; and Coppy, who had ridden a horse into a lather, met him, and, to his intense disgust, kissed him openly in the presence of the men.

But there was balm for his dignity. His father assured him that not only would the breaking of arrest be condoned, but that the good-conduct badge would be restored as soon as his mother could sew it on his blouse-sleeve. Miss Allardyce had told the Colonel a story that made him proud of his son.

"She belonged to you, Coppy," said Wee Willie Winkie, indicating Miss Allardyce with a grimy forefinger. "I *knew* she did n't ought to go acwoss ve wiver, and I knew ve wegiment would come to me if I sent Jack home."

"You're a hero, Winkie," said Coppy—"a *pukka* hero!"

"But I don't know what vat means," said Wee Willie Winkie, "but you must n't call me Winkie any no more. I'm Percival Will'am Will'ams."

And in this manner did Wee Willie Winkie enter into his manhood.

EQUALITY AT SEA

(From "*Mr. Midshipman Easy*")

By CAPTIAN FREDERICK MARRYAT

THE next morning Jack Easy would have forgotten all about his engagement with the captain, had it not been for the waiter, who thought that after the reception which our hero had given the first lieutenant, it would be just as well that he should not be disrespectful to the captain. Now Jack had not hitherto put on his uniform, and he thought this a fitting occasion, particularly as the waiter suggested the propriety of his appearance in it.

Whether it was from a presentiment of what he was to suffer, Jack was not at all pleased, as most lads are, with the change in his dress. It appeared to him that he was sacrificing his independence; however, he did not follow his first impulse, which was to take it off again, but took his hat, which the waiter had brushed and handed to him, and then set off for the captain's lodgings.

Captain Wilson received him as if he had not been aware of his delay in joining his ship, or his interview with his first lieutenant, but before breakfast was over, Jack himself narrated the affair in a few words. Captain Wilson then entered into a detail of the duties and rank of every person on board of the ship, pointing out to Jack that where discipline was required it was impossible, when duty was carried on, that more than one could command; and that that one was the captain, who represented the king in person, who represented the country; and that, as the orders were transmitted from the captain through the lieutenant, and from the lieutenant to the midshipmen, who, in their turn, communicated them to the whole ship's company, in fact, it was the captain alone who gave the orders, and that every one was *equally* obliged to obey. Indeed, as the captain

himself had to obey the orders of his superiors, the admiral and the admiralty, *all* on board might be said to be *equally* obliged to obey.

Captain Wilson laid a strong emphasis on the word *equally*, as he cautiously administered his first dose; indeed, in the whole of his address he made use of special pleading, which would have done credit to the bar; for at the same time that he was explaining to Jack that he was entering a service in which *equality* could never for a moment exist, if the service was to exist, he contrived to show that all the grades were leveled, by all being equally bound to do their duty to their country, and that, in fact, whether a seaman obeyed *his* orders, or he obeyed the orders of *his* superior officer, they were in reality only obeying the orders of the country, which were administered through their channels.

Jack did not altogether like this view of the subject, and the captain took care not to dwell too long upon it. He then entered upon other details which he was aware would be more agreeable to Jack. He pointed out that the articles of war were the rules by which the service was to be guided, and that everybody, from the captain to the least boy in the ship, was *equally* bound to adhere to them—that a certain allowance of provisions and wine were allowed to each person on board, and that this allowance was the same to all; the same to the captain as to the boy; the same in quantity as in quality; every one *equally* entitled to his allowance; that, although there were, of necessity, various grades necessary in the service, and the captain's orders were obliged to be passed and obeyed by all, yet still, whatever was the grade of the officer, they were *equally* considered as gentlemen.

In short, Captain Wilson, who told the truth, and nothing but the truth, without telling the whole truth, actually made Jack fancy that he had at last found out that equality he had been seeking for in vain on shore, when, at last, he recollected the language used by Mr. Sawbridge the evening before, and asked the captain why that personage had so conducted himself. Now, as the language of Mr. Sawbridge was very much at variance with equality, Captain Wilson was not a little puzzled.

However, he first pointed out that the first lieutenant was, at the time being, the captain, as he was the senior officer on board, as would Jack himself be if he were the senior officer on board; and that, as he before observed, the captain or senior officer represented the country. That in the articles of war, everybody who absented himself from the ship committed an error, or breach of those articles; and if any error or breach of those articles was committed by any one belonging to the ship, if the senior officer did not take notice of it, he then committed himself a breach of those articles, and was liable himself to be punished, if he could not prove that he had noticed it; it was therefore to save himself that he was obliged to point out the error; and if he did it in strong language, it only proved his *zeal* for his country.

"Upon my honor, then," replied Jack, "there can be no doubt of his *zeal*; for if the whole country had been at stake, he could not have put himself in a greater passion."

"Then he did his duty; but depend upon it, it was not a pleasant one to him; and I'll answer for it, when you meet him on board, he will be as friendly with you as if nothing had happened."

"He told me that he'd soon make me know what a first lieutenant was: what did he mean by that?" inquired Jack.

"All *zeal*."

"Yes, but he said that as soon as he got on board, he'd show me the difference between a first lieutenant and a midshipman."

"All *zeal*."

"He said my ignorance should be a little enlightened by and by."

"All *zeal*."

"And that he'd send a sergeant and marines to fetch me."

"All *zeal*."

"That he would put my philosophy to the proof."

"All *zeal*, Mr. Easy. *Zeal* will break out in this way; but we should do nothing in the service without it. Recollect that I hope and trust one day to see you also a zealous officer."

Here Jack cogitated considerably, and gave no answer.

"You will, I am sure," continued Captain Wilson, "find Mr. Sawbridge one of your best friends."

"Perhaps so," replied Jack; "but I did not much admire our first acquaintance."

"It will perhaps be your unpleasant duty to find as much fault yourself; we are all equally bound to do our duty to our country. But, Mr. Easy, I sent for you to say that we shall sail to-morrow; and, as I shall send my things off this afternoon by the launch, you had better send yours off also. At eight o'clock I shall go on board, and we can both go in the same boat."

To this Jack made no sort of objection, and having paid his bill at the Fountain, he sent his chest down to the boat by some of the crew who came up for it, and attended the summons of the captain to embark. By nine o'clock that evening Mr. Jack Easy was safe on board his Majesty's sloop "Harpy."

When Jack arrived on board it was dark, and he did not know what to do with himself. The captain was received by the officers on deck, who took off their hats to salute him. The captain returned the salute, and so did Jack very politely, after which the captain entered into conversation with the first lieutenant, and for awhile Jack was left to himself. It was too dark to distinguish faces, and to one who had never been on board of a ship, too dark to move, so Jack stood where he was, which was not far from the main bitts, but he did not stay long; the boat had been hooked on to the quarter-davits, and the boat-swain had called out:

"Set taut, my lads!"

And then, with a shrill whistle, and "Away with her!" forward came galloping and bounding along the men with the tackles; and in the dark Jack was upset, and half a dozen marines fell upon him; the men, who had no idea that an officer was floored among the others, were pleased at the joke, and continued to dance over those who were down, until they rolled themselves out of the way. Jack, who did not understand this, fared badly, and it was not until the calls piped belay, that he could recover his legs, after having been trampled upon by half the starboard watch, and the breath completely jammed out of his body. Jack reeled to a carronade-slide, when the

officers, who had been laughing at the lark as well as the men, perceived his situation—among others, Mr. Sawbridge, the first lieutenant.

“Are you hurt, Mr. Easy?” said he kindly.

“A little,” replied Jack, catching his breath.

“You’ve had but a rough welcome,” replied the first lieutenant, “but at certain times on board ship, it is every man for himself and God for us all. Harpur,” continued the first lieutenant to the doctor, “take Mr. Easy down in the gun-room with you, and I will be down myself as soon as I can. Where is Mr. Jolliffe?”

“Here, sir,” replied Mr. Jolliffe, a master’s mate, coming aft from the booms.

“There’s a youngster come on board with the captain. Order one of the quartermasters to get a hammock slung.”

In the meantime Jack went down into the gun-room, where a glass of wine somewhat recovered him. He did not stay there long, nor did he venture to talk much. As soon as his hammock was ready, Jack was glad to go to bed—and as he was much bruised he was not disturbed the next morning till past nine o’clock. He then dressed himself, went on deck, found that the sloop was just clear of the Needles, that he felt very queer, then very sick, and was conducted by a marine down below, put into his hammock, where he remained during a gale of wind of three days, bewildered, confused, puzzled, and every minute knocking his head against the beams with the pitching and tossing of the sloop.

“And this is going to sea,” thought Jack; “no wonder that no one interferes with another here, or talks about a trespass; for I’m sure any one is welcome to my share of the ocean; and if I once get on shore again, the devil may have my portion if he chooses.”

Captain Wilson and Mr. Sawbridge had both allowed Jack more leisure than most midshipmen, during his illness. By the time the gale was over the sloop was off Cape Finisterre. The next morning the sea was nearly down, and there was but a slight breeze on the waters. The comparative quiet of the night before had very much recovered our hero, and when

the hammocks were piped up, he was accosted by Mr. Jolliffe, the master's mate, who asked "whether he intended to rouse a bit, or whether he intended to sail to Gibraltar between his blankets."

Jack, who felt himself quite another person, turned out of his hammock and dressed himself. A marine had, by the captain's orders, attended Jack during his illness, and this man came, to his assistance, opened his chest, and brought him all which he required, or Jack would have been in a sad dilemma.

Jack then inquired where he was to go, for he had not yet been in the midshipman's berth, although five days on board. The marine pointed it out to him, and Jack, who felt excessively hungry, crawled over and between chests, until he found himself fairly in a hole infinitely inferior to the dog-kennels which received his father's pointers.

"I'd not only give up the ocean," thought Jack, "and my share of it, but also my share of the 'Harpy,' unto any one who fancies it. Equality enough here! for every one appears equally miserably off."

As he thus gave vent to his thoughts he perceived that there was another person in the berth—Mr. Jolliffe, the master's mate, who had fixed his eye upon Jack, and to whom Jack returned the compliment. The first thing that Jack observed was, that Mr. Jolliffe was very deeply pockmarked, and that he had but one eye, and that was a piercer; it appeared like a little ball of fire, and as if it reflected more light from the solitary candle than the candle gave.

"I don't like your looks," thought Jack; "we shall never be friends."

But here Jack fell into the common error of judging by appearances, as will be proved hereafter.

"I'm glad to see you up again, youngster," said Jolliffe; "you've been on your beam-ends longer than usual, but those who are the strongest suffer most—you made your mind up but late to come to sea. However, they say. 'Better late than never.'"

"I feel very much inclined to argue the truth of that saying,"

replied Jack; "but its no use just now. I'm terribly hungry—when shall I get some breakfast?"

"To-morrow morning at half-past eight," replied Mr. Jolliffe. "Breakfast for to-day has been over these two hours."

"But must I then go without?"

"No, I do not say that, as we must make allowances for your illness; but it will not be breakfast."

"Call it what you please," replied Jack, "only pray desire the servants to give me something to eat. Dry toast or muffins—anything will do, but I should prefer coffee."

"You forget that you are off Finisterre, in a midshipman's berth; coffee we have none—muffins we never see—dry toast cannot be made, as we have no soft bread; but a cup of tea, and ship's biscuit and butter, I can desire the steward to get ready for you."

"Well, then," replied Jack, "I will thank you to procure me that."

"Marine," cried Jolliffe, "call Mesty."

"Pass the word for Mesty," cried the marine—and the two syllables were handed forward until lost in the fore part of the vessel.

The person so named must be introduced to the reader. He was a curious anomaly—a black man who had been brought to America as a slave, and there sold.

He was a very tall, spare-built, yet muscular form, and had a face by no means common with his race. His head was long and narrow, high cheek-bones from whence his face descended down to almost a point at the chin; his nose was very small, but it was straight, and almost Roman; his mouth also was unusually small, and his lips thin for an African; his teeth very white, and filed to sharp points. He claimed the rank of prince in his own country, with what truth could not of course be substantiated. His master had settled at New York, and there Mesty had learned English, if it could be so called: the fact is, that all the emigrant laborers at New York being Irishmen, he had learned English with the strong brogue and peculiar phraseology of the sister kingdom, dashed with a little Yankeeism.

Having been told that there was no slavery in England, Mesty had concealed himself on board an English merchant vessel and escaped. On his arrival in England he had entered on board of a man-of-war. Having no name, it was necessary to christen him on the ship's books, and the first lieutenant, who had entered him, struck with his remarkable expression of countenance, and being a German scholar, had named him Mephistopheles Faust, from whence his Christian name had been razed to Mesty. Mesty on other points was an eccentric character; at one moment, when he remembered his lineage, he was proud to excess, at others he was grave and almost sullen—but when nothing either in daily occurrences or in his mind ran contrary, he exhibited the drollery so often found in his nation, with a spice of Irish humor, as if he had caught up the latter with his Irish brogue.

Mesty was soon seen coming aft, but almost double as he crouched under the beams, and taking large strides with his naked feet.

"By the powers, Massa Yolliffe, but it is not seasonable at all to send for me just how, anyhow, seeing how the praters are in the copper, and so many blackguard 'palpeens all ready to change net for net, and better themselves by the same mistake, **dam um.**"

"Mesty, you know I never send for you myself, or allow others to do so, unless it is necessary," replied Jolliffe; "but this poor lad has eaten nothing since he has been on board and is very hungry—you must get him a little tea."

"Is it tay you mane, sir? I guess, to make tay, in the first place I must ab water, and in the next must ab room in the galley to put the kettle on—and 'pose you wanted to burn the tip of your little finger just now, it's not in the galley that you find a berth for it—and den the water before seven bells. I've a notion its just impassible."

"But he must have something, Mesty."

"Never mind the tea, then," replied Jack, "I'll take some milk."

"Is it milk massa manes, and the bumboat woman on the oder side of the bay?"

"We have no milk, Mr. Easy; you forget that we are on the blue water," replied Jolliffe, "and I really am afraid that you'll have to wait till dinner-time. Mesty tells the truth."

"I tell you what, Massa Yolliffe, it just seven bells, and if the young gentleman would instead of tay try a little out of the copper, it might keep him asy. It but a little difference, *tay* soup and *pay* soup. Now a bowl of that, with some nuts and a flourish of pepper, will do him good, anyhow."

"Perhaps the best thing he can take, Mesty; get it as fast as you can."

In a few minutes the black brought down a bowl of soup and whole peas swimming in it, put before our hero a tin bread-basket full of small biscuit, called misdhipman's nuts, and the pepper-caster. Jack's visions of tea, coffee, muffins, dry toast, and milk vanished as he perceived the mess; but he was very hungry, and he found it much better than he expected; and he moreover found himself much the better after he had swallowed it. It struck seven bells, and he accompanied Mr. Jolliffe on deck.

When Jack Easy had gained the deck he found the sun shining gaily, a soft air blowing from the shore, and the whole of the rigging and every part of the ship loaded with the shirts, trousers, and jackets of the seamen, which had been wetted during the heavy gale, and were now hanging up to dry; all the wet sails were also spread on the booms or triced up in the rigging, and the ship was slowly forging through the blue water. The captain and first lieutenant were standing on the gangway in converse, and the majority of the officers were with their quadrants and sextants ascertaining the latitude at noon. The decks were white and clean, the sweepers had just laid by their brooms, and the men were busy coiling down the ropes. It was a scene of cheerfulness, activity, and order, which lightened his heart after the four days of suffering, close air, and confinement, from which he had just emerged.

The captain, who perceived him, beckoned to him, asked him kindly how he felt, the first lieutenant also smiled upon him, and many of the officers, as well as his messmates, congratulated him upon his recovery.

The captain's steward came up to him, touched his hat,

and requested the pleasure of his company to dinner in the cabin. Jack was the essence of politeness, took off his hat, and accepted the invitation. Jack was standing on a rope which a seaman was coiling down; the man touched his hat and requested he be so kind as to take his foot off. Jack took his hat off his head in return, and his foot off the rope. The master touched his hat and reported twelve o'clock to the first lieutenant—the first lieutenant touched his hat and reported twelve o'clock to the captain—the captain touched his hat and told the first lieutenant to make it so. The officer of the watch, touched his hat and asked the captain whether they should pipe to dinner—the captain touched his hat and said, "If you please."

The midshipman received his orders, and touched his hat, which he gave to the head boatswain's mate, who touched his hat, and then the calls whistled cheerily.

"Well," thought Jack, "politeness seems to be the order of the day, and every one has an equal respect for the other." Jack stayed on deck; he peeped through the ports, which were open, and looked down into the deep blue waves; he cast his eyes aloft, and watched the tall spars sweeping and tracing with their points, as it were, a small portion of the clear sky, as they acted in obedience to the motion of the vessel; he looked forward at the range of carronades which lined the sides of the deck, and then he proceeded to climb one of the carronades, and lean over the hammocks to gaze on the distant land.

"Young gentleman, get off those hammocks," cried the master, who was officer of the watch, in a surly tone.

Jack looked round.

"Do you hear me, sir? I'm speaking to you," said the master again.

Jack felt very indignant, and he thought that politeness was not quite so general as he supposed.

It happened that Captain Wilson was upon deck.

"Come here, Mr. Easy," said the captain; "it is a rule in the service, that no one gets on the hammocks unless in case of emergency—I never do—nor the first lieutenant—nor any of the officers or men—therefore, upon the principle of equality, you must not do it either."

"Certainly not, sir," replied Jack, "but still I do not see why that officer in the shining hat should be so angry, and not speak to me as if I were a gentleman as well as himself."

"I have already explained that to you, Mr. Easy."

"Oh, yes, I recollect now, it's zeal; but this zeal appears to me to be the only thing unpleasant in the service. It's a pity, as you said, that the service cannot do without it."

Captain Wilson laughed, and walked away, and shortly afterward, as he turned up and down the deck with the master, he hinted to him that he should not speak so sharply to a lad who had committed such a trifling error through ignorance. Now Mr. Smallsole, the master, who was a surly sort of a personage, and did not like even a hint of disapprobation of his conduct, although very regardless of the feeling of others, determined to pay this off on Jack the very first convenient opportunity. Jack dined in the cabin, and was very much pleased to find that every one drank wine with him, and that everybody at the captain's table appeared to be on an equality. Before the dessert had been on the table five minutes, Jack became loquacious on his favorite topic "equality and the rights of man"; all the company stared with surprise at such an unheard-of doctrine being broached on board of a man-of-war; the captain argued the point, so as to controvert, without too much offending, Jack's notions, laughing the whole time that the conversation was carried on.

"It will be observed that this day may be considered as the first in which Jack really made his appearance on board, and it also was on the first day that Jack made known, at the captain's table, his very peculiar notions. If the company at the captain's table, which consisted of the second lieutenant, purser, Mr. Jolliffe, and one of the midshipmen, were astonished at such heterodox opinions being started in the presence of the captain, they were equally astonished at the cool, good-humored ridicule with which they were received by Captain Wilson.

The report of Jack's boldness, and every word and opinion that he had uttered (of course much magnified), was circulated that evening through the whole ship; it was canvassed

in the gun-room by the officers, it was descanted upon by the midshipmen as they walked the deck; the captain's steward held a levee abreast of the ship's funnel, in which he narrated this new doctrine. The sergeant of marines gave his opinion, in his berth, that it was atrocious. The boatswain talked over the matter with the other warrant-officers, till the grog was all gone, and then dismissed it as too dry a subject; and it was the general opinion of the ship's company that as soon as they arrived at Gibraltar Bay, our hero would bid adieu to the service, either by being sentenced to death by a court-martial, or by being dismissed, and towed on shore on a grating.

Others, who had more of the wisdom of the serpent, and who had been informed by Mr. Sawbridge that our hero was a lad who would inherit a large property, argued differently, and considered that Captain Wilson had very good reason for being so lenient—and among them was the second lieutenant. There were but four who were well inclined toward Jack—to wit, the captain, the first lieutenant, Mr. Jolliffe, the one-eyed master's mate, and Mephistopheles, the black, who, having heard that Jack had uttered such sentiments, loved him with all his heart and soul.

RIP VAN WINKLE

By WASHINGTON IRVING

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudon must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early time of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weather-cocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was

yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient, henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects be considered a tolerable blessing, and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perserverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through

woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces, his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did

was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the

dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junta were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything was read or related that displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquility of the assemblage and call the members all to nought; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the

Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-

built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion: a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for a moment but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the Amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggyish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old

gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg unto large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks

—the woebegone party at ninepins—the flagon—“Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!” thought Rip—“what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?”

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrust with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. “These mountain beds do not agree with me,” thought Rip, “and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle.” With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its side, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice;



1. HERE HE WOULD . . . SHARE THE CONTENTS
OF HIS WALLET WITH WOLF.

2. HE FOUND AN OLD FIRELOCK LYING BY HIM.

and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty fire-lock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog

that looked like Wolf was sulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears; he called loudly for his wife and children; the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then again all was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, **GENERAL WASHINGTON**.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the school-master, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's

Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator hustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted." Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tip-toe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village."—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice: "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden

tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war: some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point; he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely

woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; and he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough, it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor.—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter

Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half Moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor.

How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes, which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

By JOHN RUSKIN

I

IN a secluded and mountainous part of Styria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold.

It was therefore called by the people of the neighborhood the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that, in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small, dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into them, and always fancied they saw very far into you. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds, because

they pecked the fruit; and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime-trees. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them.

It would have been very odd if, with such a farm, and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they did get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity; they never went to mass; grumbled perpetually at paying tithes; and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or, rather, they did not agree with him. He was usually appointed to the honorable office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, the floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country round. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inundation; the vines were cut to pieces with the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody

came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door, without the slightest regard or notice.

It was drawing toward winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable-looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner! I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke there came a double knock at the house-door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No, it was n't the wind; there it came again very hard, and—what was particularly astounding—the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical-pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His

doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallowtail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another and a more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door; I'm wet, let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he was wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat-pockets, and out again like a mill-stream.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck; "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir—I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, petulantly, "I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned, and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savory smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look very wet," said little Gluck;

"I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door, and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, through the house came a gust of wind that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable; never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long quicksilver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "may n't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I'm all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But—sir—I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly; "but—really, sir—you're putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor, dryly.

Gluck was very puzzled by the behavior of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman, at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman; "I've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again. Then Gluck warmed a plate and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face.

"Ay! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz, when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing, with the utmost possible velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck, in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck deprecatingly, "he was so very wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but, at the instant, the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched his cap, than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the further end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying-house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs." They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you."

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen."

"Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his corkscrew mustaches, and replied with perfect coolness, "Gentle-

men, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner—but before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house-door behind him with a great bang, and past the window, at the same instant, drove a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air; and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again— Bless me, why the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal-cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind and rustling rain without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough to put up all the shutters, and double-bar the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see, in the midst of it, an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old

gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to incommode you," said their visitor, ironically. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room; I've left the ceiling on there."

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit."

"Pray Heaven it may be!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left, in their stead, a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept, shivering and horror-struck, into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor: corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words:

SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE.

II

Southwest Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their

money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious, old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths," said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade: we can put a great deal of copper into the gold, without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the elder two brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the ale-house next door. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking-mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world; though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than like metal, and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers, of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz positively averred that once, after emptying it full of Rhenish seventeen times, he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and staggered out to the ale-house; leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparkling eyes,

which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and, when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountaintops all crimson and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a little while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be!"

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear, metallic voice, close at his ear.

"Bless me, what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what *is* that?" He looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round and round, as fast as he could, in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was, singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-la"—no words, only a soft running effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs, and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment, "Lala-

lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in. Yes, he saw right; it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up, and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear and pronounciative.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo, Gluck, my boy!" said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of its reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance, from beneath the gold, the red nose and the sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice passionately. "I'm too hot!"

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat-tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, and, finally, the well-known head of his friend the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes, without stopping—apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite cor-

rectly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the prismatic colors gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl; and over this brilliant doublet his hair and beard fell full half-way to the ground, in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very pertinacious and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small, sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt and unconnected mode of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.

"No," said the dwarf conclusively. "No, it would n't." And with that, the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs very high, and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and, seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After

which he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something, at all events. "I hope your majesty is very well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry. "I am the king of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone." So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away, and deliberately walked into the center of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling—a blaze of intense light—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; "oh dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"

III

The King of the Golden River had hardly made his extraordinary exit before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had got to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which of course they did not believe a word. They beat him again, till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed.

In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story obtained him some degree of credence; the immediate consequence of which was that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords, and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretense of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

"Good morning, brother," said Hans; "have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains—their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually

ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and, far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans's eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practised mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was excessively slippery; and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water: not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short, melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines—a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows and lurid lights played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveler; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. These

painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic-terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous incumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and, with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare, red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless, and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst

increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain-sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!"—He stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the east, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans's ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset; they shook their crest like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the center of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

THE BLACK STONE.

IV

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans's return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got enough money together to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. So Schwartz got up early in the morning before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright: a heavy purple haze was hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed!" said Schwartz. "I have n't half enough for myself," and passed on. And as he went he thought the

sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the west; and when he had climbed for another hour the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed!" said Schwartz. "I have n't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist of the color of blood had come over the sun; and the bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned; and as he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and as he gazed the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? Remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you*?" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And, when he had gone a few yards farther, he looked back; but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightening, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black like thunder-clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below and the thunder above met, as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters

closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

THE TWO BLACK STONES.

V

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. So, after a month or two, Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practiced on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water. "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased

on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him and got up, and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it, till it became as small as a little star, and then turned, and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft-bellied gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again; and, when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt; and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it. "Confound the king and his gold, too!" said Gluck; and he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right;" for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation.

"Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make, too."

"Oh, dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel?" said the dwarf. "They poured unholy water into my stream—do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir—your majesty, I mean—they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves hung three drops of clear dew, and the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal and as brilliant as the sun. And when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains, toward the Treasure Valley; and, as he went he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under

the ground. And when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river like the Golden River was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew, and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle and tendrils of vine cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.

And Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And to this day the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River are still to be seen two black stones, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called, by the people of the valley,

THE BLACK BROTHERS.

THE ARCHERY CONTEST

(From "*Ivanhoe*")

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE yeomen and commons," said De Bracy, "must not be dismissed discontented, for lack of their share in the sports."

"The day," said Waldemar, "is not yet very far spent—let the archers shoot a few rounds at the target, and the prize be adjudged. This will be an abundant fulfilment of the Prince's promises, so far as this herd of Saxon serfs is concerned."

"I thank thee, Waldemar," said the Prince; "thou remindest me, too, that I have a debt to pay to that insolent peasant who yesterday insulted our person. Our banquet also shall go forward to-night as we proposed. Were this my last hour of power, it should be an hour sacred to revenge and to pleasure—let new cares come with to-morrow's new day."

The sound of the trumpets soon recalled those spectators who had already begun to leave the field; and proclamation was made that Prince John, suddenly called by high and peremptory public duties, held himself obliged to discontinue the entertainments of to-morrow's festival; nevertheless, that, unwilling so many good yeomen should depart without a trial of skill, he was pleased to appoint them, before leaving the ground, presently to execute the competition of archery intended for to-morrow. To the best archer, a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle-horn, mounted with silver, and a silken baldric richly ornamented with a medallion of Saint Hubert, the patron of sylvan sport.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors, several of whom were rangers and under-keepers

in the royal forests of Needwood and Charnwood. When, however, the archers understood with whom they were to be matched, upwards of twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the dishonor of almost certain defeat. For in those days the skill of each celebrated marksman was as well known for many miles round him as the qualities of a horse trained at Newmarket are familiar to those who frequent that well-known meeting.

The diminished list of competitors for sylvan fame still amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeoman, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

"Fellow," said Prince John, "I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the longbow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry men as stand yonder."

"Under favor, sir," replied the yeoman, "I have another reason for refraining to shoot, besides the fearing discomfiture and disgrace."

"And what is thy other reason?" said Prince John, who, for some cause which perhaps he could not himself have explained, felt a painful curiosity respecting this individual.

"Because," replied the woodsman, "I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure."

Prince John colored as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if

thou lovest it, thou shalt be stripped of thy Lincoln green, and scourged out of the lists with bow-strings, for a wordy and insolent braggart."

"And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman. "Your Grace's power, supported, as it is, by so many men-at-arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge me, but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow."

"If thou refusest my fair proffer," said the Prince, "the Provost of the lists shall cut thy bowstring, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud Prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

"Look to him close, men-at-arms," said Prince John, "his heart is sinking; I am jealous lest he attempt to escape the trial. And do you, good fellows, shoot boldly round; a buck and a butt of wine are ready for your refreshment in yonder tent, when the prize is won."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern access; the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank, termed the Provost of the Games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded had they condescended to superintend the sports of the yeomanry.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in

the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver, to the Provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. It thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can but do his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good longbow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the center or grasping-place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the center than that of Hubert.

"By the light of heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert; "an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "An your highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow—"

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John; "shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very center of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout! in the clout! a Hubert forever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the Prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor. "This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other; "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please. I go but to cut a rod from the next willow-bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a

man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing, at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used was to put shame upon his skill. For his own part, he said, and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty knights around it. "A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at fivescore yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life, and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers; or rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as

a yeoman of our bodyguard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed that if ever I take service it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape farther observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.



HE THEN TOOK HIS AIM WITH SOME DELIBERATION.

THE WHALE-CHASE

(From "*Moby Dick*")

By HERMAN MELVILLE

THAT night, in the mid-watch, when the old man—as his wont at intervals—stepped forth from the scuttle in which he leaned, and went to his pivot-hole, he suddenly thrust out his face fiercely, snuffing up the sea air as a sagacious ship's dog will, in drawing nigh to some barbarous isle. He declared that a whale must be near. Soon that peculiar odor, sometimes to a great distance given forth by the living sperm-whale, was palpable to all the watch; nor was any mariner surprised when, after inspecting the compass, and then the dog-vane, and then ascertaining the precise bearing of the odor as nearly as possible, Ahab rapidly ordered the ship's course to be slightly altered, and the sail to be shortened.

The acute policy dictating these movements was sufficiently vindicated at daybreak, by the sight of a long slick on the sea directly and lengthwise ahead, smooth as oil, and resembling in the plaited watery wrinkles bordering it, the polished metallic-like marks of some swift tide-rip, at the mouth of a deep, rapid stream.

"Man the mastheads! Call all hands!"

Thundering with the butts of three clubbed handspikes on the fore-castle deck, Daggoo roused the sleepers with such judgment-claps that they seemed to exhale from the scuttle, so instantaneously did they appear with their clothes in their hands.

"What d'ye see?" cried Ahab, flattening his face to the sky.

"Nothing, nothing, sir!" was the sound hailing down in reply.

"T' gallant-sails! stunsails alow and aloft, and on both sides!"

All sails being set, he now cast loose the life-line, reserved for swaying him to the mainroyal masthead; and in a few moments they were hoisting him thither, when, while but two-thirds of the way aloft, and while peering ahead through the horizontal vacancy between the maintopsail and topgallant sail, he raised a gull-like cry in the air, "There she blows!—there she blows! A hump like a snow-hill! It is Moby Dick!"

Fired by the cry which seemed simultaneously taken up by the three lookouts, the men on deck rushed to the rigging to behold the famous whale they had so long been pursuing. Ahab had now gained his final perch, some feet above the other lookouts, Tashtego standing just beneath him on the cap of the topgallantmast, so that the Indian's head was almost on a level with Ahab's heel. From this height the whale was now seen some mile or so ahead, at every roll of the sea revealing his high sparkling hump, and regularly jetting his silent spout into the air. To the credulous mariners it seemed the same silent spout they had so long ago beheld in the moonlit Atlantic and Indian oceans.

"And did none of ye see it before?" cried Ahab, hailing the perched men all around him.

"I saw him almost that same instant, sir, that Captain Ahab did, and I cried out," said Tashtego.

"Not the same instant; not the same—no, the doubloon is mine, Fate reserved the doubloon for me. *I* only; none of ye could have raised the white whale first. There she blows! there she blows!—there she blows! There again!—there again!" he cried, in long-drawn, lingering, methodic tones, attuned to the gradual prolongings of the whale's visible jets. "He's going to sound! In stunsails! Down topgallant sails! Stand by three boats. Mr. Starbuck, remember, stay on board, and keep the ship. Helm there! Luff, luff a point! So; steady, man, steady! There go flukes! No, no; only black water! All ready the boats there? Stand by, stand by! Lower me, Mr. Starbuck; lower, lower—quick, quicker!" and he slid through the air to the deck.

"He is heading straight to leeward, sir," cried Stubb, "right away from us; cannot have seen the ship yet."

"Be dumb, man! Stand by the braces! Hard down the helm!—brace up! Shiver her!—shiver her! So; well that! Boats, boats!"

Soon all the boats but Starbuck's were dropped; all the boat-sails set—all the paddles plying; with rippling swiftness, shooting to leeward; and Ahab heading the onset. A pale death-glimmer lit up Fedallah's sunken eyes; a hideous motion gnawed his mouth.

Like noiseless nautilus-shells, their light prows sped through the sea; but only slowly they neared the foe. As they neared him, the ocean grew still more smooth; seemed drawing a carpet over its waves; seemed a noon-meadow, so serenely it spread. At length the breathless hunter came so nigh his seemingly unsuspecting prey, that his entire dazzling hump was distinctly visible, sliding along the sea as if an isolated thing, and continually set in a revolving ring of finest, fleecy, greenish foam. We saw the vast involved wrinkles of the slightly projecting head beyond. Before it, far out on the soft Turkish-rugged waters, went the glistening white shadow from his broad, milky forehead, a musical rippling playfully accompanying the shade; and behind, the blue waters interchangeably flowed over into the moving valley of his steady wake; and on either hand bright bubbles arose and danced by his side. But these were broken again by the light toes of hundreds of gay fowl softly feathering the sea, alternate with their fitful flight; and like to some flagstaff rising from the painted hull of an argosy, the tall but shattered pole of a recent lance projected from the white whale's back; and at intervals one of the cloud of soft-toed fowls hovering, and to and fro skimming like a canopy over the fish, silently perched and rocked on this pole, the long tail feathers streaming like pennons.

And thus, through the serene tranquillities of the tropical sea, among waves whose hand-clappings were suspended by exceeding rapture, Moby Dick moved on, still withholding from sight the full terrors of his submerged trunk, entirely hiding the wretched hideousness of his jaw. But soon the fore part

of him slowly rose from the water; for an instant his whole marbleized body formed a high arch, like Virginia's Natural Bridge, and warningly waving his bannered flukes in the air, the grand god revealed himself, sounded, and went out of sight. Hovering halting, and dipping on the wing, the white sea-fowls longingly lingered over the agitated pool that he left.

With oars apeak, and paddles down, the sheets of their sails adrift, the three boats now stilly floated, awaiting Moby Dick's reappearance.

"An hour," said Ahab, standing rooted in his boat's stern; and he gazed beyond the whale's place, towards the dim blue spaces and wide wooing vacancies to leeward. It was only an instant; for again his eyes seemed whirling round in his head as he swept the watery circle. The breeze now freshened. The sea began to swell.

"The birds! the birds!" cried Tashtego.

In long Indian file, as when herons take wing, the white birds were now all flying towards Ahab's boat, and when within a few yards began fluttering over the water there, wheeling round and round, with joyous, expectant cries. Their vision was keener than man's. Ahab could discover no sign in the sea. But suddenly as he peered down and down into its depths, he profoundly saw a white living spot no bigger than a white weasel, with wonderful celerity uprising, and magnifying as it rose, till it turned, and then there were plainly revealed two long crooked rows of white, glistening teeth, floating up the undiscoverable bottom. It was Moby Dick's open mouth and scrolled jaw; his vast, shadowed bulk still half blending with the blue of the sea. The glittering mouth yawned beneath the boat like an open-doored marble tomb; and giving one side-long sweep with his steering oar, Ahab whirled the craft aside from this tremendous apparition. Then, calling upon Fedallah to change places with him, he went forward to the bows, and seizing Perth's harpoon, commanded his crew to grasp their oars and stand by to stern.

Now, by reason of this timely spinning round the boat upon its axis, its bow, by anticipation, was made to face the whale's head while yet under water. But as if perceiving this stratagem,

Moby Dick, with that malicious intelligence ascribed to him, sidelingly transplanted himself, as it were, in an instant, shooting his plated head lengthwise beneath the boat.

Through and through; through every plank and each rib it thrilled for an instant, the whale obliquely lying on his back in the manner of a biting shark, slowly and feelingly taking its bows full within his mouth, so that the long, narrow, scrolled lower jaw curled high up into the open air, and one of the teeth caught in a rowlock. The bluish pearl-white of the inside of the jaw was within six inches of Ahab's head, and reached higher than that. In this attitude the white whale now shook the slight cedar as a mildly cruel cat her mouse. With unastonished eyes Fedallah gazed, and crossed his arms; but the tiger-yellow crew were tumbling over each other's heads to gain the uttermost stern.

And now, while both elastic gunwhales were springing in and out as the whale dallied with the doomed craft in this devilish way, and from his body being submerged beneath the boat, he could not be darted at from the bows, for the bows were almost inside of him, as it were; and while the other boats involuntarily paused, as before a quick crisis impossible to withstand, then it was that monomaniac Ahab, furious with this tantalizing vicinity of his foe, which placed him alive and helpless in the very jaws he hated; frenzied with all this, he seized the long bone with his naked hands, and wildly strove to wrench it from its grip. As now he thus vainly strove, the jaw slipped from him; the frail gunwhales bent in, collapsed, and snapped, as both jaws, like an enormous shears, sliding further aft, bit the craft completely in twain, and locked themselves fast again in the sea, midway between the two floating wrecks. These floated aside, the broken ends drooping, the crew at the sternwreck clinging to the gunwales, and striving to hold fast to the oars to lash them across.

At that preluding moment, ere the boat was yet snapped, Ahab, the first to perceive the whale's intent, by the crafty upraising of his head, a movement that loosed his head for the time; at that moment his hand had made one final effort to push the boat out of the bite. But only slipping further into the

whale's mouth, and tilting over sideways as it slipped, the boat had shaken off his hold on the jaw, spilled him out of it as he leaned to push, and so he fell flat-faced upon the sea.

Ripplingly withdrawing from his prey, Moby Dick now lay at a little distance, vertically thrusting his oblong white head up and down in the billows, and at the same time slowly revolving his whole spindled body, so that when his vast wrinkled forehead rose—some twenty or more feet out of the water—the now rising swells, with all their confluent waves, dazzling broke against it, vindictively tossing their shivered spray still higher into the air.

But soon resuming his horizontal attitude, Moby Dick swam swiftly round and round the wrecked crew, sideways, churning the water in his vengeful wake, as if lashing himself up to still another and more deadly assault. The sight of the splintered boat seemed to madden him, as the blood of grapes and mulberries cast before Antiochus's elephants in the book of Maccabees. Meanwhile Ahab, half smothered in the foam of the whale's insolent tail, and too much of a cripple to swim,—though he could still keep afloat, even in the heart of such a whirlpool as that,—helpless Ahab's head was seen, like a tossed bubble which the least chance shock might burst. From the boat's fragmentary stern, Fedallah incuriously and mildly eyed him; the clinging crew, at the other drifting end, could not succor him; more than enough was it for them to look to themselves. For so revolvingly appalling was the white whale's aspect, and so planetarily swift the ever-contracting circles he made, that he seemed horizontally swooping upon them. And though the other boats, unharmed, still hovered hard by, still they dared not pull into the eddy to strike, lest that should be the signal for the instant destruction of the jeopardized castaways, Ahab and all; nor in that case could they themselves hope to escape. With straining eyes, then, they remained on the outer edge of the direful zone, whose center had now become the old man's head.

Meantime, from the beginning all this had been descried from the ship's mastheads; and squaring her yards, she had borne down upon the scene, and was now so nigh that Ahab in

the water hailed her. "Sail on the—" but that moment a breaking sea dashed on him from Moby Dick, and whelmed him for the time. But struggling out of it again, and chancing to rise on a towering crest, he shouted, "Sail on the whale!—Drive him off!"

The "Pequod's" prows were pointed; and breaking up the charmed circle, she effectually parted the white whale from his victim. As he suddenly swam off, the boats flew to the rescue.

Dragged into Stubb's boat with bloodshot, blinded eyes, the white brine caking in his wrinkles, the long tension of Ahab's bodily strength did crack, and helplessly he yielded to his body's doom: for a time, lying all crushed in the bottom of Stubb's boat, like one trodden under foot of herds of elephants. Far inland, nameless wails came from him, as desolate sounds from out ravines.

But this intensity of his physical prostration did but so much the more abbreviate it. In an instant's compass great hearts sometimes condense to one great pang, the sum total of those shallow pains kindly diffused through feebler men's whole lives. And so, such hearts, though summary in each one suffering, still (if the gods decree it) in their lifetime aggregate a whole age of wo, wholly made up of instantaneous intensities; for even in their pointless centers those noble natures contain the entire circumferences of inferior souls.

"The harpoon," said Ahab, half-way rising, and draggingly leaning on one bended arm, "is it safe?"

"Aye, sir, for it was not darted; this is it," said Stubb, showing it.

"Lay it before me; any missing men?"

"One, two, three, four, five; there were five oars, sir, and here are five men."

"That's good. Help me, man; I wish to stand. So, so, I see him! there! there! going to leeward still; what a leaping spout!—Hands off from me! The eternal sap runs up in Ahab's bones again! Set the sail; out oars; the helm!"

It is often the case that when a boat is stove, its crew, being picked up by another boat, help to work that second boat; and the chase is thus continued with what is called double-banked oars. It was thus now. But the added power of the boat did

not equal the added power of the whale, for he seemed to have treble-banked his every fin—swimming with a velocity which plainly showed that if now, under these circumstances, pushed on, the chase would prove an indefinitely prolonged (if not a hopeless) one; nor could any crew endure for so long a period such an unintermitted, intense straining at the oar—a thing barely tolerable only in some one brief vicissitude. The ship itself, then, as it sometimes happens, offered the most promising intermediate means of overtaking the chase. Accordingly, the boats now made for her, and were soon swayed up to their cranes—the two parts of the wrecked boat having been previously secured by her; and then hoisting everything to her side, and stacking her canvas high up, and sideways outstretching it with stunsails, like the double-jointed wings of an albatross, the “Pequod” bore down in the wake of *Moby Dick*. At the well-known, methodic intervals, the whale’s glittering spout was regularly announced from the manned mastheads; and when he would be reported as just gone down, Ahab would take the time, and then pacing the deck, binnacle-watch in hand, so soon as the last second of the allotted hour expired, his voice was heard. “Whose is the doubloon now? D’ye see him?” And if the reply was, “No, sir,” straightway he commanded them to lift him to his perch. In this way the day wore on; Ahab, now aloft and motionless; anon, unrestingly pacing the planks.

As he was thus walking, uttering no sound, except to hail the men aloft, or to bid them to hoist a sail still higher, or to spread one to a still greater breadth, thus to and fro pacing, beneath his slouched hat, at every turn he passed his own wrecked boat, which had been dropped upon the quarter-deck, and lay there reversed; broken bow to shattered stern. At last he paused before it; and as in an already overclouded sky fresh troops of clouds will sometimes sail across, so over the old man’s face there now stole some such added gloom as this.

Stubb saw him pause; and perhaps intending, not vainly, though, to evince his own unabated fortitude, and thus keep up a valiant place in his captain’s mind, he advanced, and eying the wreck exclaimed: “The thistle the ass refused. It pricked his mouth too keenly, sir; ha! ha!”

"What soulless thing is this that laughs before a wreck? Man, man! did I not know thee brave as fearless fire (and as mechanical) I could swear thou wert a poltroon. Groan nor laugh should be heard before a wreck."

"Aye, sir," said Starbuck drawing near, "'tis a solemn sight; an omen, and an ill one."

"Omen? Omen?—the dictionary! If the gods think to speak outright to man, they will honorably speak outright; not shake their heads, and give an old wife's darkling hint. Begone! Ye two are the opposite poles of one thing. Starbuck is Stubb reversed, and Stubb is Starbuck; and ye two are all mankind; and Ahab stands alone among the millions of the peopled earth, nor gods nor men his neighbors! Cold, cold—I shiver! How now? Aloft there! D'ye see him? Sing out for every spout, though he spout ten times a second!"

The day was nearly done; only the hem of his golden robe was rustling. Soon, it was almost dark, but the lookout men still remained unset."

"Can't see the spout now, sir—too dark," cried a voice from the air.

"How heading when last seen?"

"As before, sir—straight to leeward."

"Good! he will travel slower now 'tis night. Down royals and topgallant stunsails, Mr. Starbuck. We must not run over him before morning. He's making a passage now, and may heave to a while. Helm there! keep her full before the wind!—Aloft! come down!—Mr. Stubb, send a fresh hand to the foremast head, and see it manned till morning." Then advancing towards the doubloon in the mainmast, "Men, this gold is mine, for I earned it; but I shall let it abide here till the white whale is dead; and then, whosoever of ye first raises him, upon the day he shall be killed, this gold is that man's; and if on that day I shall again raise him, then, ten times its sum shall be divided among all of ye! Away now!—the deck is thine, sir."

And so saying, he placed himself halfway within the scuttle, and slouching his hat, stood there till dawn, except when at intervals rousing himself to see how the night wore on.

THE SNOW-IMAGE: A CHILDISH MIRACLE

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

ONE afternoon of a cold winter's day, when the sun shone forth with chilly brightness, after a long storm, two children asked leave of their mother to run out and play in the new-fallen snow. The elder child was a girl, whom, because she was of a tender and modest disposition, and was thought to be very beautiful, her parents, and other people who were familiar with her, used to call Violet. But her brother was known by the style and title of Peony, on account of the ruddiness of his broad and round little phiz, which made everybody think of sunshine and great scarlet flowers. The father of these two children, a certain Mr. Lindsey, it is important to say, was an excellent but exceedingly matter-of-fact sort of man, a dealer in hardware, and was sturdily accustomed to take what is called the common-sense view of all matters that came under his consideration. With a heart about as tender as other people's, he had a head as hard and impenetrable, and therefore, perhaps, as empty, as one of the iron pots which it was a part of his business to sell. The mother's character, on the other hand, had a strain of poetry in it, a trait of unworldly beauty—a delicate and dewy flower, as it were, that had survived out of her imaginative youth, and still kept itself alive amid the dusty realities of matrimony and motherhood.

So, Violet and Peony, as I began with saying, besought their mother to let them run out and play in the new snow; for, though it had looked so dreary and dismal, drifting downward out of the gray sky, it had a very cheerful aspect, now that the sun was shining in it. The children dwelt in a city, and had no wider play-place than a little garden before the house, divided by a white fence from the street, and with a pear-tree and two or three plum-trees overshadowing it, and some rose bushes just in front of the parlor-windows. The trees and

shrubs, however, were now leafless, and their twigs were enveloped in the light snow, which thus made a kind of wintry foliage, here and there a pendent icicle for the fruit.

"Yes, Violet—yes, my little Peony," said their kind mother; "you may go out and play in the new snow."

Accordingly, the good lady bundled up her darlings in woolen jackets and wadded sacks, and put comforters round their necks, and a pair of striped gaiters on each little pair of legs, and worsted mittens on their hands, and gave them a kiss apiece, by way of a spell to keep away Jack Frost. Forth sallied the two children, with a hop-skip-and-jump, that carried them at once into the very heart of a huge snow-drift, whence Violet emerged like a snow-bunting, while little Peony floundered out with his round face in full bloom. Then what a merry time had they! To look at them, frolicking in the wintry garden, you would have thought that the dark and pitiless storm had been sent for no other purpose but to provide a new plaything for Violet and Peony; and that they themselves had been created, as the snowbirds were, to take delight only in the tempest, and in the white mantle which it spread over the earth.

At last, when they had frosted one another all over with handfuls of snow, Violet, after laughing heartily at little Peony's figure, was struck with a new idea.

"You look exactly like a snow-image, Peony," said she, "if your cheeks were not so red. And that puts me in mind! Let us make an image out of snow—an image of a little girl—and it shall be our sister, and shall run about and play with us all winter long. Won't it be nice?"

"O, yes!" cried Peony, as plainly as he could speak, for he was but a little boy. "That will be nice! And mamma shall see it!"

"Yes," answered Violet; "mamma shall see the new little girl. But she must not make her come into the warm parlor; for, you know, our little snow-sister will not love the warmth."

And forthwith the children began this great business of making a snow-image that should run about; while their mother, who was sitting at the window and overheard some of their talk, could not help smiling at the gravity with which they set

about it. They really seemed to imagine that there would be no difficulty whatever in creating a live little girl out of the snow. And, to say the truth, if miracles are ever to be wrought, it will be by putting our hands to the work in precisely such a simple and undoubting frame of mind as that in which Violet and Peony now undertook to perform one, without so much as knowing that it was a miracle. So thought the mother; and thought, likewise, that the new snow, just fallen from heaven, would be excellent material to make new beings of, if it were not so very cold. She gazed at the children a moment longer, delighting to watch their little figures—the girl, tall for her age, graceful and agile, and so delicately colored that she looked like a cheerful thought, more than a physical reality; while Peony expanded in breadth rather than height, and rolled along on his short and sturdy legs as substantial as an elephant, though not quite so big. Then the mother resumed her work. What it was I forget; but she was either trimming a silken bonnet for Violet, or darning a pair of stockings for little Peony's short legs. Again, however, and again, and yet other agains, she could not help turning her head to the window to see how the children got on with their snow-image.

Indeed, it was an exceedingly pleasant sight, those bright little souls at their task! Moreover, it was really wonderful to observe how knowingly and skilfully they managed the matter. Violet assumed the chief direction, and told Peony what to do, while, with her own delicate fingers, she shaped out all the nicer parts of the snow-figure. It seemed, in fact, not so much by the children, as to grow up under their hands, while they were playing and prattling about it. Their mother was quite surprised at this; and the longer she looked, the more and more surprised she grew.

"What remarkable children mine are!" thought she, smiling with a mother's pride; and, smiling at herself, too, for being so proud of them. "What other children could have made anything so like a little girl's figure out of snow at the first trial? Well; but now I must finish Peony's new frock, for his grandfather is coming to-morrow, and I want the little fellow to look handsome."

So she took up the frock, and was soon as busily at work again with her needle as the two children with their snow-image. But still, as the needle traveled hither and thither through the seams of the dress, the mother made her toil light and happy by listening to the airy voices of Violet and Peony. They kept talking to one another all the time, their tongues being quite as active as their feet and hands. Except at intervals, she could not distinctly hear what was said, but had merely a sweet impression that they were in a most loving mood, and were enjoying themselves highly, and that the business of making the snow-image went prosperously on. Now and then, however, when Violet and Peony happened to raise their voices, the words were as audible as if they had been spoken in the very parlor, where the mother sat. O how delightfully those words echoed in her heart, even though they meant nothing so very wise or wonderful, after all!

But you must know a mother listens with her heart, much more than with her ears; and thus she is often delighted with the trills of celestial music, when other people can hear nothing of the kind.

"Peony, Peony!" cried Violet to her brother, who had gone to another part of the garden, "bring me some of that fresh snow, Peony, from the very farthest corner, where we have not been trampling. I want it to shape our little snow-sister's bosom with. You know that part must be quite pure, just as it came out of the sky!"

"Here it is, Violet!" answered Peony, in his bluff tone—but a very sweet tone, too—as he came floundering through the half-trodden drifts. "Here is the snow for her little bosom. O Violet, how beautiful she begins to look!"

"Yes," said Violet, thoughtfully and quietly; "our snow-sister does look very lovely. I did not quite know, Peony, that we could make such a sweet little girl as this."

The mother, as she listened, thought how fit and delightful an incident it would be, if fairies, or, still better, if angel-children were to come from paradise, and play invisibly with her own darlings, and help them to make their snow-image, giving it the features of celestial babyhood! Violet and Peony would

not be aware of their immortal playmates—only they could see that the image grew very beautiful while they worked at it, and would think that they themselves had done it all.

“My little girl and boy deserve such playmates, if mortal children ever did!” said the mother to herself; and then she smiled again at her own motherly pride.

Nevertheless, the ideas seized upon her imagination; and ever and anon, she took a glimpse out of the window, half dreaming that she might see the golden-haired children of paradise sporting with her own golden-haired Violet and bright-cheeked Peony.

Now, for a few moments, there was a busy and earnest, but indistinct hum of the two children’s voices, as Violet and Peony wrought together with one happy consent. Violet still seemed to be the guiding spirit, while Peony acted rather as a laborer, and brought her the snow from far and near. And yet the little urchin evidently had a proper understanding of the matter, too!

“Peony, Peony!” cried Violet; for the brother was again at the other side of the garden. “Bring me those light wreaths of snow that have rested on the lower branches of the pear-tree. You can clamber on the snow-drift, Peony, and reach them easily. I must have them to make some ringlets for our snow-sister’s head!”

“Here they are, Violet!” answered the little boy. “Take care you do not break them. Well done! Well done! How pretty!”

“Does she not look sweet?” said Violet, with a very satisfied tone; “and now we must have some little shining bits of ice, to make the brightness of her eyes. She is not finished yet. Mamma will see how very beautiful she is; but papa will say, ‘Tush! nonsense!—come in out of the cold!’”

“Let us call mamma to look out,” said Peony; and then he shouted lustily, “Mamma! mamma!! mamma!!! Look out, and see what a nice ’little girl we are making.”

The mother put down her work, for an instant, and looked out of the window. But it so happened that the sun—for this was one of the shortest days of the whole year—had sunken

so nearly to the edge of the world, that his setting shine came obliquely into the lady's eyes. So she was dazzled, you must understand, and could not very distinctly observe what was in the garden. Still, however, through all that bright, blinding dazzle of the sun and the new snow, she beheld a small white figure in the garden, that seemed to have a wonderful deal of human likeness about it. And she saw Violet and Peony—indeed, she looked more at them than at the image—she saw the two children still at work; Peony bringing fresh snow, and Violet applying it to the figure as scientifically as a sculptor adds clay to his model. Indistinctly as she discerned the snow-child, the mother thought to herself that never before was there a snow-figure so cunningly made, nor ever such a dear little girl and boy to make it.

"They do everything better than other children," said she, very complacently. "No wonder they make better snow-images!"

She sat down again to her work, and made as much haste with it as possible; because twilight would soon come, and Peony's frock was not yet finished, and grandfather was expected, by railroad, pretty early in the morning. Faster and faster, therefore, went her flying fingers. The children, likewise, kept busily at work in the garden, and still the mother listened, whenever she could catch a word. She was amused to observe how their little imaginations had got mixed up with what they were doing, and were carried away by it. They seemed positively to think that the snow-child would run about and play with them.

"What a nice playmate she will be for us, all winter long!" said Violet. "I hope papa will not be afraid of her giving us a cold! Sha'n't you love her dearly, Peony?"

"O yes!" cried Peony. "And I will hug her and she shall sit down close by me, and drink some of my warm milk!"

"O no, Peony!" answered Violet, with grave wisdom. "That will not do at all. Warm milk will not be wholesome for our little snow-sister. Little snow-people, like her, eat nothing but icicles. No, no, Peony: we must not give her anything warm to drink!"

There was a minute or two of silence; for Peony, whose short legs were never weary, had gone on a pilgrimage again to the other side of the garden. All of a sudden, Violet cried out, loudly and joyfully—

“Look here, Peony! Come quickly! A light has been shining on her cheek out of that rose-colored cloud! and the color does not go away! Is not that beautiful?”

“Yes; it is beau-ti-ful,” answered Peony, pronouncing the three syllables with deliberate accuracy. “O Violet, only look at her hair! It is all like gold!”

“O, certainly,” said Violet, with tranquillity, as if it were very much a matter of course. “That color, you know, comes from the golden clouds, that we see up there in the sky. She is almost finished now. But her lips must be made very red—redder than her cheeks. Perhaps, Peony, it will make them red if we both kiss them!”

Accordingly, the mother heard two smart little smacks, as if both her children were kissing the snow-image on its frozen mouth. But, as this did not seem to make the lips quite red enough, Violet next proposed that the snow-child should be invited to kiss Peony’s scarlet cheek.

“Come, little snow-sister, kiss me!” cried Peony.

“There! she has kissed you,” added Violet, “and now her lips are very red. And she blushed a little, too!”

“O, what a cold kiss!” cried Peony.

Just then, there came a breeze of the pure west wind, sweeping through the garden and rattling the parlor windows. It sounded so wintry cold, that the mother was about to tap on the window-pane with her thimbled finger, to summon the two children in, when they both cried out to her with one voice. The tone was not a tone of surprise, although they were evidently a good deal excited; it appeared rather as if they were very much rejoiced at some event that had now happened, but which they had been looking for, and had reckoned upon all along.

“Mamma! mamma! We have finished our little snow sister, and she is running about the garden with us!”

“What imaginative little beings my children are!” thought

the mother, putting the last few stitches into Peony's frock. "And it is strange, too, that they make me almost as much a child as they themselves are! I can hardly help believing, now, that the snow-image has really come to life!"

"Dear mamma!" cried Violet, "pray look out and see what a sweet playmate we have!"

The mother, being thus entreated, could no longer delay to look forth from the window. The sun was now gone out of the sky, leaving, however, a rich inheritance of his brightness among those purple and golden clouds which make the sunsets of winter so magnificent. But there was not the slightest gleam or dazzle, either on the window or on the snow; so that the good lady could look all over the garden, and see everything and everybody in it. And what do you think she saw there? Violet and Peony, of course, her own two darling children. Ah, but whom or what did she see besides? Why, if you will believe me, there was a small figure of a girl, dressed all in white, with rose-tinged cheeks and ringlets of golden hue, playing about the garden with the two children! A stranger though she was, the child seemed to be on as familiar terms with Violet and Peony, and they with her, as if all the three had been playmates during the whole of their little lives. The mother thought to herself that it must certainly be the daughter of one of the neighbors, and that, seeing Violet, and Peony in the garden, the child had run across the street to play with them. So this kind lady went to the door, intending to invite the little runaway into her comfortable parlor; for, now that the sunshine was withdrawn, the atmosphere, out of doors, was already growing very cold.

But, after opening the house-door, she stood an instant on the threshold, hesitating whether she ought to ask the child to come in, or whether she should even speak to her. Indeed, she almost doubted whether it were a real child, after all, or only a light wreath of the new-fallen snow, blown hither and thither about the garden by the intensely cold west wind. There was certainly something very singular in the aspect of the little stranger. Among all the children of the neighborhood, the lady could remember no such face, with its pure white, and

delicate rose-color, and the golden ringlets tossing about the forehead and cheeks. And as for her dress, which was entirely of white, and fluttering in the breeze, it was such as no reasonable woman would put upon a little girl, when sending her out to play, in the depth of winter. It made this kind and careful mother shiver only to look at those small feet, with nothing in the world on them, except a very thin pair of white slippers. Nevertheless, airily as she was clad, the child seemed to feel not the slightest inconvenience from the cold, but danced so lightly over the snow that the tips of her toes left hardly a print in its surface while Violet could but just keep pace with her, and Peony's short legs compelled him to lag behind.

Once, in the course of their play, the strange child placed herself between Violet and Peony, and taking a hand of each, skipped merrily forward, and they along with her. Almost immediately, however, Peony pulled away his little fist, and began to rub it as if the fingers were tingling with cold; while Violet also released herself, though with less abruptness, gravely remarking that it was better not to take hold of hands. The white-robed damsel said not a word, but danced about, as merrily as before. If Violet and Peony did not choose to play with her, she could make just as good a playmate of the brisk and cold west wind, which kept blowing her all about the garden, and took such liberties with her, that they seemed to have been friends for a long time. All this while, the mother stood on the threshold, wondering how a little girl could look so much like a flying snow-drift, or how a snow-drift could look so very like a little girl.

She called Violet, and whispered to her.

"Violet, my darling, what is this child's name?" asked she. "Does she live near us?"

"Why, dearest mamma," answered Violet, laughing to think that her mother did not comprehend so very plain an affair, "this is our little snow-sister, whom we have just been making!"

"Yes, dear mamma," cried Peony, running to his mother and looking up simply into her face, "This is our snow-image! Is it not a nice 'ittle child?"

At this instant a flock of snowbirds came flitting through the

air. As was very natural, they avoided Violet and Peony. But—and this looked strange—they flew at once to the white-robed child, fluttered eagerly about her head, alighted on her shoulders, and seemed to claim her as an old acquaintance. She, on her part, was evidently as glad to see these little birds, old Winter's grandchildren, as they were to see her, and welcomed them by holding out both her hands. Hereupon, they each and all tried to alight on her two palms and ten small fingers and thumbs, crowding one another off, with an immense fluttering of their tiny wings. One dear little bird nestled tenderly in her bosom; another put its bill to her lips. They were as joyous, all the while, and seemed as much in their element, as you may have seen them when sporting with a snow-storm.

Violet and Peony stood laughing at this pretty sight: for they enjoyed the merry time which their new playmate was having with their small-winged visitants, almost as much as if they themselves took part in it.

"Violet," said her mother, greatly perplexed, "tell me the truth, without any jest. Who is this little girl?"

"My darling mamma," answered Violet, looking seriously into her mother's face, and apparently surprised that she should need any further explanation, "I have told you truly who she is. It is our little snow-image, which Peony and I have been making. Peony will tell you so, as well as I."

"Yes, mamma," asseverated Peony, with much gravity in his crimson little phiz, "this is 'ittle snow-child. Is not she a nice one? But, mamma, her hand, is oh, so very cold!"

While mamma still hesitated what to think and what to do, the street-gate was thrown open, and the father of Violet and Peony appeared, wrapped in a pilot-cloth sack, with a fur cap drawn down over his ears, and the thickest of gloves upon his hands. Mr. Lindsey was a middle-aged man, with a weary and yet a happy look in his wind-flushed and frost-pinched face, as if he had been busy all the day long, and was glad to get back to his quiet home. His eyes brightened at the sight of his wife and children, although he could not help uttering a word or two of surprise, at finding the whole family in the open air, on so

bleak a day, and after sunset too. He soon perceived the little stranger, sporting to and fro in the garden, like a dancing snow-wreath, and the flock of snowbirds fluttering about her head.

"Pray, what little girl may that be?" inquired this very sensible man. "Surely her mother must be crazy, to let her go out in such bitter weather as it has been to-day, with only that flimsy white gown and those thin slippers!"

"My dear husband," said his wife, "I know no more about the little thing than you do. Some neighbor's child, I suppose. Our Violet and Peony," she added, laughing at herself for repeating so absurd a story, "insist that she is nothing but a snow-image, which they have been busy about in the garden, almost all the afternoon."

As she said this, the mother glanced her eyes toward the spot where the children's snow-image had been made. What was her surprise, on perceiving that there was not the slightest trace of so much labor!—no image at all—no piled-up heap of snow—nothing whatever, save the prints of little footsteps around a vacant space!

"This is very strange!" said she.

"What is strange, dear mother?" asked Violet. "Dear father, do not you see how it is? This is our snow-image, which Peony and I have made, because we wanted another playmate. Did not we, Peony?"

"Yes, papa," said crimson Peony. "This be our 'ittle snow-sister. Is she not beau-ti-ful? But she gave me such a cold kiss!"

"Pooh, nonsense, children!" cried their good, honest father, who, as we have already intimated, had an exceedingly common-sensible way of looking at matters. "Do not tell me of making live figures out of snow. Come, wife; this little stranger must not stay out in the bleak air a moment longer. We will bring her into the parlor; and you shall give her a supper of warm bread and milk, and make her as comfortable as you can. Meanwhile, I will inquire among the neighbors; or, if necessary, send the city crier about the streets, to give notice of a lost child."

So saying, this honest and very kind-hearted man was going

toward the little white damsel, with the best intentions in the world. But Violet and Peony, each seizing their father by the hand, earnestly besought him not to make her come in.

"Dear father," cried Violet, putting herself before him, "it is true what I have been telling you! This is our little snow-girl, and she cannot live any longer than while she breathes the cold west wind. Do not make her come into the hot room!"

"Yes, father," shouted Peony, stamping his little foot, so mightily was he in earnest, "this be nothing but our little snow-child! She will not love the hot fire!"

"Nonsense, children, nonsense, nonsense!" cried the father, half vexed, half laughing at what he considered their foolish obstinacy. "Run into the house, this moment! It is too late to play any longer, now. I must take care of this little girl immediately, or she will catch her death a-cold!"

"Husband! dear husband!" said his wife, in a low voice—for she had been looking narrowly at the snow-child, and was more perplexed than ever—there is something very singular in all this. You will think me foolish—but—but—may it not be that some invisible angel has been attracted by the simplicity and good faith with which our children set about their undertaking? May he not have spent an hour of his immortality in playing with these dear little souls? and so the result is what we call a miracle. No, no! Do not laugh at me; I see what a foolish thought it is!"

"My dear wife," replied the husband, laughing heartily, "you are as much a child as Violet and Peony."

And in one sense so she was, for all through life she had kept her heart full of childlike simplicity and faith, which was as pure and clear as crystal; and, looking at all matters through this transparent medium, she sometimes saw truths so profound, that other people laughed at them as nonsense and absurdity.

But now kind Mr. Lindsey had entered the garden, breaking away from his two children, who still sent their shrill voices after him, beseeching him to let the snow-child stay and enjoy herself in the cold west wind. As he approached, the snow-birds took flight. The little white damsel, also, fled backward,

shaking her head, as if to say, "Pray, do not touch me!" and roguishly, as it appeared, leading him through the deepest of the snow. Once, the good man stumbled, and floundered down upon his face, so that, gathering himself up again, with the snow sticking to his rough pilot-cloth sack, he looked as white and wintry as a snow-image of the largest size. Some of the neighbors, meanwhile, seeing him from their windows, wondered what could possess poor Mr. Lindsey to be running about his garden in pursuit of a snow-drift, which the west wind was driving hither and thither! At length, after a vast deal of trouble, he chased the little stranger into a corner, where she could not possibly escape him. His wife had been looking on, and, it being nearly twilight, was wonderstruck to observe how the snow-child gleamed and sparkled, and how she seemed to shed a glow all round about her; and when driven into the corner, she positively glistened like a star! It was a frosty kind of brightness, too, like that of an icicle in the moonlight. The wife thought it strange that good Mr. Lindsey should see nothing remarkable in the snow-child's appearance.

"Come, you odd little thing!" cried the honest man, seizing her by the hand, "I have caught you at last, and will make you comfortable in spite of yourself. We will put a nice warm pair of worsted stockings on your frozen little feet, and you shall have a good thick shawl to wrap yourself in. Your poor white nose, I am afraid, is actually frost-bitten. But we will make it all right. Come along in."

And so, with a most benevolent smile on his sagacious visage, all purple as it was with the cold, this very well-meaning gentleman took the snow-child by the hand and led her towards the house. She followed him, droopingly and reluctant; for all the glow and sparkle was gone out of her figure; and whereas just before she had resembled a bright, frosty, star-gemmed evening, with a crimson gleam on the cold horizon, she now looked as dull and languid as a thaw. As kind Mr. Lindsey led her up the steps of the door, Violet and Peony looked into his face—their eyes full of tears, which froze before they could run down their cheeks—and again entreated him not to bring their snow-image into the house.

"Not bring her in!" exclaimed the kind-hearted man. "Why, you are crazy, my little Violet!—quite crazy, my small Peony! She is so cold, already, that her hand has almost frozen mine, in spite of my thick gloves. Would you have her freeze to death?"

His wife, as he came up the steps, had been taking another long, earnest, almost awe-stricken gaze at the little white stranger. She hardly knew whether it was a dream or no, but she could not help fancying that she saw the delicate print of Violet's fingers on the child's neck. It looked just as if, while Violet was shaping out the image, she had given it a gentle pat with her hand, and had neglected to smooth the impression quite away.

"After all, husband," said the mother, recurring to her idea that the angels would be as much delighted to play with Violet and Peony as she herself was—"after all, she does look strangely like a snow-image! I do believe she is made of snow!"

A puff of the west wind blew against the snow-child, and again she sparkled like a star.

"Snow!" repeated good Mr. Lindsey, drawing the reluctant guest over this hospitable threshold. "No wonder she looks like snow. She is half frozen, poor little thing! But a good fire will put everything to rights."

Without further talk, and always with the same best intentions, this highly benevolent and common-sensible individual led the little white damsel—drooping, drooping, drooping, more and more—out of the frosty air, and into his comfortable parlor. A Heidenberg stove, filled to the brim with intensely burning anthracite, was sending a bright gleam through the isinglass of its iron door, and causing the vase of water on its top to fume and bubble with excitement. A warm, sultry smell was diffused throughout the room. A thermometer on the wall farthest from the stove stood at eighty degrees. The parlor was hung with red curtains, and covered with a red carpet, and looked just as warm as it felt. The difference betwixt the atmosphere here and the cold, wintry twilight out of doors, was like stepping at once from Nova Zembla to the hottest part of India, or from the North Pole into an oven. O, this was a fine place for the little white stranger!

The common-sensible man placed the snow-child on the hearth-rug, right in front of the hissing and fuming stove.

"Now she will be comfortable!" cried Mr. Lindsey, rubbing his hands and looking about him, with the pleasantest smile you ever saw. "Make yourself at home, my child."

Sad, sad and drooping, looked the little white maiden, as she stood on the hearth-rug, with the hot blast of the stove striking through her like a pestilence. Once, she threw a glance wistfully toward the windows, and caught a glimpse, through its red curtains, of the snow-covered roofs, and the stars glimmering frostily, and all the delicious intensity of the cold night. The bleak wind rattled the window-panes, as if it were summoning her to come forth. But there stood the snow-child, drooping, before the hot stove!

But the common-sensible man saw nothing amiss.

"Come, wife," said he, "let her have a pair of thick stockings and a woolen shawl or blanket directly; and tell Dora to give her some warm supper as soon as the milk boils. You, Violet and Peony, amuse your little friend. She is out of spirits, you see, at finding herself in a strange place. For my part, I will go around among the neighbors and find out where she belongs."

The mother, meanwhile, had gone in search of the shawl and stockings; for her own view of the matter, however subtle and delicate, had given way, as it always did, to the stubborn materialism of her husband. Without heeding the remonstrances of his two children, who still kept murmuring that their little snow-sister did not love the warmth, good Mr. Lindsey took his departure, shutting the parlor door carefully behind him. Turning up the collar of his sack over his ears, he emerged from the house, and had barely reached the street-gate when he was recalled by the screams of Violet and Peony, and the rapping of a thimble finger against the parlor window.

"Husband! husband!" cried his wife, showing her horror-stricken face through the window-panes. "There is no need of going for the child's parents."

"We told you so, father!" screamed Violet and Peony, as

he reëntered the parlor. "You would bring her in; and now our poor—dear—beau-ti-ful little snow-sister is thawed!"

And their own sweet little faces were already dissolved in tears; so that their father, seeing what strange things occasionally happen in this everyday world, felt not a little anxious lest his children might be going to thaw too! In the utmost perplexity, he demanded an explanation of his wife. She could only reply, that, being summoned to the parlor by the cries of Violet and Peony, she found no trace of the little white maiden, unless it were the remains of a heap of snow, which, while she was gazing at it, melted quite away upon the hearth-rug.

"And there you see all that is left of it!" added she, pointing to a pool of water, in front of the stove.

"Yes, father," said Violet, looking reproachfully at him, through her tears, "there is all that is left of our dear little snow-sister"

"Naughty father!" cried Peony, stamping his foot, and—I shudder to say—shaking his little fist at the common-sensible man. "We told you how it would be! What for did you bring her in?"

And the Heidenberg stove, through the isinglass of its door, seemed to glare at good Mr. Lindsey, like a red-eyed demon, triumphing in the mischief which it had done!

This, you will observe, was one of those rare cases, which will yet occasionally happen, where common-sense finds itself at fault. The remarkable story of the snow-image, though to that sagacious class of people to whom good Mr. Lindsey belongs it may seem but a childish affair, is, nevertheless, capable of being moralized in various methods, greatly for their edification. One of its lessons, for instance, might be that it behooves men, and especially men of benevolence, to consider well what they are about, and, before acting on their philanthropic purposes, to be quite sure that they comprehend the nature and all the relations of the business in hand. What has been established as an element of good to one being may prove absolute mischief to another; even as the warmth of the parlor was proper enough for children of flesh and blood, like Violet and Peony—though by no means very wholesome,

even for them—involved nothing short of annihilation to the unfortunate snow-image.

But, after all, there is no teaching anything to wise men of good Mr. Lindsey's stamp. They know everything—O, to be sure!—everything that has been, and everything that is, and everything that, by any future possibility, can be. And, should some phenomenon of nature or providence transcend their system, they will not recognize it, even if it come to pass under their very noses.

"Wife," said Mr. Lindsey, after a fit of silence, "see what a quantity of snow the children have brought in on their feet! It has made quite a puddle here before the stove. Pray tell Dora to bring some towels and sop it up!"

THE JUDGMENT OF TAMENUND

(From "*The Last of the Mohicans*")

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

THE silence continued unbroken by human sounds for many anxious minutes. Then the waving multitude opened and shut again, and Uncas stood in the living circle. All those eyes, which had been curiously studying the lineaments of the sage, as the source of their own intelligence, turned on the instant, and were now bent in secret admiration on the erect, agile, and faultless person of the captive. But neither the presence in which he found himself, nor the exclusive attention that he attracted, in any manner disturbed the self-possession of the young Mohican. He cast a deliberate and observing look on every side of him, meeting the settled expression of hostility that lowered in the visages of the chiefs, with the same calmness as the curious gaze of the attentive children. But when, last in his haughty scrutiny, the person of Tamenund came under his glance, his eye became fixed, as though all other objects were already forgotten. Then advancing with a slow and noiseless step up the area, he placed himself immediately before the footstool of the sage. Here he stood unnoted, though keenly observant himself, until one of the chiefs apprised the latter of his presence.

"With what tongue does the prisoner speak to the Manitou?" demanded the patriarch, without unclosing his eyes.

"Like his fathers," Uncas replied; "with the tongue of a Delaware."

At this sudden and unexpected annunciation, a low, fierce yell ran through the multitude, that might not inaptly be compared to the growl of the lion, as his choler is first awakened—a fearful omen of the weight of his future anger. The effect was equally strong on the sage, though differently exhibited.

He passed a hand before his eyes, as if to exclude the least evidence of so shameful a spectacle, while he repeated, in his low, guttural tones, the words he had just heard.

"A Delaware! I have lived to see the tribes of the Lenape driven from their council fires, and scattered, like broken herds of deer, among the hills of the Iroquois! I have seen the hatchets of a strange people sweep woods from the valleys, that the winds of heaven had spared! The beasts that run on the mountains, and the birds that fly above the trees, have I seen living in the wigwams of men; but never before have I found a Delaware so base as to creep, like a poisonous serpent, into the camps of his nation."

"The singing-birds have opened their bills," returned Uncas, in the softest notes of his own musical voice; "and Tamenund has heard their song."

The sage started, and bent his head aside, as if to catch the fleeting sounds of some passing melody.

"Does Tamenund dream!" he exclaimed. "What voice is at his ear! Have the winters gone backward! Will summer come again to the children of the Lenape!"

A solemn and respectful silence succeeded this incoherent burst from the lips of the Delaware prophet. His people readily construed his unintelligible language into one of those mysterious conferences he was believed to hold so frequently with a superior intelligence, and they awaited the issue of the revelation in awe. After a patient pause, however, one of the aged men, perceiving that the sage had lost the recollection of the subject before them, ventured to remind him again of the presence of the prisoner.

"The false Delaware trembles lest he should hear the words of Tamenund," he said. "'Tis a hound that howls, when the Yengeese show him a trail."

"And ye," returned Uncas, looking sternly around him, "are dogs that whine, when the Frenchman casts ye the offals of his deer!"

Twenty knives gleamed in the air, and as many warriors sprang to their feet, at this biting, and perhaps merited retort; but a motion from one of the chiefs suppressed the outbreacking of their tempers, and restored the appearance of quiet. The

task might probably have been more difficult, had not a movement made by Tamenund indicated that he was again about to speak.

"Delaware!" resumed the sage, "little art thou worthy of thy name. My people have not seen a bright sun in many winters; and the warrior who deserts his tribe when hid in clouds is doubly a traitor. The law of the Manitou is just. It is so; while the rivers run and the mountains stand, while the blossoms come and go on the trees it must be so. He is thine, my children; deal justly by him."

Not a limb was moved, nor was a breath drawn louder and longer than common, until the closing syllable of this final decree had passed the lips of Tamenund. Then a cry of vengeance burst at once, as it might be, from the united lips of the nation; a frightful augury of their ruthless intentions. In the midst of these prolonged and savage yells, a chief proclaimed, in a high voice, that the captive was condemned to endure the dreadful trial of torture by fire. The circle broke its order, and screams of delight mingled with the bustle and tumult of preparation. Heyward struggled madly with his captors; the anxious eyes of Hawkeye began to look around him, with an expression of peculiar earnestness; and Cora again threw herself at the feet of the patriarch, once more a suppliant for mercy.

Throughout the whole of these trying moments, Uncas had alone preserved his serenity. He looked on the preparations with a steady eye, and when the tormentors came to seize him, he met them with a firm and upright attitude. One among them, if possible, more fierce and savage than his fellows, seized the hunting-shirt of the young warrior, and at a single effort tore it from his body. Then, with a yell of frantic pleasure, he leaped towards his unresisting victim, and prepared to lead him to the stake. But, at that moment, when he appeared most a stranger to the feelings of humanity, the purpose of the savage was arrested as suddenly as if a supernatural agency had interposed in the behalf of Uncas. The eyeballs of the Delaware seemed to start from their sockets; his mouth opened, and his whole form became frozen in an attitude of amazement. Raising his hand with a slow and regulated motion, he pointed

with a finger to the bosom of the captive. His companions crowded about him in wonder, and every eye was, like his own, fastened intently on the figure of a small tortoise, beautifully tattooed on the breast of the prisoner in a bright blue tint.

For a single instant Uncas enjoyed his triumph, smiling calmly on the scene. Then motioning the crowd away with a high and haughty sweep of his arm, he advanced in front of the nation with the air of a king, and spoke in a voice louder than the murmur of admiration that ran through the multitude.

"Men of the Lenni Lenape!" he said, "my race upholds the earth! Your feeble tribe stands on my shell! What fire that a Delaware can light would burn the child of my fathers," he added, pointing proudly to the simple blazonry on his skin; "the blood that came from such a stock would smother your flames! My race is the grandfather of nations!"

"Who art thou?" demanded Tamenund, rising at the startling tones he heard, more than at any meaning conveyed by the language of the prisoner.

"Uncas, the son of Chingachgook," answered the captive modestly, turning from the nation, and bending his head in reverence to the other's character and years; "a son of the great Unamis."

"The hour of Tamenund is nigh!" exclaimed the sage; "the day is come, at last, to the night! I thank the Manitou, that one is here to fill my place at the council-fire. Uncas, the child of Uncas, is found! Let the eyes of a dying eagle gaze on the rising sun."

The youth stepped lightly, but proudly, on the platform, where he became visible to the whole agitated and wondering multitude. Tamenund held him long at the lengths of his arm, and read every turn in the fine lineaments of his countenance, with the untiring gaze of one who recalled days of happiness.

"Is Tamenund a boy?" at length the bewildered prophet exclaimed. "Have I dreamt of so many snows—that my people were scattered like floating sands—of Yengeese, more plenty than the leaves on the trees! The arrow of Tamenund would not frighten the fawn; his arm is withered like the branch of a dead oak; the snail would be swifter in the race; yet is

Uncas before him as they went to battle against the palefaces: Uncas, the panther of his tribe, the eldest son of the Lenape, the wisest Sagamore of the Mohicans! Tell me, ye Delawares has Tamenund been a sleeper for a hundred winters?"

The calm and deep silence which succeeded these words, sufficiently announced the awful reverence with which his people received the communication of the patriarch. None dared to answer, though all listened in breathless expectation of what might follow. Uncas, however, looking in his face with the fondness and veneration of a favored child, presumed on his own high and acknowledged rank, to reply.

"Four warriors of his race have lived, and died," he said, "since the friend of Tamenund led his people in battle. The blood of the Turtle has been in many chiefs, but all have gone back into the earth from whence they came except Chingachgook and his son."

"It is true—it is true," returned the sage; a flash of recollection destroying all his pleasing fancies, and restoring him at once to a consciousness of the true history of his nation. "Our wise men have often said that two warriors of the unchanged race were in the hills of the Yengeese; why have their seats at the council-fires of the Delawares been so long empty?"

At these words the young man raised his head, which he had still kept bowed a little, in reverence; and lifting his voice so as to be heard by the multitude, as if to explain at once and forever the policy of his family, he said aloud:

"Once we slept where we could hear the salt lake speak in its anger. Then we were rulers and Sagamores over the land. But when a paleface was seen on every brook, we followed the deer back to the river of our nation. The Delawares were gone. Few warriors of them all stayed to drink of the stream they loved. Then said my fathers, 'Here will we hunt. The waters of the river go into the salt lake. If we go towards the setting sun, we shall find streams that run into the great lakes of sweet water; there would a Mohican die, like fishes of the sea, in the clear springs. When the Manitou is ready, and shall say, 'Come,' we will follow the river to the sea, and take our own again.' Such, Delawares, is the belief of the children of the

Turtle. Our eyes are on the rising, and not towards the setting sun. We know whence he comes, but we know not whither he goes. It is enough."

The men of the Lenape listened to his words with all the respect that superstition could lend, finding a secret charm even in the figurative language with which the young Sagamore imparted his ideas. Uncas himself watched the effect of his brief explanation with intelligent eyes, and gradually dropped the air of authority he had assumed, as he perceived that his auditors were content. Then permitting his looks to wander over the silent throng that crowded around the elevated seat of Tamenund, he first perceived Hawkeye in his bonds. Stepping eagerly from his stand, he made way for himself to the side of his friend; and cutting his thongs with a quick and angry stroke of his own knife, he motioned to the crowd to divide. The Indians silently obeyed, and once more they stood ranged in their circle, as before his appearance among them. Uncas took the scout by the hand, and led him to the feet of the patriarch.

"Father," he said, "look at this paleface; a just man and the friend of the Delawares."

"Is he a son of Miquon?"

"Not so; a warrior known to the Yengeese, and feared by the Maquas."

"What name has he gained by his deeds?"

"We call him Hawkeye," Uncas replied, using the Delaware phrase; "for his sight never fails. The Mingoes know him better by the death he gives their warriors; with them he is 'The Long Rifle.'"

"La Longue Carabine!" exclaimed Tamenund, opening his eyes, and regarding the scout sternly. "My son has not done well to call him friend."

"I call him so who proves himself such," returned the young chief with great calmness, but with a steady mien. "If Uncas is welcome among the Delawares, then is Hawkeye with his friends."

"The paleface has slain my young men; his name is great for the blows he has struck the Lenape."

"If a Mingo has whispered that much in the ear of the Delaware, he has only shown that he is a singing-bird," said the scout, who now believed that it was time to vindicate himself from such offensive charges, and who spoke in the tongue of the man he addressed, modifying his Indian figures, however, with his own peculiar notions. "That I have slain the Maquas I am not the man to deny, even at their own council-fires; but that, knowingly, my hand has ever harmed a Delaware, is opposed to the reason of my gifts, which is friendly to them, and all that belongs to their nation."

A low exclamation of applause passed among the warriors, who exchanged looks with each other like men that first began to perceive their error.

"Where is the Huron?" demanded Tamenund. "Has he stopped my ears?"

Magua, whose feelings during that scene in which Uncas had triumphed may be better imagined than described, answered to the call by stepping boldly in front of the patriarch.

"The just Tamenund," he said, "will not keep what a Huron has lent."

"Tell me, son of my brother," returned the sage, avoiding the dark countenance of Le Subtil, and turning gladly to the more ingenuous features of Uncas, "has the stranger a conqueror's right over you?"

"He has none. The panther may get into snares set by the women; but he is strong, and knows how to leap through them."

"La Longue Carabine?"

"Laughs at the Mingoes. Go, Huron, ask your squaws the color of a bear."

"The stranger and the white maiden that came into my camp together?"

"Should journey on an open path."

"And the woman that Huron left with my warriors?"

Uncas made no reply.

"And the woman that the Mingo has brought into my camp," repeated Tamenund, gravely.

"She is mine," cried Magua, shaking his hand in triumph at Uncas.

"Mohican, you know that she is mine."

"My son is silent," said Tamenund, endeavoring to read the expression of the face that the youth turned from him in sorrow.

"It is so," was the low answer.

A short and impressive pause succeeded, during which it was very apparent with what reluctance the multitude admitted the justice of the Mingo's claim. At length the sage, on whom alone the decision depended, said, in a firm voice:

"Huron, depart."

"As he came, just Tamenund," demanded the wily Magua: "or with hands filled with the faith of the Delawares? The wigwam of *Le Renard Subtil* is empty. Make him strong with his own."

The aged man mused with himself for a time; and then bending his head towards one of his venerable companions, he asked:

"Are my ears open?"

"It is true."

"Is this Mingo a chief?"

"The first in his nation."

"Girl, what wouldst thou? A great warrior takes thee to wife. Go! thy race will not end."

"Better, a thousand times, it should," exclaimed the horror-struck Cora, "than meet with such a degradation!"

"Huron, her mind is in the tents of her fathers. An unwilling maiden makes an unhappy wigwam."

"She speaks with the tongue of her people," returned Magua, regarding his victim with a look of bitter irony. "She is of a race of traders, and will bargain for a bright look. Let Tamenund speak the words."

"Take you the wampum, and our love."

"Nothing hence but what Magua brought hither."

"Then depart with thine own. The Great Manitou forbids that a Delaware should be unjust."

Magua advanced, and seized his captive strongly by the arm; the Delawares fell back, in silence; and Cora, as if conscious that the remonstrance would be useless, prepared to submit to her fate without resistance.

"Hold, hold!" cried Duncan, springing forward; "Huron, have mercy! her ransom shall make thee richer than any of thy people were ever yet known to be."

"Magua is a redskin; he wants not the beads of the pale-faces."

"Gold, silver, powder, lead—all that a warrior needs shall be in thy wigwam; all that becomes the greatest chief."

"Le Subtil is very strong," cried Magua, violently shaking the hand which grasped the unresisting arm of Cora; "he has his revenge!"

"Mighty ruler of providence!" exclaimed Heyward, clasping his hands together in agony, "can this be suffered! To you, just Tamenund, I appeal for mercy."

"The words of the Delaware are said," returned the sage, closing his eyes, and dropping back into his seat, alike wearied with his mental and his bodily exertion. "Men speak not twice."

"That a speaker should not misspend his time in unsaying what has once been spoken, is wise and reasonable," said Hawk-eye, motioning to Duncan to be silent; "but it is also prudent in every warrior to consider well before he strikes his tomahawk into the head of his prisoner. Huron, I love you not; nor can I say that any Mingo has ever received much favor at my hands. It is fair to conclude, that, if this war does not soon end, many more of your warriors will meet me in the woods. Put it to your judgment, then, whether you would prefer taking such a prisoner as that into your encampment, or one like myself, who am a man, that it would greatly rejoice your nation to see with naked hands."

"Will 'The Long Rifle' give his life for the woman?" demanded Magua, hesitatingly; for he had already made a motion towards quitting the place with his victim.

"No, no; I have not said so much as that," returned Hawk-eye, drawing back with suitable discretion, when he noted the eagerness with which Magua listened to his proposal. "It would be an unequal exchange, to give a warrior, in the prime of his age and usefulness, for the best woman on the frontiers. I might consent to go into winter quarters, now—at least six

weeks afore the leaves will turn—on condition you will release the maiden.”

Magua shook his head, and made an impatient sign for the crowd to open.

“Well, then,” added the scout, with the musing air of a man who had not half made up his mind, “I will throw ‘Kill-deer’ into the bargain. Take the word of an experienced hunter, the piece has not its equal atween the provinces.”

Magua still disdained to reply, continuing his efforts to disperse the crowd.

“Perhaps,” added the scout, losing his dissembled coolness, exactly in proportion as the other manifested an indifference to the exchange, “if I should condition to teach your young men the real virtue of the we’pon, it would smooth the little differences in our judgments.”

Le Renard, fiercely ordered the Delawares, who still lingered in an impenetrable belt around him, in hopes he would listen to the amicable proposal, to open his path, threatening, by the glance of his eye, another appeal to the infallible justice of their “prophet.”

“What is ordered must sooner or later arrive,” continued Hawkeye, turning with a sad and humble look to Uncas. “The varlet knows his advantage, and will keep it! God bless you, boy; you have found friends among your natural kin and I hope that they will prove as true as some that you have met who had no Indian cross. As for me, sooner or later, I must die; it is therefore fortunate there are but few to make my death-howl. After all, it is likely theimps would have managed to master my scalp, so a day or two will make no great difference in the everlasting reckoning of time. God bless you,” added the rugged woodsman, bending his head aside, and then instantly changing its direction again, with a wistful look towards the youth; “I loved both you and your father, Uncas, though our skins are not altogether of a color, and our gifts are somewhat different. Tell the Sagamore I never lost sight of him in my greatest trouble; and, as for you, think of me sometimes when on a lucky trail; and depend on it, boy, whether there be one heaven or two, there is a path in the other world by which honest

men may come together again. You'll find the rifle in the place we hid it; take it, and keep it for my sake; and harkee, lad, as your natural gifts don't deny you the use of vengeance, use it a little freely on the Mingoes; it may unburden grief at my loss, and ease your mind. Huron, I accept your offer; release the woman. I am your prisoner!"

A suppressed, but still distinct murmur of approbation, ran through the crowd at this generous proposition; even the fiercest among the Delaware warriors manifesting pleasure at the manliness of the intended sacrifice. Magua paused, and for an anxious moment, it might be said, he doubted; then casting his eyes on Cora, with an expression in which ferocity and admiration were strangely mingled, his purpose became fixed forever.

He intimated his contempt of the offer with a backward motion of his head, and said, in a steady and settled voice:

"Le Renard Subtil is a great chief; he has but one mind. Come," he added, laying his hand too familiarly on the shoulder of his captive to urge her onward; "a Huron is no tattler; we will go."

"Ay, go," cried Duncan, placing Alice in the arms of an Indian girl; "go Magua, go. These Delawares have their laws, which forbid them to detain you; but I—I have no such obligation. Go, malignant monster—why do you delay?"

It would be difficult to describe the expression with which Magua listened to this threat to follow. There was at first a fierce and manifest display of joy, and then it was instantly subdued in a look of cunning coldness.

"The woods are open," he was content with answering. "'The Open Hand' can come."

"Hold," cried Hawkeye, seizing Duncan by the arm, and detaining him by violence; "you know not the craft of the imp. He would lead you to an ambushment, and your death"—

"Huron," interrupted Uncas, who, submissive to the stern customs of his people, had been an attentive and grave listener to all that passed; "Huron, the justice of the Delawares comes from the Manitou. Look at the sun. He is now in the upper branches of the hemlock. Your path is short and open. When he is seen above the trees, there will be men on your trail."

"I hear a crow!" exclaimed Magua, with a taunting laugh. "Go!" he added, shaking his hand at the crowd, which had slowly opened to admit his passage—"Where are the petticoats of the Delawares! Let them send their arrows and their guns to the Wyandots; they shall have venison to eat, and corn to hoe. Dogs, rabbits, thieves—I spit on you!"

His parting gibes were listened to in a dead, boding silence, and, with these biting words in his mouth, the triumphant Magua passed unmolested into the forest, followed by his passive captive, and protected by the inviolable laws of Indian hospitality.

TOM'S FIRST HALF-YEAR AT RUGBY

(From "*Tom Brown's School-days*")

By THOMAS HUGHES

IT was a fine November morning, and the close soon became alive with boys of all ages, who sauntered about on the grass, or walked round the gravel-walk, in parties of two or three. East, still doing the cicerone, pointed out all the remarkable characters to Tom as they passed: Osbert, who could throw a cricket-ball from the little side-ground over the rook-trees, to the Doctor's wall; Gray, who had got the Balliol scholarship, and, what East evidently thought of much more importance, a half-holiday for the school by his success; Thorne, who had run ten miles in two minutes over the hour; Black, who had held his own against the cock of the town in the last row with the louts; and many more heroes, who then and there walked about and were worshiped, all trace of whom has long been vanished from the scene of their fame; and the fourth-form boy who reads their names rudely cut out on the old hall tables, or painted upon the big side-cupboard (if hall tables and big side-cupboards still exist), wonders what manner of boys they were. It will be the same with you who wonder, my sons, whatever your prowess may be in cricket, or scholarship, or football. Two or three years, more or less, and then the steadily advancing, blessed wave will pass over your names as it has passed over ours. Nevertheless, play your games and do your work manfully—see only that that be done, and let the remembrance of it take care of itself.

The chapel-bell began to ring at a quarter to eleven, and Tom got in early and took his place in the lowest row, and watched all the other boys come in and take their places, filling row after row; and tried to construe the Greek text which was

inscribed over the door with the slightest possible success, and wondered which of the masters, who walked down the chapel and took their seats in the exalted boxes at the end, would be his lord. And then came the closing of the doors, and the Doctor in his robes, and the service, which, however, didn't impress him much, for his feeling of wonder and curiosity was too strong. And the boy on one side of him was scratching his name on the oak paneling in front, and he couldn't help watching to see what the name was, and whether it was well scratched: and the boy on the other side went to sleep and kept falling against him; and on the whole, though many boys even in that part of the school were serious and attentive, the general atmosphere was by no means devotional; and when he got out into the close again, he didn't feel at all comfortable, or as if he had been to church.

But at afternoon chapel it was quite another thing. He had spent the time after dinner in writing home to his mother, and so was in a better frame of mind; and his first curiosity was over, and he could attend more to the service. As the hymn after the prayers was being sung, and the chapel was getting a little dark, he was beginning to feel that he had been really worshipping. And then came that great event in his, as in every Rugby boy's life of that day—the first sermon from the Doctor.

More worthy pens than mine have described that scene. The oak pulpit standing out by itself above the School seats. The tall, gallant form, the kindling eye, the voice, now soft as the low notes of a flute, now clear and stirring as the call of the light infantry bugle, of him who stood there Sunday after Sunday, witnessing and pleading for his Lord, the King of righteousness and love and glory, with whose Spirit he was filled, and in whose power he spoke. The long lines of young faces, rising tier above tier down the whole length of the chapel, from the little boy's who had just left his mother to the young man's who was going out next week into the great world rejoicing in his strength. It was a great and solemn sight, and never more so than at this time of year, when the only lights in the chapel were in the pulpit and at the seats of the

prepositors of the week, and the soft twilight stole over the rest of the chapel, deepening into darkness in the high gallery behind the organ.

But what was it after all which seized and held these three hundred boys, dragging them out of themselves, willing or unwilling, for twenty minutes, on Sunday afternoons? True, there always were boys scattered up and down the School, who in heart and head were worthy to hear and able to carry away the deepest and wisest words there spoken. But these were a minority always, generally a very small one, often so small a one as to be countable on the fingers of your hand. What was it that moved and held us, the rest of the three hundred reckless, childish boys, who feared the Doctor with all our hearts, and very little besides in heaven or earth; who thought more of our seats in the School than of the Church of Christ, and put the traditions of Rugby and the public opinion of boys in our daily life above the laws of God? We couldn't enter into half that we heard; we hadn't the knowledge of our own hearts or the knowledge of one another; and little enough of the faith, hope, and love needed to that end. But we listened, as all boys in their better moods will listen (aye, and men too for the matter of that), to a man whom we felt to be, with all his heart and soul and strength, striving against whatever was mean and unmanly and unrighteous in our little world. It was not the cold clear voice of one giving advice and warning from serene heights to those who were struggling and sinning below, but the warm living voice of one who was fighting for us and by our sides, and calling on us to help him and ourselves and one another.

And so, wearily and little by little, but surely and steadily on the whole, was brought home to the young boy, for the first time, the meaning of his life: that it was no fool's or sluggard's paradise into which he had wandered by chance, but a battle-field ordained from of old, where there are no spectators, but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are life and death. And he who roused this consciousness in them, showed them at the same time, by every word he spoke in the pulpit, and by his whole daily life, how that battle was to be fought;

and stood there before them their fellow-soldier and the captain of their band. The true sort of captain, too, for a boys' army, one who had no misgivings, and gave no uncertain word of command, and, let who would yield or make truce, would fight the fight out (so every boy felt) to the last gasp and the last drop of blood. Other sides of his character might take hold of and influence boys here and there, but it was this thoroughness and undaunted courage which more than anything else won his way to the hearts of the great mass of those on whom he left his mark, and made them believe first in him, and then in his Master.

It was this quality above all others which moved such boys as our hero, who had nothing whatever remarkable about him except excess of boyishness: by which I mean animal life in its fullest measure, good nature and honest impulses, hatred of injustice and meanness, and thoughtlessness enough to sink a three-decker. And so, during the next two years, in which it was more than doubtful whether he would get good or evil from the School, and before any steady purpose or principle grew up in him, whatever his week's sins and shortcomings might have been, he hardly ever left the chapel on Sunday evenings without a serious resolve to stand by and follow the Doctor, and a feeling that it was only cowardice (the incarnation of all other sins in such a boy's mind) which hindered him from doing so with all his heart.

The next day Tom was duly placed in the third form, and began his lessons in a corner of the big School. He found the work very easy, as he had been well grounded and knew his grammar by heart; and, as he had no intimate companions to make him idle (East and his other Schoolhouse friends being in the lower-fourth, the form above him), soon gained golden opinions from his master, who said he was placed too low, and should be put out at the end of the half-year. So all went well with him in School, and he wrote the most flourishing letters home to his mother, full of his own success and the unspeakable delights of a public school.

In the house, too, all went well. The end of the half-year was drawing near, which kept everybody in a good humor,

and the house was ruled well and strongly by Warner and Brooke. True, the general system was rough and hard, and and there was bullying in nooks and corners, bad signs for the future; but it never got further, or dared show itself openly, stalking about the passages and hall and bedrooms, and making the life of the small boys a continual fear.

Tom, as a new boy, was of right excused fagging for the first month, but in his enthusiasm for his new life this privilege hardly pleased him; and East and others of his young friends discovering this, kindly allowed him to indulge his fancy, and take their turns at night fagging and cleaning studies. These were the principal duties of the fags in the house. From supper until nine o'clock three fags taken in order stood in the passages, and answered any prepositor who called "Fag," racing to the door, the last comer having to do the work. This consisted generally of going to the buttery for beer and bread and cheese (for the great men did not sup with the rest, but had each his own allowance in his study of the fifth-form room), cleaning candlesticks and putting in new candles, toasting cheese, bottling beer, and carrying messages about the house; and Tom, in the first blush of his hero-worship, felt it a high privilege to receive orders from, and be the bearer of the supper of Old Brooke. And besides this night-work, each prepositor had three or four fags specially allotted to him, of whom he was supposed to be the guide, philosopher, and friend, and who in return for these good offices had to clean out his study every morning by turns, directly after first lesson and before he returned from breakfast. And the pleasure of seeing the great men's studies, and looking at their pictures, and peeping into their books, made Tom a ready substitute for any boy who was too lazy to do his own work. And so he soon gained the character of a good-natured, willing fellow, who was ready to do a turn for any one.

In all the games too he joined with all his heart, and soon became well versed in all the mysteries of football, by continual practice at the Schoolhouse little-side, which played daily.

The only incident worth recording here, however, was his first run at hare and hounds. On the last Tuesday but one of

the half-year he was passing through the hall after dinner, when he was hailed with shouts from Tadpole, and several other fags seated at one of the long tables, the chorus of which was, "Come and help us tear up scent."

Tom approached the table in obedience to the mysterious summons, always ready to help, and found the party engaged in tearing up old newspapers, copy-books, and magazines, into small pieces, with which they were filling four large canvas bags.

"It's the turn of our house to find scent for Big-side hare and hounds," exclaimed Tadpole; "tear away, there's no time to lose before calling-over."

"I think it's a great shame," said another small boy, "to have such a hard run for the last day."

"Which run is it?" said Tadpole.

"Oh, the Barby run, I hear," answered the other; "nine miles at least, and hard ground; no chance of getting in at the finish, unless you're a first-rate scud."

"Well, I'm going to have a try," said Tadpole; "it's the last run of the half, and if a fellow gets in at the end, Big-side stands ale and bread and cheese and a bowl of punch; and the Cock's such a famous place for ale."

"I should like to try too," said Tom.

"Well then, leave your waistcoat behind, and listen at the door, after calling-over, and you'll hear where the meet is."

After calling-over, sure enough, there were two boys at the door, calling out, "Big-side hare and hounds meet at White Hall;" and Tom, having girded himself with leather strap, and left all superfluous clothing behind, set off for White Hall, an old gable-ended house some quarter of a mile from the town, with East, whom he had persuaded to join, notwithstanding his prophecy that they could never get in, as it was the hardest run of the year.

At the meet they found some forty or fifty boys, and Tom felt sure, from having seen many of them run at football, that he and East were more likely to get in than they.

After a few minutes' waiting, two well-known runners, chosen for the hares, buckled on the four bags filled with scent, compared their watches with those of young Brooke and Thorne,

and started off at a long, swinging trot across the fields in the direction of Barby.

Then the hounds clustered round Thorne, who explained shortly, "They're to have six minutes' law. We run into the Cock, and every one who comes in within a quarter of an hour of the hares 'll be counted, if he has been round Barby Church." Then came a minute's pause or so and then the watches are pocketed, and the pack is led through the gateway into the field which the hares had first crossed. Here they break into a trot, scattering over the field to find the first traces of the scent which the hares throw out as they go along. The old hounds make straight for the likely points, and in a minute a cry of "forward" comes from one of them, and the whole pack quickening their pace make for the spot, while the boy who hit the scent first, and the two or three nearest to him, are over the first fence, and making play along the hedgerow in the long grass-field beyond. The rest of the pack rush at the gap already made, and scramble through, jostling one another.

"Forward" again, before they are half through; the pace quickens into a sharp run, the tail-hounds all straining to get up to the lucky leaders. They are gallant hares, and the scent lies thick right across another meadow and into a plowed field, where the pace begins to tell; then over a good wattle with a ditch on the other side, and down a large pasture studded with old thorns, which slopes down to the first brook; the great Leicestershire sheep charge away across the field as the pack comes racing down the slope. The brook is a small one, and the scent lies right ahead up the opposite slope, and as thick as ever; not a turn or a check to favor the tail-hounds, who strain on, now trailing in a long line, many a youngster beginning to drag his legs heavily, and feel his heart beat like a hammer, and the bad plucked ones thinking that after all it isn't worth while to keep it up.

Tom, East, and the Tadpole had a good start, and are well up for such young hands, and after rising the slope and crossing the next field, find themselves up with the leading hounds, who have overrun the scent and are trying back; they have come a mile and a half in about eleven minutes, a pace which

shows that it is the last day. About twenty-five of the original starters only show here, the rest having already given in; the leaders are busy making casts into the fields on the left and right, and the others get their second winds.

Then comes the cry of "Forward" again, from young Brooke, from the extreme left, and the pack settles down to work again steadily and doggedly, the whole keeping pretty well together. The scent, though still good, is not so thick; there is no need of that, for in this part of the run every one knows the line which must be taken, and so there are no casts to be made, but good downright running and fencing to be done. All who are now up mean coming in, and they come to the foot of Barby Hill without losing more than two or three more of the pack. This last straight two miles and a half is always a vantage ground for the hounds, and the hares know it well; they are generally viewed on the side of Barby Hill, and all eyes are on the lookout for them to-day. But not a sign of them appears, so now will be the hard work for the hounds, and there is nothing for it but to cast about for the scent, for it is now the hares' turn, and they may baffle the pack dreadfully in the next two miles.

Ill fares it now with our youngsters that they are School-house boys, and so follow young Brooke, for he takes the wide casts round to the left, conscious of his own powers, and loving the hard work. For if you would consider for a moment, you small boys, you would remember that the Cock, where the run ends and the good ale will be going, lies far out to the right on the Dunchurch road, so that every cast you take to the left is so much extra work. And at this stage of the run, when the evening is closing in already, no one remarks whether you run a little cunning or not; so you should stick to those crafty hounds who keep edging away to the right, and not follow a prodigal like young Brooke, whose legs are twice as long as yours, and of cast iron, wholly indifferent to one or two miles more or less. However, they struggle after him, sobbing and plunging along, 'Tom and East pretty close, and Tadpole, whose big head begins to pull him down, some thirty yards behind.

Now comes a brook with stiff clay-banks, from which they can hardly drag their legs, and they hear faint cries for help from the wretched Tadpole, who has fairly stuck fast. But they have too little run left in themselves to pull up for their own brothers. Three fields more, and another check, and then "forward" called away to the extreme right.

The two boys' souls die within them; they can never do it. Young Brooke thinks so too, and says kindly, "You'll cross a lane after next field, keep down it, and you'll hit the Dunchurch road below the Cock," and then steams away for the run in, in which he's sure to be first, as if he were just starting. They struggle on across the next field, the "forwards" getting fainter and fainter, and then ceasing. The whole hunt is out of ear-shot, and all hope of coming in is over.

"Hang it all!" broke out East, as soon as he had got wind enough, pulling off his hat and mopping at his face, all spattered with dirt and lined with sweat, from which went up a thick steam into the still cold air. "I told you how it would be. What a thick I was to come! Here we are, dead beat, and yet I know we're close to the run in, if we knew the country."

"Well," said Tom, mopping away, and gulping down his disappointment, "it can't be helped. We did our best, anyhow. Hadn't we better find this lane and go down it, as young Brooke told us?"

"I suppose so—nothing else for it," grunted East. "If ever I go out last day again," growl—growl—growl.

So they tried back slowly and sorrowfully, and found the lane, and went limping down it, plashing in the cold puddly ruts, and beginning to feel how the run had taken it out of them. The evening closed in fast, and clouded over, dark, cold, and dreary.

"I say, it must be locking-up, I should think," remarked East, breaking the silence; "it's so dark."

"What if we're late?" said Tom.

"No tea, and sent up to the Doctor," answered East.

The thought didn't add to their cheerfulness. Presently a faint halloo was heard from an adjoining field. They answered it and stopped, hoping for some competent rustic to guide them,

when over a gate some twenty yards ahead crawled the wretched Tadpole, in a state of collapse; he had lost a shoe in the brook, and had been groping after it up to his elbows in the stiff wet clay, and a more miserable creature in the shape of boy seldom has been seen.

The sight of him, notwithstanding, cheered them, for he was some degrees more wretched than they. They also cheered him, as he was no longer under the dread of passing his night alone in the fields. And so, in better heart, the three plashed painfully down the never-ending lane. At last it widened, just as utter darkness set in, and they came out on a turnpike-road, and there paused, bewildered, for they had lost all bearings, and knew not whether to turn to the right or left.

Luckily for them they had not to decide, for lumbering along the road, with one lamp lighted and two spavined horses in the shafts, came a heavy coach, which after a moment's suspense they recognized as the Oxford coach, the redoubtable Pig and Whistle.

It lumbered slowly up, and the boys mustering their last run, caught it as it passed, and began clambering up behind, in which exploit East missed his footing and fell flat on his nose along the road. Then the others hailed the old scarecrow of a coachman, who pulled up and agreed to take them in for a shilling; so there they sat on the back seat, drubbing with their heels, and their teeth chattering with cold, and jogged into Rugby some forty minutes after locking-up.

Five minutes afterwards three small, limping, shivering figures steal along through the Doctor's garden, and into the house by the servants' entrance (all the other gates have been closed long since), where the first thing they light upon in the passage is old Thomas, ambling along, candle in one hand and keys in the other.

He stops and examines their condition with a grim smile. "Ah! East, Hall, and Brown, late for locking-up. Must go up to the Doctor's study at once."

"Well but, Thomas, mayn't we go and wash first? You can put down the time, you know."

"Doctor's study d'rectly you come in—that's the orders,"

replied old Thomas, motioning towards the stairs at the end of the passage which led up into the Doctor's house; and the boys turned ruefully down it, not cheered by the old verger's muttered remark, "What a pickle they boys be in!" Thomas referred to their faces and habiliments, but they construed it as indicating the Doctor's state of mind. Upon the short flight of stairs they paused to hold counsel.

"Who'll go in first?" inquires Tadpole.

"You—you're the senior," answered East.

"Catch me—look at the state I'm in," rejoined Hall, showing the arms of his jacket. "I must get behind you two."

"Well, but look at me," said East, indicating the mass of clay behind which he was standing; "I'm worse than you, two to one; you might grow cabbages on my trousers."

"That's all down below, and you can keep your legs behind the sofa," said Hall.

"Here, Brown, you're the show-figure—you must lead."

"But my face is all muddy," argued Tom.

"Oh, we're all in one boat for that matter; but come on, we're only making it worse, dawdling here."

"Well, just give us a brush then," said Tom; and they began trying to rub off the superfluous dirt from each other's jackets, but it was not dry enough, and the rubbing made them worse; so in despair they pushed through the swing-door at the head of the stairs, and found themselves in the Doctor's hall.

"That's the library door," said East in a whisper, pushing Tom forwards. The sound of merry voices and laughter came from within, and his first hesitating knock was unanswered. But at the second, the Doctor's voice said "Come in," and Tom turned the handle, and he, with the others behind him, sidled into the room.

The Doctor looked up from his task; he was working away with a great chisel at the bottom of a boy's sailing boat, the lines of which he was no doubt fashioning on the model of one of Nicias' galleys. Round him stood three or four children; the candles burnt brightly on a large table at the further end, covered with books and papers, and a great fire threw a ruddy glow over the rest of the room. All looked so kindly, and

homely, and comfortable, that the boys took heart in a moment, and Tom advanced from behind the shelter of the great sofa. The Doctor nodded to the children, who went out, casting curious and amused glances at the three young scarecrows.

"Well, my little fellows," began the Doctor, drawing himself up with his back to the fire, the chisel in one hand and his coat-tails in the other, and his eyes twinkling as he looked them over; "what makes you so late?"

"Please, sir, we've been out Big-side hare and hounds, and lost our way."

"Hah! you couldn't keep up, I suppose?"

"Well, sir," said East, stepping out, and not liking that the Doctor should think lightly of his running powers, "we got round Barby all right, but then—"

"Why, what a state you're in, my boy!" interrupted the Doctor, as the pitiful condition of East's garments was fully revealed to him.

"That's the fall I got, sir, in the road," said East, looking down at himself; "the Old Pig came by—"

"The what?" said the Doctor.

"The Oxford coach, sir," explained Hall.

"Hah! yes, the Regulator," said the Doctor.

"And I tumbled on my face, trying to get up behind," went on East.

"You're not hurt, I hope?" said the Doctor.

"Oh no, sir."

"Well now, run upstairs, all three of you, and get clean things on, and then tell the housekeeper to give you some tea. You're too young to try such long runs. Let Warner know I've seen you. Good night."

"Good night, sir." And away scuttled the three boys in high glee.

"What a brick, not to give us even twenty lines to learn!" said the Tadpole, as they reached their bedroom; and in half an hour afterwards they were sitting by the fire in the housekeeper's room at a sumptuous tea, with cold meat, "twice as good a grub as we should have got in the hall," as the Tadpole remarked with a grin, his mouth full of buttered toast. All

their grievances were forgotten, and they were resolving to go out the first Big-side next half, and thinking hare and hounds the most delightful of games.

A day or two afterwards, the great passage outside the bedrooms was cleared of the boxes and portmanteaus, which went down to be packed by the matron, and great games of chariot-racing, and cock-fighting, and bolstering went on in the vacant space, the sure sign of a closing half-year.

Then came the making up of parties for the journey home, and Tom joined a party who were to hire a coach, and post with four horses to Oxford.

Then the last Saturday on which the Doctor came round to each form to give out the prizes, and hear the master's last reports of how they and their charges had been conducting themselves; and Tom, to his huge delight, was praised, and got his remove into the lower-fourth, in which all his School-house friends were.

On the next Tuesday morning at four o'clock hot coffee was going on in the housekeeper's and matron's rooms; boys wrapped in great-coats and mufflers were swallowing hasty mouthfuls, rushing about, tumbling over luggage, and asking questions all at once of the matron; outside the School-gates were drawn up several chaises and the four-horse coach which Tom's party had chartered, the post-boys in their best jackets and breeches, and a cornopean-player, hired for the occasion, blowing away "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky," waking all peaceful inhabitants half-way down the High Street.

Every minute the bustle and hubbub increased: porters staggered about with boxes and bags, the cornopean played louder. Old Thomas sat in his den with a great yellow bag by his side, out of which he was paying journey-money to each boy, comparing by the light of a solitary dip the dirty, crabbed little list in his own handwriting, with the Doctor's list and the amount of his cash; his head was on one side, his mouth screwed up, and his spectacles dim from early toil. He had prudently locked the door, and carried on his operations solely through the window, or he would have been driven wild and lost all his money.

"Thomas, do be quick, we shall never catch the High-flyer at Dunchurch."

"That's your money, all right, Green."

"Hullo, Thomas, the Doctor said I was to have two-pound-ten; you've only given me two pound."—(I fear that Master Green is not confining himself strictly to truth.) Thomas turns his head more on one side than ever and spells away at the dirty list. Green is forced away from the window."

"Here, Thomas, never mind him, mine's thirty shillings."

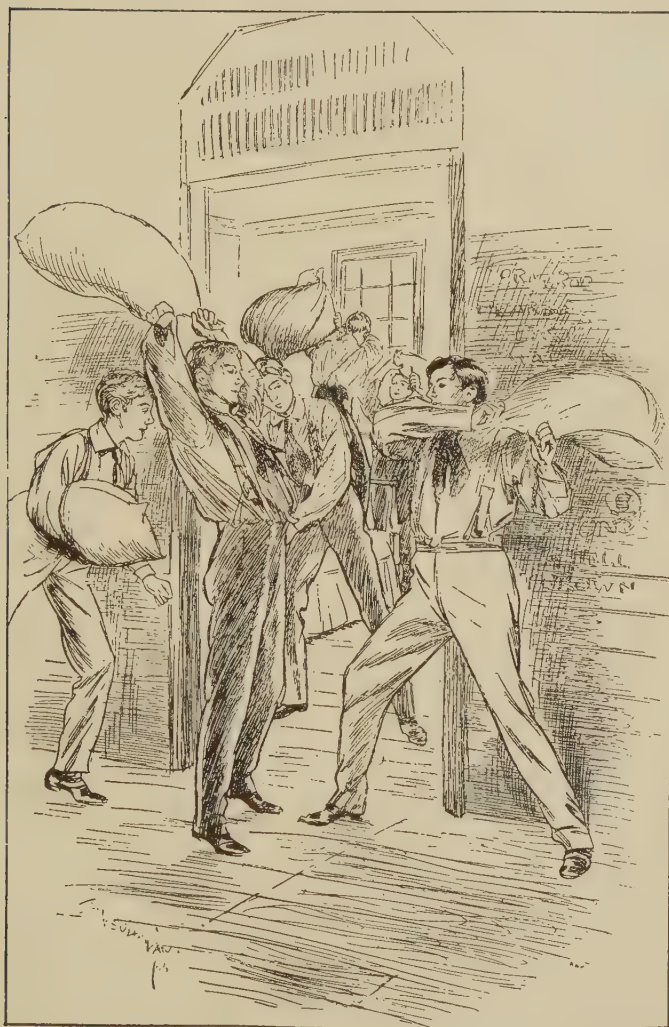
"And mine too," "and mine," shouted others.

One way or another, the party to which Tom belonged all got packed and paid, and sallied out to the gates, the cornopean playing frantically "Drops of Brandy," in allusion, probably, to the slight potations in which the musician and postboys had been already indulging. All luggage was carefully stowed away inside the coach and in the front and hind boots, so that not a hat-box was visible outside. Five or six small boys, with pea-shooters, and the cornopean-player, got up behind; in front the big boys, mostly smoking, not for pleasure but because they are now gentlemen at large—and this is the most correct public method of notifying the fact.

"Robinson's coach will be down the road in a minute, it has gone up to Bird's to pick up—we'll wait till they're close, and make a race of it," says the leader. "Now, boys, half-a-sovereign apiece if you beat 'em into Dunchurch by one hundred yards."

"All right, sir," shouted the grinning postboys.

Down comes Robinson's coach in a minute or two, with a rival cornopean, and away go the two vehicles, horses galloping, boys cheering, horns playing loud. There is a special providence over schoolboys as well as sailors, or they must have upset twenty times in the first five miles; sometimes actually abreast of one another, and the boys on the roofs exchanging volleys of peas, now nearly running over a post-chaise which had started before them, now half-way up a bank, now with a wheel-and-a-half over a yawning ditch; and all this in a dark morning, with nothing but their own lamps to guide them. However, it's all over at last, and they have run over



GREAT GAMES OF CHARIOT-RACING . . . AND
BOLSTERING WENT ON.

nothing but an old pig in Southam Street; the last peas are distributed in the Corn Market at Oxford, where they arrive between eleven and twelve, and sit down to a sumptuous breakfast at the Angel, which they are made to pay for accordingly. Here the party breaks up, all going now different ways; and Tom orders out a chaise and a pair as grand as a lord, though he has scarcely five shillings left in his pocket and more than twenty miles to get home.

"Where to, sir?"

"Red Lion, Farringdon," says Tom, giving ostler a shilling.

"All right, sir. Red Lion, Jem," to the postboy, and Tom rattles away towards home. At Farringdon, being known to the innkeeper, he gets that worthy to pay for the Oxford horses and forward him in another chaise at once; and so the gorgeous young gentleman arrives at the paternal mansion, and Squire Brown looks rather blue at having to pay two pound ten shillings for the posting expenses from Oxford. But the boy's intense joy at getting home, and the wonderful health he is in, and the good character he brings, and the brave stories he tells of Rugby, its doings and delights, soon mollify the Squire, and three happier people didn't sit down to dinner that day in England (it is the boy's first dinner at six o'clock at home, great promotion already) than the Squire and his wife and Tom Brown at the end of his first half-year at Rugby.

PETER RUGG—THE MISSING MAN

By WILLIAM AUSTIN

From Jonathan Dunwell of New York to Mr. Herman Krauff

SIR—Agreeably to my promise, I now relate to you all the particulars of the lost man and child which I have been able to collect. It is entirely owing to the humane interest you seemed to take in the report, that I have pursued the inquiry to the following result.

You may remember that business called me to Boston in the summer of 1820. I sailed in the packet to Providence, and when I arrived there I learned that every seat in the stage was engaged. I was thus obliged either to wait a few hours or accept a seat with the driver, who civilly offered me that accommodation. Accordingly I took my seat by his side, and soon found him intelligent and communicative.

When we had travelled about ten miles, the horses suddenly threw their ears on their necks, as flat as a hare's. Said the driver, "Have you a surtout with you?" "No," said I; "why do you ask?" "You will want one soon," said he; "do you observe the ears of all the horses?" "Yes, and was just about to ask the reason." "They see the storm-breeder, and we shall see him soon." At this moment there was not a cloud visible in the firmament. Soon after a small speck appeared in the road. "There," said my companion, "comes the storm-breeder; he always leaves a Scotch mist behind him. By many a wet jacket do I remember him. I suppose the poor fellow suffers much himself, much more than is known to the world." Presently a man with a child beside him, with a large black horse, and a weather-beaten chair, once built for a chaise body, passed in great haste, apparently at the rate of twelve miles an hour. He seemed to grasp the reins of his horse with firmness, and appeared to anticipate his speed. He seemed dejected, and looked anxiously at the passengers, particularly at the stage-driver and myself. In a moment after

he passed us, the horses' ears were up and bent themselves forward so that they nearly met. "Who is that man?" said I; "he seems in great trouble." "Nobody knows who he is, but his person and the child are familiar to me. I have met them more than a hundred times, and have been so often asked the way to Boston by that man, even when he was traveling directly from that town, that of late I have refused any communication with him, and that is the reason he gave me such a fixed look." "But does he never stop anywhere?" "I have never known him to stop anywhere longer than to inquire the way to Boston; and, let him be where he may, he will tell you he cannot stay a moment, for he must reach Boston that night."

We were now ascending a high hill in Walpole, and as we had a fair view of the heavens, I was rather disposed to jeer the driver for thinking of his surtout, as not a cloud as big as a marble could be discerned. "Do you look," said he, "in the direction whence the man came, that is the place to look; the storm never meets him, it follows him." We presently approached another hill, and when at the height, the driver pointed out in an eastern direction a little black speck as big as a hat. "There," said he, "is the seed storm; we may possibly reach Polley's before it reaches us, but the wanderer and his child will go to Providence through rain, thunder, and lightning." And now the horses, as though taught by instinct, hastened with increased speed. The little black cloud came on rolling over the turnpike, and doubled and trebled itself in all directions. The appearance of this cloud attracted the notice of all the passengers; for after it had spread itself to a great bulk, it suddenly became more limited in circumference, grew more compact, dark, and consolidated. And now the successive flashes of chain lightning caused the whole cloud to appear like a sort of irregular network, and displayed a thousand fantastic images. The driver bespoke my attention to a remarkable configuration in the cloud; he said every flash of lightning near its center discovered to him distinctly the form of a man sitting in an open carriage drawn by a black horse. But in truth I saw no such thing. The man's fancy was doubtless at fault. It is a very common thing for the

imagination to paint for the senses, both in the visible and invisible world.

In the meantime the distant thunder gave notice of a shower at hand, and just as we reached Polley's tavern the rain poured down in torrents. It was soon over, the cloud passing in the direction of the turnpike toward Providence. In a few moments after, a respectable-looking man in a chaise stopped at the door. The man and child in the chair having excited some little sympathy among the passengers, the gentleman was asked if he had observed them. He said he had met them; that the man seemed bewildered, and inquired the way to Boston; that he was driving at great speed, as though he expected to outstrip the tempest; that the moment he had passed him a thunderclap broke distinctly over the man's head and seemed to envelop both man and child, horse and carriage. "I stopped," said the gentleman, "supposing the lightning had struck him, but the horse only seemed to loom up and increase his speed, and, as well as I could judge, he traveled just as fast as the thundercloud." While this man was speaking, a peddler with a cart of tin merchandise came up, all dripping; and, on being questioned, he said he had met that man and carriage, within a fortnight, in four different States; that at each time he had inquired the way to Boston; and that a thunder shower like the present had each time deluged him, his wagon and his wares, setting his tin pots, etc., afloat, so that he had determined to get marine insurance done for the future. But that which excited his surprise most was the strange conduct of his horse, for that, long before he could distinguish the man in the chair his own horse stood still in the road and flung back his ears. "In short," said the peddler, "I wish never to see that man and horse again; they do not look to me as if they belonged to this world."

This is all that I could learn at that time; and the occurrence soon after would have become with me like one of those things which had never happened, had I not, as I stood recently on the doorstep of Bennett's Hotel in Hartford, heard a man say, "There goes Peter Rugg and his child! he looks wet and weary, and farther from Boston than ever." I was satisfied

it was the same man that I had seen more than three years before; for whoever has once seen Peter Rugg can never after be deceived as to his identity. "Peter Rugg!" said I, "and who is Peter Rugg?" "That," said the stranger, "is more than any one can tell exactly. He is a famous traveler, held in light esteem by all inn-holders, for he never stops to eat, drink, or sleep. I wonder why the government does not employ him to carry the mail." "Ay," said a bystander, "that is a thought bright only on one side. How long would it take, in that case, to send a letter to Boston? For Peter has already, to my knowledge, been more than twenty years traveling to that place." "But," said I, "does the man never stop anywhere, does he never converse with any one? I saw the same man more than three years since, near Providence, and I heard a strange story about him. Pray, sir, give me some account of this man." "Sir," said the stranger, "those who know the most respecting that man say the least. I have heard it asserted that heaven sometimes sets a mark on a man, either for judgment or trial. Under which Peter Rugg now labors I cannot say; therefore I am rather inclined to pity than to judge." "You speak like a humane man," said I, "and if you have known him so long, I pray you will give me some account of him. Has his appearance much altered in that time?" "Why, yes; he looks as though he never ate, drank, nor slept; and his child looks older than himself; and he looks like time broke off from eternity and anxious to gain a resting-place." "And how does his horse look?" said I. "As for his horse, he looks fatter and gayer, and shows more animation and courage, than he did twenty years ago. The last time Rugg spoke to me he inquired how far it was to Boston. I told him just one hundred miles. 'Why,' said he, 'how can you deceive me so? It is cruel to deceive a traveler. I have lost my way. Pray direct me the nearest way to Boston.' I repeated it was one hundred miles. 'How can you say so?' said he. 'I was told last evening it was but fifty, and I have traveled all night.' 'But,' said I, 'you are now traveling from Boston. You must turn back.' 'Alas!' said he, 'it is all turn back! Boston shifts with the wind, and plays all around the compass. One

man tells me it is to the east, another to the west; and the guide-posts, too, they all point the wrong way.' 'But will you not stop and rest?' said I; 'you seem wet and weary.' 'Yes,' said he, 'it has been foul weather since I left home.' 'Stop, then, and refresh yourself.' 'I must not stop, I must reach home to-night, if possible, though I think you must be mistaken in the distance to Boston.' He then gave the reins to his horse, which he restrained with difficulty, and disappeared in a moment. A few days afterwards I met the man a little this side of Claremont, winding around the hills in Unity, at the rate, I believe of twenty miles an hour."

"Is Peter Rugg his real name, or has he accidentally gained that name?" "I know not, but presume he will not deny his name; you can ask him, for see, he has turned his horse and is passing this way." In a moment a dark-colored, high-spirited horse approached, and would have passed without stopping, but I had resolved to speak to Peter Rugg, or whoever the man might be. Accordingly, I stepped into the street, and as the horse approached I made a feint of stopping him. The man immediately reined in his horse. "Sir," said I, "may I be so bold as to inquire if you are not Mr. Rugg? for I think I have seen you before." "My name is Peter Rugg," said he; "I have unfortunately lost my way; I am wet and weary, and will take it kindly of you to direct me to Boston." "You live in Boston, do you, in and what street?" "In Middle Street." "When did you leave Boston?" "I cannot tell precisely; it seems a considerable time." "But how did you and your child become so wet? it has not rained here to-day?" "It has just rained a heavy shower up the river. But I shall not reach Boston to-night if I tarry. Would you advise me to take the old road, or the turn-pike?" "Why, the old road is one hundred and seventeen miles, and the turnpike is ninety-seven." "How can you say so? you impose on me; it is wrong to trifle with a traveler; you know it is but forty miles from Newburyport to Boston." "But this is not Newburyport; this is Hartford." "Do not deceive me, sir. Is not this town Newburyport, and the river that I have been following the Merrimac?" "No, sir; this is Hartford, and the river the

Connecticut." He wrung his hands and looked incredulous. "Have the rivers, too, changed their courses as the cities have changed places? But see, the clouds are gathering in the south, and we shall have a rainy night. Ah, that fatal oath!" He would tarry no longer. His impatient horse leaped off, his hind flanks rising like wings—he seemed to devour all before him and to scorn all behind.

I had now, as I thought, discovered a clue to the history of Peter Rugg, and I determined, the next time my business called me to Boston, to make a further inquiry. Soon after I was enabled to collect the following particulars from Mrs. Croft, an aged lady in Middle Street, who has resided in Boston during the last twenty years. Her narration is this: The last summer a person, just at twilight, stopped at the door of the late Mrs. Rugg. Mrs. Croft, on coming to the door, perceived a stranger, with a child by his side, in an old, weather-beaten carriage, with a black horse. The stranger asked for Mrs. Rugg, and was informed that Mrs. Rugg had died, at a good old age, more than twenty years before that time. The stranger replied, "How can you deceive me so? do ask Mrs. Rugg to step to the door." "Sir, I assure you Mrs. Rugg has not lived here these nineteen years; no one lives here but myself, and my name is Betsey Croft." The stranger paused, and looked up and down the street, and said, "Though the painting is rather faded, this looks like my house." "Yes," said the child, "that is the stone before the door that I used to sit on to eat my bread and milk." "But," said the stranger, "it seems to be on the wrong side of the street. Indeed, everything here seems to be misplaced. The streets are all changed the people are all changed, the town seems changed, and, what is strangest of all, Catherine Rugg has deserted her husband and child. Pray," said the stranger, "has John Foy come home from sea? He went a long voyage; he is my kinsman. If I could see him, he could give me some account of Mrs. Rugg." "Sir," said Mrs. Croft, "I never heard of John Foy. Where did he live?" "Just above here, in Orange-Tree Lane." "There is no such place in this neighborhood." "What do you tell me! Are the streets gone? Orange-Tree Lane is

at the head of Hanover Street, near Pemberton's Hill." "There is no such lane now." "Madam! you cannot be serious. But you doubtless know my brother, William Rugg. He lives in Royal Exchange Lane, near King Street." "I know of no such lane; and I am sure there is no such street as King Street in this town." "No such street as King Street? Why, woman! you mock me. You may as well tell me there is no King George. However, madam, you see I am wet and weary. I must find a resting place. I will go to Hart's tavern, near the market." "Which market, sir? for you seem perplexed; we have several markets." "You know there is but one market, near the town dock." "Oh, the old market. But no such man as Hart has kept there these twenty years."

Here the stranger seemed disconcerted, and muttered to himself quite audibly: "Strange mistake! How much this looks like the town of Boston! It certainly has a great resemblance to it; but I perceive my mistake now. Some other Mrs. Rugg, some other Middle Street." Then said he, "Madam, can you direct me to Boston?" "Why, this is Boston, the city of Boston. I know of no other Boston." "City of Boston it may be, but it is not the Boston where I live. I recollect now, I came over a bridge instead of a ferry. Pray what bridge is that I just came over?" "It is Charles River Bridge." "I perceive my mistake; there is a ferry between Boston and Charlestown, there is no bridge. Ah, I perceive my mistake. If I was in Boston, my horse would carry me directly to my own door. But my horse shows by his impatience that he is in a strange place. Absurd, that I should have mistaken this place for the old town of Boston! It is a much finer city than the town of Boston. It has been built long since Boston. I fancy Boston must lie at a distance from this city, as the good woman seems ignorant of it." At these words his horse began to chafe, and strike the pavement with his fore feet; the stranger seemed a little bewildered, and said "No home to-night," and, giving the reins to his horse, passed up the street, and I saw no more of him.

It was evident that the generation to which Peter Rugg belonged had passed away.

This was all the account of Peter Rugg I could obtain from Mrs. Croft; but she directed me to an elderly man, Mr. James Felt, who lived near her, and who had kept a record of the principal occurrences for the last fifty years. At my request she sent for him; and, after I had related to him the object of my inquiry, Mr. Felt told me he had known Rugg in his youth; that his disappearance had caused some surprise; but as it sometimes happens that men run away, sometimes to be rid of others, and sometimes to be rid of themselves; and as Rugg took his child with him, and his own horse and chair; and as it did not appear that any creditors made a stir, the occurrence soon mingled itself in the stream of oblivion; and Rugg and his child, horse and chair, were soon forgotten. "It is true," said Mr. Felt, "sundry stories grew out of Rugg's affair, whether true or false I cannot tell; but stranger things have happened in my day, without even a newspaper notice." "Sir," said I, "Peter Rugg is now living. I have lately seen Peter Rugg and his child, horse and chair; therefore I pray you to relate to me all you know or ever heard of him." "Why, my friend," said James Felt, "that Peter Rugg is now a living man I will not deny; but that you have seen Peter Rugg and his child is impossible, if you mean a small child, for Jenny Rugg, if living, must be at least—let me see—Boston Massacre, 1770—Jenny Rugg was about ten years old. Why, sir, Jenny Rugg if living must be more than sixty years of age. That Peter Rugg is living is highly probable, as he was only ten years older than myself; and I was only eighty last March, and I am as likely to live twenty years longer as any man." Here I perceived that Mr. Felt was in his dotage, and I despaired of gaining any intelligence from him on which I could depend.

I took my leave of Mrs. Croft, and proceeded to my lodgings at the Marlborough Hotel.

If Peter Rugg, thought I, has been traveling since the Boston Massacre, there is no reason why he should not travel to the end of time. If the present generation know little of him, the next will know less, and Peter and his child will have no hold on this world.

In the course of the evening I related my adventure in Middle

Street. "Ha!" said one of the company, smiling, "do you really think you have seen Peter Rugg? I have heard my grandfather speak of him as though he seriously believed his own story." "Sir," said I, "pray let us compare your grandfather's story of Mr. Rugg with my own." "Peter Rugg, sir, if my grandfather was worthy of credit, once lived in Middle Street, in this city. He was a man in comfortable circumstances, had a wife and one daughter, and was generally esteemed for his sober life and manners. But unhappily his temper at times was altogether ungovernable, and then his language was terrible. In these fits of passion, if a door stood in his way he would never do less than kick a panel through. He would sometimes throw his heels over his head, and come down on his feet, uttering oaths in a circle. And thus, in a rage, he was the first who performed a somerset, and did what others have since learned to do for merriment and money. Once Rugg was seen to bite a tenpenny nail in halves. In those days everybody, both men and boys, wore wigs; and Peter, at these moments of violent passion, would become so profane that his wig would rise up from his head. Some said it was on account of his terrible language; others accounted for it in a more philosophical way, and said it was caused by the expansion of his scalp, as violent passion, we know, will swell the veins and expand the head. While these fits were on him, Rugg had not respect for heaven or earth. Except this infirmity, all agreed that Rugg was a good sort of a man; for when his fits were over, nobody was so ready to commend a placid temper as Peter.

"It was late in autumn, one morning, that Rugg, in his own chair, with a fine large bay horse, took his daughter and proceeded to Concord. On his return a violent storm overtook him. At dark he stopped in Menotomy (now West Cambridge), at the door of a Mr. Cutter, a friend of his, who urged him to tarry overnight. On Rugg's declining to stop, Mr. Cutter urged him vehemently. 'Why, Mr. Rugg,' said Cutter, 'the storm is overwhelming you; the night is exceeding dark; your little daughter will perish; you are in an open chair, and the tempest is increasing.' 'Let the storm increase,' said Rugg, with a fearful oath, 'I will see home to-night, in spite of the

last tempest! or may I never see home.' At these words he gave his whip to his high-spirited horse, and disappeared in a moment. But Peter Rugg did not reach home that night, nor the next; nor, when he became a missing man, could he ever be traced beyond Mr. Cutter's in Menotomy. For a long time after, on every dark and stormy night, the wife of Peter Rugg would fancy she heard the crack of a whip, and the fleet tread of a horse, and the rattling of a carriage, passing her door. The neighbors, too, heard the same noises, and some said they knew it was Rugg's horse; the tread on the pavement was perfectly familiar to them. This occurred so repeatedly that at length the neighbors watched with lanterns, and saw the real Peter Rugg, with his own horse and chair, and child sitting beside him, pass directly before his own door, his head turning toward his house, and himself making every effort to stop his horse, but in vain. The next day the friends of Mrs. Rugg exerted themselves to find her husband and child. They inquired at every public house and stable in town; but it did not appear that Rugg made any stay in Boston. No one, after Rugg had passed his own door, could give any account of him; though it was asserted by some that the clatter of Rugg's horse and carriage over the pavements shook the houses on both sides of the street. And this is credible, if, indeed, Rugg's horse and carriage did pass on that night. For at this day, in many of the streets, a loaded truck or team in passing will shake the houses like an earthquake. However, Rugg's neighbors never afterward watched again; some of them treated it all as a delusion, and thought no more of it. Others, of a different opinion shook their heads and said nothing. Thus Rugg and his child, horse and chair, were soon forgotten; and probably many in the neighborhood never heard a word on the subject.

"There was indeed a rumor that Rugg afterward was seen in Connecticut, between Suffield and Hartford, passing through the country like a streak of chalk. This gave occasion to Rugg's friends to make further inquiry. But the more they inquired, the more they were baffled. If they heard of Rugg one day in Connecticut, the next day they heard of him winding around the hills in New Hampshire; and soon

after, a man in a chair, with a small child, exactly answering the description of Peter Rugg, would be seen in Rhode Island, inquiring the way to Boston.

“But that which chiefly gave a color of mystery to the story of Peter Rugg was the affair at Charlestown bridge. The toll-gatherer asserted that sometimes, on the darkest and most stormy nights, when no object could be discerned, about the time Rugg was missing, a horse and wheel carriage, with a noise equal to a troop, would at midnight, in utter contempt of the rates of toll, pass over the bridge. This occurred so frequently that the toll-gatherer resolved to attempt a discovery. Soon after, at the usual time, apparently the same horse and carriage approached the bridge from Charlestown square. The toll-gatherer, prepared, took his stand as near the middle of the bridge as he dared, with a large three-legged stool in his hand. As the appearance passed, he threw the stool at the horse, but heard nothing except the noise of the stool skipping across the bridge. The toll-gatherer on the next day asserted that the stool went directly through the body of the horse, and he persisted in that belief ever after. Whether Rugg, or whoever the person was, ever passed the bridge again, the toll-gatherer would never tell; and when questioned, seemed anxious to waive the subject. And thus Peter Rugg and his child, horse and carriage, remain a mystery to this day.”

This, sir, is all that I could learn of Peter Rugg in Boston. . . .

MY DOUBLE AND HOW HE UNRID ME*

By EDWARD EVERETT HALE

IT is not often that I trouble the reading public. I should not trouble them now, but for the importunities of my wife, who "feels to insist" that a duty to society is unfulfilled, till I have told why I had to have a double, and how he undid me. She is sure, she says, that intelligent persons cannot understand that pressure upon public servants which alone drives any man into the employment of a double. And while I fear she thinks, at the bottom of her heart, that my fortunes will never be remade, she has a faint hope that, as another Rasselas, I may teach a lesson to future publics, from which they may profit, though we die. Owing to the behavior of my double, or, if you please, to that public pressure which compelled me to employ him, I have plenty of leisure to write this communication.

I am, or rather was, a minister, of the Sandemanian connection. I was settled in the active, wide-awake, town of Nagshead, on one of the finest water-powers in Maine. We used to call it a Western town, in the heart of the civilization of New England. A charming place it was and is. A spirited, brave young parish had I; and it seemed as if we might have all "the joy of eventful living" to our heart's content.

Alas, how little we knew on the day of my ordination, and in those halcyon moments of our first house-keeping! To be the confidential friend in a hundred families in the town—cutting the social trifle, as my friend Haliburton says, "from the top of the whipped syllabub to the bottom of the sponge-cake, which is the foundation"—to keep abreast of the thought of the age in one's study, and to do one's best on Sunday to interweave that thought with the active life of an active town, and to inspirit both and make both infinite by glimpses of the

*By permission of Little, Brown & Company.

Eternal Glory, seemed such an exquisite forelook into one's life! Enough to do, and all so real and so grand! If this vision could only have lasted!

The truth is, that this vision was not in itself a delusion, nor, indeed, half bright enough. If one could only have been left to do his own business, the vision would have accomplished itself and brought out new paraheliacal visions, each as bright as the original. The misery was, and is, as we found out, I and Polly, before long, that besides the vision, and besides the usual human and finite failures in life (such as breaking the old pitcher that came over in the *Mayflower*, and putting into the fire the alpenstock with which her father climbed *Mont Blanc*)—besides these, I say (imitating the style of *Robinson Crusoe*), there were pitch-forked in on us a great rowen-heap of humbugs, handed down from some unknown seed-time, in which we were expected, and I chiefly, to fulfil certain public functions before the community, of the character of those fulfilled by the third row of supernumeraries who stand behind the Sepoys in the spectacle of the "Cataract of the Ganges." They were the duties, in a word, which one performs as member of one or another social class or subdivision, wholly distinct from what one does as A. by himself A. What invisible power put these functions on me, it would be very hard to tell. But such power there was and is. And I had not been at work a year before I found I was living two lives, one real and one merely functional—for two sets of people, one my parish, whom I loved, and the other, a vague public, for whom I did not care two straws. All this was in a vague notion, which everybody had, and has, that this second life would eventually bring out some great results, unknown at present, to somebody somewhere.

Crazed by this duality of life, I first read Dr. Wigan on the "Duality of the Brain," hoping that I could train one side of my head to do these outside jobs, and the other to do my intimate and real duties. For Richard Greenough once told me, that, in studying for the statue of Franklin, he found that the left side of the great man's face was philosophic and reflective, and the right side funny and smiling. If you will go and look at the bronze statue in School Street, you will find he

has repeated this observation there for posterity. The eastern profile is the portrait of the statesman Franklin, the western of poor Richard. But Dr. Wigan does not go into these niceties of this subject, and I failed. It was then that, on my wife's suggestion, I resolved to look out for a Double.

I was, at first, singularly successful. We happened to be recreating at Stafford Springs that summer. We rode out one day, for one of the relaxations of that watering place, to the great Monson Poorhouse. We were passing through one of the large halls, when my destiny was fulfilled!

He was not shaven. He had on no spectacles. He was dressed in a green baize roundabout and faded blue overalls, worn sadly at the knee. But I saw at once that he was my height, five feet four and a half. He had black hair, worn off by his hat. So have and have not I. He stooped in walking. So do I. His hands were large, and mine. And—choicest gift of Fate in all—he had, not “a strawberry-mark on his left arm,” but a cut from a juvenile brickbat over his right eye, slightly affecting the play of that eyebrow. Reader so have I! My fate was sealed!

A word with Mr. Holley, one of the inspectors, settled the whole thing. It proved that this Dennis Shea was a harmless, amiable fellow, of the class known as shiftless, who had sealed his fate by marrying a dumb wife, who was at that moment ironing in the laundry. Before I left Stafford, I had hired both for five years. We had applied to Judge Pynchon, then the probate judge at Springfield, to change the name of Dennis Shea to Frederic Ingham. We had explained to the Judge, what was the precise truth, that an eccentric gentleman wished to adopt Dennis, under this new name, into his family. It never occurred to him that Dennis might be more than fourteen years old. And thus, to shorten this preface, when we returned at night to my parsonage at Naguadavick, there entered Mrs. Ingham, her new dumb laundress, myself, who am Mr. Frederic Ingham, and my double, who was Mr. Frederic Ingham by as good right as I.

•O the fun we had the next morning in shaving his beard to my pattern, cutting his hair to match mine, and teaching him

how to wear and how to take off gold-bowed spectacles! Really, they were electroplate, and the glass was plain (for the poor fellow's eyes were excellent). Then in four successive afternoons I taught him four speeches. I had found these would be quite enough for the supernumerary-Sepoy line of life, and it was well for me they were; for though he was good-natured, he was very shiftless, and it was, as our national proverb says, "like pulling teeth," to teach him. But at the end of the next week he could say, with quite my easy and frisky air:

1. "Very well, thank you. And you?" This for an answer to casual salutations.

2. "I am very glad you liked it."

3. "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not longer occupy the time."

4. "I agree, in general, with my friend on the other side of the room."

At first I had a feeling that I was going to be at great cost for clothing him. But it proved, of course, at once, that, whenever he was out, I should be at home. And I went, during the bright period of his success, to so few of those awful pageants which require a black dress-coat and what the ungodly call after Mr. Dickens, a white choker, that in the happy retreat of my own dressing-gowns and jackets my days went by as happily and cheaply as those of another Thalaba. And Polly declares there was never a year when the tailoring cost so little.

He lived (Dennis, not Thalaba) in his wife's room over the kitchen. He had orders never to show himself at that window. When he appeared in front of the house, I retired to my sanctissimum and my dressing-gown. In short, the Dutchman and his wife, in the old weather-box, had not less to do with each other than he and I. He made the furnace fire and split the wood before daylight; then he went to sleep again, and slept late; then came for the day's orders with a silk bandanna tied round his head, with his overalls on, and his black coat and spectacles off.

If we happened to be interrupted, no one guessed that he was Frederic Ingham as well as I; and in the neighborhood there grew up an impression that the minister's Irishman worked

daytimes in the factory-village at New Coventry. After I had given him his orders, I never saw him till the next day.

I launched him by sending him to a meeting of the Enlightenment Board. The Enlightenment Board consists of seventy-four members, of whom sixty-seven are necessary to form a quorum. One becomes a member under the regulations laid down in old Judge Dudley's will. I became one by being ordained pastor of a church in Naguadavick. You see you cannot help yourself if you would. At this particular time we had had four successive meetings, averaging four hours each—wholly occupied in whipping in a quorum.

At the first only eleven men were present, at the next, by force of three circulars, twenty-seven; at the third, thanks to two days' canvassing by Auchmuty and myself, begging men to come, we had sixty. Half the others were in Europe. But without a quorum we could do nothing. All the rest of us waited grimly for our four hours, and adjourned without any action. At the fourth meeting we had flagged, and only got fifty-nine together.

But on the first appearance of my double—whom I sent on this fatal Monday to the fifth meeting—he was the *sixty-seventh* man who entered the room. He was greeted with a storm of applause! The poor fellow had missed his way—read the street signs ill through his spectacles (very ill, in fact, without them)—and had not dared to inquire.

He entered the room—finding the president and secretary holding to their chairs two judges of the Supreme Court, who were also members *ex officio*, and were begging leave to go away. On his entrance all was changed. *Presto*, the by-laws were suspended, and the Western property was given away. Nobody stopped to converse with him. He voted, as I had charged him to do in every instance, with the minority. I won new laurels as a man of sense, though a little unpunctual—and Dennis, *alias* Ingham, returned to the parsonage, astonished to see with how little wisdom the world is governed.

He cut a few of my parishioners in the street; but he had his glasses off, and I am known to be near-sighted. Eventually he recognized them more readily than I.

I "set him again" at the exhibition of the New Coventry Academy; and here he undertook a "speaking-part"—as, in my boyish worldly days, I remember the play-bills used to say of Mlle. Celeste. We are all trustees of New Coventry Academy and there has lately been "a good deal of feeling" because the Sandemanian trustees did not regularly attend the exhibitions. It has been intimated, indeed, that the Sandemanians are leaning towards Free-Will, and that we have, therefore, neglected these semiannual exhibitions, while there is no doubt that Auchmuty last year went to the Commencement at Waterville.

Now the head master at New Coventry is a real good fellow, who knows a Sanskrit root when he sees it, and often cracks etymologies with me—so that, in strictness, I ought to go to their exhibitions. But think, reader, of sitting through three long July days in that Academy chapel, following the programme from

TUESDAY MORNING. *English Composition.* "SUNRISE." Miss Jones. round to

Trio on Three Pianos. Duel from the Opera of "Midshipman Easy," *Marryat.*

coming in at nine, Thursday evening!

Think of this, reader, for men who know the world is trying to go backward, and would give their lives if they could help it on! Well! The double had succeeded so well at the Board, that I sent him to the Academy. (Shade of Plato, pardon!) He arrived early on Tuesday, when, indeed, few but mothers and clergymen are generally expected, and returned in the evening to us, covered with honors. He had dined at the right hand of the chairman, and he spoke in high terms of the repast. The chairman had expressed his interest in the French conversation.

"I am very glad you liked it," said Dennis; and the poor chairman, abashed, supposed the accent had been wrong. At the end of the day the gentlemen present had been called upon for speeches—The Rev. Frederic Ingham first, as it happened; upon which Dennis had risen, and had said, "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time." The girls were delighted, because Dr. Dabney, the year before, had given them at this occasion

a scolding on impropriety of behavior at lyceum lectures. They all declared Mr. Ingham was a love,— and so handsome! (Dennis is good-looking.)

Three of them, with arms behind the others' waists, followed him up to the wagon he rode home in; and a little girl with a blue sash had been sent to give him a rosebud. After this début in speaking, he went to the exhibition for two days more, to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned. Indeed, Polly reported that he had pronounced the trustees' dinners of a higher grade than those of the parsonage. When the next term began, I found six of the Academy girls had obtained permission to come across the river and attend our church, for conscientious reasons. But this arrangement did not long continue. After this he went to several Commencements for me, and ate the dinners provided; he sat through three of our Quarterly Conventions for me—always voting judiciously, by the simple rule mentioned above, of siding with the minority.

And I meanwhile, who had before been losing caste among my friends, as holding aloof myself from the associations of the body, began to rise in everybody's favor. "Ingham's a good fellow—always on hand"; "never talks too much, but does the right thing at the right time"; is not as unpunctual as he used to be,—he comes early, and sits through to the end." "He has got over his old talkative habit, too. I spoke to a friend of his about it once; and I think Ingham took it kindly," etc.

This voting power of Dennis was particularly valuable at the quarterly meeting of the proprietors of the Naguadavick Ferry. My wife inherited from her father some shares in that enterprise, which is not yet fully developed, though it doubtless will become a very valuable property. The law of Maine then forbade stock-holders to appear by proxy at such meetings. Polly disliked to go, not being, in fact, "a hens'-rights hen," and transferred her stock to me.

I after going once, disliked it more than she. But Dennis went to the next meeting, and liked it very much. He said the armchairs were good, the collation good, and the free rides to stockholders pleasant. He was a little frightened when they

first took him upon one of the ferry-boats, but after two or three quarterly meetings he became quite brave.

Thus far I never had any difficulty with him. Indeed, being, as I implied, of that type which is called shiftless, he was only too happy to be told daily what to do, and to be charged not to be forthputting or in any way original in his discharge of that duty. He learned, however, to discriminate between the lines of his life, and very much preferred these stockholders' meetings and trustees' dinners and Commencement collations to another set of occasions, from which he used to beg off most piteously.

Our excellent brother, Dr. Fillmore, had taken a notion at this time that our Sandemanian churches needed more expression of mutual sympathy. He insisted upon it that we were remiss. He said, that, if the Bishop came to preach at Naguadavick, all the Episcopal clergy of the neighborhood were present; if Dr. Pond came, all the Congregational clergymen turned out to hear him: if Dr. Nichols, all the Unitarians; and he thought we "owed it to each other" that whenever there was an occasional service at a Sandamanian church, the other brethren should all, if possible, attend.

"It looked well," if nothing more. Now this really meant that I had not been to hear one of Dr. Fillmore's lectures on the "Ethnology of Religion." He forgot that he did not hear one of my course on the "Sandemanianism of Anselm." But I felt badly when he said it; and afterwards I always made Dennis go to hear all the brethren preach, when I was not preaching myself. This was what he took exceptions to,—the only thing, as I said, which he ever did take exception to. Now came the advantage of his long morning nap, and of the green tea with which Polly supplied the kitchen. But he would plead so humbly to be let off, only from one or two! I never excepted him, however. I knew the lectures were of value, and I thought it best he should be able to keep the connection.

Polly is more rash than I am, as the reader has observed in the outset of this memoir. She risked Dennis one night under the eyes of her own sex. Governor Gorges had always been very kind to us, and when he gave his great annual party to

the town, asked us. I confess I hated to go. I was deep in the new volume of Pfeiffer's "Mystics," which Haliburton had just sent me from Boston.

"But how rude," said Polly, "not to return the Governor's civility and Mrs. Gorges's, when they will be sure to ask why you are away!"

Still I demurred, and at last she, with the wit of Eve and of Semiramis conjoined, let me off by saying that, if I would go in with her, and sustain the initial conversations with the Governor and the ladies staying there, she would risk Dennis for the rest of the evening. And that was just what we did. She took Dennis in training all that afternoon, instructed him in fashionable conversation, cautioned him against the temptations of the supper-table—and at nine in the evening he drove us all down in the carryall.

I made the grand star-*entrée* with Polly and the pretty Walton girls, who were staying with us. We had put Dennis into a great rough top-coat, without his glasses; and the girls never dreamed, in the darkness, of looking at him. He sat in the carriage, at the door, while we entered. I did the agreeable to Mrs. Gorges, was introduced to her niece, Miss Fernando; I complimented Judge Jeffries on his decision in the great case of D'Aulnay *vs.* Laconia Mining Company; I stepped into the dressing-room for a moment, stepped out for another, walked home after a nod with Dennis and tying the horse to a pump; and while I walked home, Mr. Frederic Ingham, my double, stepped in through the library into the Gorges's grand saloon.

Oh! Polly died of laughing as she told me of it at midnight! And even here, where I have to teach my hands to hew the beech for stakes to fence our cave, she dies of laughing as she recalls it—and says that single occasion was worth all we have paid for it. Gallant Eve that she is! She joined Dennis at the library-door, and in an instant presented him to Dr. Ochterlony from Baltimore, who was on a visit in town, and was talking with her as Dennis came in. "Mr. Ingham would like to hear what you were telling us about your success among the German population." And Dennis bowed and said, in spite of a scowl from Polly, "I'm very glad you liked it." But Dr. Ochterlony

did not observe, and plunged into the tide of explanation; Dennis listened like a prime minister, and bowing like a mandarin, which is, I suppose, the same thing. Polly declared it was just like Haliburton's Latin conversation with the Hungarian minister, of which he is very fond of telling. "*Quæne sit historia Reformationis in Ungaria?*" quoth Haliburton, after some thought. And his *confrère* replied gallantly, "*In seculo decimo tertio,*" etc.; and from *decimo tertio** to the nineteenth century and a half lasted till the oysters came. So was it that, before Dr. Ochterlony came to the "success" or near it, Governor Gorges came to Dennis, and asked him to hand Mrs. Jeffries down to supper, a request which he heard with great joy.

Polly was skipping round the room—I guess, gay as a lark. Auchmuty came to her "in pity for poor Ingham," who was so bored by the stupid pundit—and Auchmuty could not understand why I stood it so long. But when Dennis took Mrs. Jeffries down, Polly could not resist standing near them. He was a little flustered, till the sight of the eatables and drinkables gave him the same Mercian courage which it gave Diggory. A little excited then, he attempted one or two of his speeches to the Judge's lady. But little he knew how hard it was to get in even a *promptu* there edgewise.

"Very well, I thank you," said he, after the eating elements were adjusted; "and you?" And then did not he have to hear about the mumps, and the measles, and arnica and belladonna, and chamomile-flower, and dodecatheon, till she changed oysters for salad; and then about the old practice and the new, and what her sister said, and what her sisters' friend said, and what the physician to her sister's friend said, and then what was said by the brother of the sister of the physician of the friend of her sister, exactly as if it had been in Ollendorf?

There was a moment's pause, as she declined champagne. "I am very glad you liked it," said Dennis again, which he never should have said but to one who complimented a sermon.

"Oh! you are so sharp, Mr. Ingham! No! I never drink any wine at all—except sometimes in summer a little currant

*Which means, "In the thirteenth century," my dear little bell-and-coral reader. You have rightly guessed that the question means "What is the history of the reformation in Hungary?"

shrub—from our own currants, you know. My own mother—that is, I call her my own mother, because, you know, I do not remember,” etc.; till they came to the candied orange at the end of the feast, when Dennis, rather confused, thought he must say something, and tried No. 4—“I agree, in general, with my friend on the other side of the room”—which he never should have said but at a public meeting. But Mrs. Jeffries, who never listens excepting to understand, caught him up instantly with, “Well, I’m sure my husband returns the compliment; he always agrees with you—though we do worship with the Methodists; but you know, Mr. Ingham,” etc., till the move up-stairs; and as Dennis led her through the hall, he was scarcely understood by any but Polly, as he said, “there has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time.”

His great resource the rest of the evening was standing in the library, carrying on animated conversations with one and another in much the same way. Polly had initiated him in the mysteries of a discovery of mine, that it is not necessary to finish your sentences in a crowd, but by a sort of mumble, omitting sibilants and dentals. This, indeed, if your words fail you, answers even in public extempore speech, but better where other talking is going on.

Thus: “We missed you at the Natural History Society, Ingham.” Ingham replies, “I am very gligloglum, that is, that you were mmmmm.”

By gradually dropping the voice, the interlocutor is compelled to supply the answer. “Mrs. Ingham, I hope your friend Augusta is better.” Augusta has not been ill. Polly cannot think of explaining, however, and answers, “Thank you ma’am; she is very reararou wewahwewoh,” in lower and lower tones.

And Mrs. Throckmorton, who forgot the subject of which she spoke as soon as she asked the question, is quite satisfied. Dennis could see into the card-room, and came to Polly to ask if he might not go and play all-fours. But, of course, she sternly refused. A clergyman! impossible! At midnight they came home delighted—Polly, as I said, wild to tell me the story of

the victory; only both the pretty Walton girls said, "Cousin Frederic, you did not come near me all the evening."

We always called him Dennis at home, for convenience, though his real name was Frederic Ingham, as I have explained. When the election-day came around, however, I found that by some accident, there was only one Frederic Ingham's name on the voting list; and as I was quite busy that day in writing some foreign letters to Halle, I thought I would forego my privilege of suffrage, and stay quietly at home; telling Dennis that he might use the record on the voting list and vote.

I gave him a ticket, which I told him he might use, if he liked to. That was that very sharp election in Maine, and it had been intimated in public that the ministers would do well not to appear at the polls. Of course, after that, we had to appear by self or proxy. Still, Naguadavick was not then a city, and this standing in a double queue at town-meeting several hours to vote was a bore of the first water; and so, when I found that there was but one Frederic Ingham on the list, and that one of us must give up, I stayed at home, and finished the letters (which, indeed, procured for Fothergil his coveted appointment of Professor of Astronomy at Leavenworth), and I gave Dennis, as we called him, the chance. Something in the matter gave a good deal of popularity to the Frederic Ingham name; and at the adjourned election, next week, Frederic Ingham was chosen to the legislature.

Whether this were I or Dennis, I never really knew. My friends seemed to think it was I; but I felt that, as Dennis had done the popular thing, he was entitled to the honor; so I sent him to Augusta when the time came, and he took the oaths. And a very valuable member he made. They appointed him on the Committee on Parishes; but I wrote a letter for him, resigning on the ground that he had an interest in our claim to the stumpage in the minister's sixteenths of Gore A, next No. 7, in the tenth Range. He never made any speeches, and always voted with the minority, which was what he was sent to do. He made me and himself a great many good friends, some of whom I did not afterwards recognize as quickly as Dennis did my parishioners.

On one or two occasions, when there was wood to saw at home, I kept him at home; but I took those occasions to go to Augusta myself. Finding myself often in his vacant seat at these times, I watched the proceedings with a good deal of care; and once was so much excited that I delivered my somewhat celebrated speech on the Central School-District question, a speech of which the "State of Maine" printed some extra copies. I believe there is no formal rule permitting strangers to speak; but no one objected.

Dennis himself, as I said, never spoke at all. But our experience this session led me to think that, if, by some such "general understanding" as the reports speak of in legislation daily, every member of Congress might leave a double to sit through those deadly sessions, and answer to roll-calls, and do the legitimate party-voting, which appears stereotyped in the regular alphabetical list of Ashe, Bocock, Black, etc., we should gain decidedly in working-power. As things stand, the saddest State prison I ever visit is that Representatives' Chamber in Washington. If a man leaves for an hour, twenty "Correspondents" may be howling. "Where was Mr. Pendergrast when the Oregon bill passed?" And if poor Mr. Pendergrast stays there! Certainly the worst use you can make of a man is to put him in prison!

I know, indeed, that public men of the highest rank have resorted to this expedient long ago. Dumas's novel of the "Iron Mask" turns on the brutal imprisonment of Louis the Fourteenth's double. There seems little doubt, in our own history, that it was the real General Pierce who shed tears when the delegate from Lawrence explained to him the sufferings of the people there, and only General Pierce's double who had given the orders for the assault on that town, which was invaded the next day.

My charming friend, George Withers, has, I am almost sure, a double, who preaches his afternoon sermons for him. This is the reason that the theology often varies so from that of the forenoon. But that double is almost as charming as the original. Some of the most well-defined men, who stand out most prominently on the background of history, are in this

way stereoscopic men, who owe their distinct relief to the slight differences between the doubles. All this I know. My present suggestion is simply the great extension of the system, so that all public machine-work may be done by it.

But I see I loiter on my story, which is rushing to the plunge. Let me stop an instant more, however, to recall, were it only to myself, that charming year while all was yet well. After the double had become a matter of course, for nearly twelve months before he undid me, what a year it was! Full of active life, full of happy love, of the hardest work, of the sweetest sleep and the fulfilment of so many of the fresh aspirations and dreams of boyhood! Dennis went to every school-committee meeting, and sat through all those late wranglings which used keep me up till midnight and awake till morning.

Dennis attended all the lectures to which foreign exiles sent me tickets, begging me to come for the love of Heaven and of Bohemia. Dennis accepted and used all the tickets for charity concerts which were sent to me. Dennis appeared everywhere where it was specially desirable that "our denomination," or "our party," or "our class," or "our family," or "our street," or "our town," or "our county," or "our state," should be fully represented.

And I fell back to that charming life which in boyhood one dreams of, when he supposes he shall do his own duty and make his own sacrifices without being tied up with those of other people. My rusty Sanskrit, Arabic, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and English began to take polish. Heavens! how little I had done with them while I attended to my *public* duties! My calls on my parishioners became the friendly, frequent, homelike sociabilities they were meant to be, instead of the hard work of a man goaded to desperation by the sight of his lists of arrears. And preaching! what a luxury preaching was, when I had on Sunday the whole result of an individual, personal week, from which to speak to a people whom all that week I had been meeting as hand-to-hand friend—I, never tired on Sunday, and in condition to leave the sermon at home if I chose, and preach it extempore, as all men should do always.

Indeed, I wonder, when I think that a sensible people like ours—really more attached to their clergy than they were in the lost days, when the Mathers and Nortons were noblemen—should choose to neutralize so much of their ministers' lives, and destroy so much of their early training, by this undefined passion for seeing them in public. It springs from our balancing of sects. If a spirited Episcopalian takes an interest in the almshouse, and is put on the Poor-Board, every other "denomination" must have a minister there, lest the poorhouse be changed into St. Paul's Cathedral. If a Sandemanian is chosen president of the Young Men's Library, there must be a Methodist vice-president and a Baptist secretary. And if a Universalist Sunday-School Convention collects five hundred delegates, the next Congregational Sabbath-School Conference must be as large, "lest 'they'—whoever *they* may be—should think 'we'—whoever *we* may be—are going down."

Freed from these necessities, that happy year, I began to know my wife by sight. We saw each other sometimes. In those long mornings, when Dennis was in the study explaining to map-peddlers that I had eleven maps of Jerusalem already, and to school-book agents that I would see them hanged before I would be bribed to introduce their text-books into the schools—she and I were at work together, as in those old dreamy days—and in these of our log-cabin again. But all this could not last—and at length poor Dennis, my double, overtaken in turn, undid me.

It was thus it happened. There is an excellent fellow, once a minister—I will call him Isaacs—who deserves well of the world till he dies and after, because he once, in a real exigency, did the right thing, in the right way, at the right time, as no other man could do it.

In the world's great football match,* the ball by chance found him loitering on the outside of the field; he closed with it, "camped" it, charged it home—yes, right through the other side—not disturbed, not frightened by his own success—and breathless found himself a great man, as the Great Delta rang applause. But he did not find himself a rich man; and the

*In the days of sides before there were elevens.

football has never come in his way again. From that moment to this moment he has been of no use, that one can see at all. Still, for that great act we speak of Isaacs gratefully, and remember him kindly; and he forges on, hoping to meet the football somewhere again. In that vague hope, he had arranged a "movement" for a general organization of the human family into Debating-Clubs, County Societies, State Unions, etc., with a view of inducing all children to take hold of the handles of their knives and forks, instead of the metal. Children have bad habits in that way. The movement, of course, was absurd; but we all did our best to forward, not it, but him. It came time for the annual county-meeting on this subject to be held at Naguadavick. Isaacs came round, good fellow! to arrange for it—got the town hall, got the Governor to preside (the saint!—he ought to have triplet doubles provided him by law), and then came to me to speak.

"No," I said, "I would not speak, if ten Governors presided. I do not believe in the enterprise. If I spoke, it should be to say children should take hold of the prongs of the fork and the blades of the knives. I would subscribe ten dollars but I would not speak a mill."

So poor Isaacs went his way sadly, to coax Auchmuty to speak, and Delafield. I went out. Not long after he came back, and told Polly that they had promised to speak, the Governor would speak, and he himself would close with the quarterly report and some interesting anecdotes regarding Miss Biffin's way of handling her knife and Mr. Nellis's way of footing his fork.

"Now if Mr. Ingham will only come and sit on the platform, he need not say one word; but it will show well in the paper—it will show that the Sandemanians take as much interest in the movement as the Armenians or the Mesopotamians, and will be a great favor to me." Polly, good soul! was tempted, and she promised. She knew Mrs. Isaacs was starving, and the babies—she knew Dennis was at home—and she promised! Night came, and I returned. I heard her story. I was sorry. I doubted. But Polly had promised to beg me, and I dared all! I told Dennis to hold his peace under all circumstances, and sent him down.

It was not half an hour more before he returned, wild with excitement—in a perfect Irish fury—which it was long before I understood. But I knew at once that he had undone me!

What happened was this. The audience got together attracted by Governor Gorges's name. He was then on the top notch of his popularity. There were a thousand people. Poor Gorges was late from Augusta. They became impatient. He came in direct from the train at last, really ignorant of the object of the meeting. He opened it in the fewest possible words, and said other gentlemen were present who would entertain them better than he. The audience were disappointed, but waited. The Governor, prompted by Isaacs, said:

"The Honorable Mr. Delafield will address you." Delafield! He had forgotten the knives and forks, and was playing the Ruy Lopez opening at the chess-club. "The Rev. Mr. Auchmuty will address you."

Auchmuty had said he should be late, and was at the school committee. "I see Dr. Stearns in the hall; perhaps he will say a word." Dr. Stearns was "mad" because he had not been invited, and said he had come to listen and not to speak. The Governor and Isaacs whispered. The Governor looked at Dennis, who was resplendent on the platform; but Isaacs, to give him his due, shook his head. But the look was enough. A miserable lad, ill-bred, who had once been in Boston, thought it would sound well to call for me, and peeped out, "Ingham!"

A few more wretches cried, "Ingham! Ingham!" Still Isaacs was firm; but the Governor, anxious, indeed, to prevent a row, knew I would say something, and said, "Our friend Mr. Ingham is always prepared; and, though we had not relied upon him, he will say a word perhaps."

Applause followed, which turned Dennis's head. He rose, fluttered, and tried No. 3: "There has been so much said, and, on the whole so well said, that I will not longer occupy the time!" and sat down, looking for his hat; for things seemed squally.

But the people cried, "Go on! go on!" and some applauded. Dennis, still confused, but flattered by the applause, to which neither he nor I are used, rose again, and this time tried No. 2:

"I am very glad you liked it!" in a sonorous, clear delivery. My best friends stared.

All the people who did not know me personally yelled with delight at the aspect of the evening; the Governor was beside himself, and poor Isaacs thought he was undone! Alas, it was I! The same boy in the gallery cried in a loud tone, "It's all an infernal humbug," just as Dennis, waving his hand, commanded silence, and tried No. 4: "I agree in general with my friend on the other side of the room."

The poor Governor doubted his senses, and crossed to stop him—not in time, however. The same gallery boy shouted, "How's your mother?" and Dennis, now completely lost, tried as his last shot No. 1, vainly: "Very well, thank you; and you?"

I think I must have been undone already. But Dennis, like another Lockhard, chose "to make sicker." The audience rose in a whirl of amazement, rage, and sorrow. Some other impertinence aimed at Dennis broke all restraint, and in pure Irish, he delivered himself of an address to the gallery, inviting any person who wished to fight so come down and do so—stating that they were all dogs and cowards and the sons of dogs and cowards—and that he would take any five of them single-handed. "Shure, I have said all his Riverence and the misthress bade me say," cried he in defiance; and seizing the Governor's cane from his hand, brandished it, quarter-staff fashion, above his head. He was, indeed, got from the hall only with the greatest difficulty by the Governor, the City Marshal, who had been called in, and the Superintendent of my Sunday-School.

The universal impression, of course, was that the Rev. Frederic Ingham had lost all command of himself in some of those haunts of intoxication which for fifteen years I have been laboring to destroy. Till this moment, indeed, that is the impression in Naguadavick. This little confession will relieve from it a hundred friends of mine who have been sadly wounded by that notion now for years; but I shall not be likely ever to show my head there again.

No! My double has undone me.

TINY TIM

(From "*A Christmas Carol*")

By CHARLES DICKENS

ADAPTED BY L. L. WEEDON

THERE was once a very disagreeable old man named Scrooge. This man, unlike any one else I ever met, actually disliked Christmas.

He grumbled when he was wished "A Merry Christmas," and he grumbled when charitable folks, knowing how rich he was, asked him for a subscription to a fund which was to be spent upon trying to make poor people happy at Christmas time; but most of all he grumbled at his poor clerk, Bob Cratchit, because he expected to take a holiday upon Christmas Day.

Bob Cratchit sat all day long in a dismal little cell, opening out of Scrooge's counting-house, copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire; but the clerk's was so much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he could not replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel he was told that it would be necessary for him and his master to part. So poor Bob put on his long white comforter—he had no overcoat—and tried to warm himself at the candle.

When the time came for shutting up the counting-house Scrooge bade Bob be sure he came earlier the morning after Christmas day to make up for the waste of time, and then the surly fellow went away to eat his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy way, while his clerk ran home to Camden Town to play at blindman's buff with his children, in honor of its being Christmas.

Bob had but fifteen shillings a week; but in spite of that he was a richer man than his master, for his humble home was

blessed with love and peace, and no one can be really poor to whom God has given those rich blessings.

Scrooge, after he had eaten his dinner, went home to the dismal chambers where he lived, and went to bed without a tender or a loving thought of any one. But the good spirit who walks the earth at Christmas time, stole to his bedside and carried him away in his dreams to his poor clerk's humble home. And now I am going to tell you what Scrooge saw, or thought he saw, as he stood beside the spirit of Christmas on that cold and foggy Christmas Eve.

Christmas morning in Bob Cratchit's little four-roomed house.

Mrs. Cratchit, dressed out gaily in ribbons that are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence, laid the cloth for dinner, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and two smaller Cratchits came tearing in screaming that they had smelt their goose cooking outside the baker's shop.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

But at that moment in came Martha, and before her mother had finished kissing her, the two young Cratchits announced "Father's coming!" and Martha ran to hide.

In came Bob, with at least three feet of comforter hanging down before him, and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed to look seasonable, and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas! for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame.

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming?" repeated Bob, his high spirits sinking rapidly; for he had been Tim's horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming, upon Christmas Day!"

Martha could not bear to see her father disappointed, even in joke, so she popped out from behind the cupboard door,



BOB CRATCHIT AND TINY TIM

and while Bob was hugging his daughter, Tiny Tim was borne off by his little brother and sister to listen to the pudding bubbling in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave in church?" asked Mrs. Cratchit.

"As good as gold and better," said Bob. "Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was trembling when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back he came to sit upon a little stool before the fire, while Peter and the two youngest Cratchits went off to fetch the goose that was cooking at the baker's shop.

And when at length everything was ready and set out upon the table, Mrs. Cratchit plunged the carving-knife into the gallant bird, and then, oh, what a delicious odor of sage and onions filled the air! A murmur of delight went all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife and feebly cried "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was its equal in tenderness, flavor, size, and cheapness. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for them all; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said, pointing to one small bone upon the dish, they had not eaten it all.

But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done; suppose somebody should have stolen it while they were merry with the goose! The two young Cratchits turned pale at the thought.

Hallo! A great smell of washing-day, and then in came

Mrs. Cratchit bearing the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, and all ablaze.

It was a wonderful pudding, they all said so, and when it had all been eaten up, to the very last morsel, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. Oranges and apples were placed upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth and Bob served out to them some sweet hot stuff that he had mixed in a jug. Then Bob proposed:

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears! God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, and Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

Then Bob proposed another toast: "Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"Mr. Scrooge, indeed," cried Mrs. Cratchit, indignantly, "I wish I had him here, I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon!"

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas Day!"

"It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such a stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge! You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow."

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas Day!"

And so, because it was Christmas Day, the day of peace and good will to all men, they drank "Long life to Scrooge!"

And Scrooge, who with the Spirit of Christmas was watching them in his dreams, was touched. He pointed to Tiny Tim, with an interest he had never felt before, and asked: "Tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

"I see a vacant seat," replied the Spirit, "in the poor chimney-corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved."

"Oh! no, no," cried Scrooge. "Oh! no, kind Spirit! say he will be spared."

And when the Spirit reminded him of his own words, spoken

that very day, how he had said there were too many poor in the world, adding that should Tiny Tim die, he would make one less, then Scrooge hung his head with shame and was overcome with penitence and grief.

When he raised his eyes, the vision of the happy little family party was fading rapidly away; very soon another vision took its place.

Once more he was in poor Bob Cratchit's house, and found the mother and the children seated round the fire.

It was quiet, very quiet, the noisy little Cratchits were as still as mice in one corner, and sat looking at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were sewing busily.

"And He took a little child, and set him in the midst of them," Peter read from the book before him.

The mother laid her work upon the table, and put her hand up to her face.

"The color hurts my eyes," she said.

The color? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!

"They're better now again," she said. "It makes them weak by candle-light; and I wouldn't show red eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time."

"Past it rather," Peter answered, shutting up his book. "But I think he has walked a little slower than he used, these last few evenings, mother."

They were very quiet again. At last she said, in a steady, cheerful voice, that only faltered once:

"I have known him walk with—I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed."

"And so have I," cried Peter. "Often."

"And so have I," exclaimed another. So had all.

"But he was very light to carry," she said, intent upon her work, "and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble. Ah! there is your father at the door."

She hurried out to meet him, and Bob in his comforter—he had need of it, poor fellow,—came in.

His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who

should help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his 'knees, and laid each child a little cheek against his face, as if they said, "Don't mind it, father. Don't be grieved!"

Bob tried to be very cheerful with them all, and looked at the work, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls.

He told them that he had that day been to choose the spot where they should lay Tiny Tim to rest. It was very green, he said.

Then he broke down all at once. He couldn't help it—If he could have helped it, he and his child would have been farther apart perhaps than they were.

"My little, little child!" he cried. "My little child!"

He left the room and went upstairs into the room above, which was lighted cheerfully and hung with holly still.

There was a chair set close beside the child, and Bob sat down in it, and when he had thought a little and composed himself, he kissed the little face.

Then he went downstairs again, happier. He spoke to them all about poor Tiny Tim, and said how they would never forget the first parting among them.

"Never, father," they all cried.

"And I know," said Bob, "I know, my dears, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was—although he was a little, little child—we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves, and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it."

"No, never, father!" they all cried again, and kissed and hung about him, so that they might comfort him.

And at the tender sight, Scrooge's heart melted, and became as soft as it had been hard before.

Tears gushed from his eyes, for he remembered, alas! too late, that *he* might have helped to save poor Tiny Tim. He thought with anguish of the meager salary he had paid poor Bob, and of all that money might have done to save the little child. Too late! Too late!

* * * * *

But *was* it too late? Scrooge sat up in bed and rubbed

his eyes. He had only been dreaming after all. But what a change the dream had wrought in him.

He dressed himself so quickly that he put his clothes on wrong side out, and got entangled in his stockings.

But he didn't mind that, not he. He rushed into his sitting-room, and, flinging open the window, called to a boy in Sunday clothes who was passing:

"What's to-day?" for Scrooge had no idea how long he had been sleeping.

"To-day!" replied the boy. "Why, Christmas Day."

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it."

"Hallo! my fine fellow!"

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the poulterer's in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the boy.

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize turkey: the big one?"

"What the one as big as me?" returned the boy. "It's hanging there now."

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

The boy couldn't believe at first that Scrooge really meant it; but when he was promised half a crown if the poulterer was at the door with that turkey in less than five minutes, why then that boy was off like a shot.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's," whispered Scrooge, hugging himself with delight. "It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. He sha'n't know who sends it. What a joke it will be!"

When the turkey came, oh! *what* a bird it was! So large that it surely never *could* have stood upon its legs or they would have been snapped short off like sealing-wax.

"It's impossible to carry that to Camden Town; you must have a cab," said Scrooge.

He chuckled as he said this, and he chuckled as he paid for the turkey and recompensed the boy.

Then he dressed himself again, "all in his best," and as he

walked through the streets on his way to church, he looked such a smiling, pleasant fellow, that three or four passers-by wished him "A merry Christmas."

After church he went to visit a relative whom he had snubbed heartily only the day before, for wishing him "A merry Christmas."

"I've come to dinner; will you let me in?" he said.

Let him in! It was a mercy his arm was not shaken off in the welcome he received.

Oh, what a Christmas Day Scrooge spent! But though he went to bed late he was up early the next morning. He had set his heart upon catching Bob Cratchit coming late.

And so he did. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob.

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge, "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer, and therefore—I am about to raise your salary."

Bob thought his master must be out of his senses until Scrooge told him, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, how he not only meant to raise his salary, but to help his struggling family too. Then he bade him make up the fires and go and buy another coal-scuttle before he did a stroke of work.

Scrooge did all he had promised, and infinitely more. As to Tiny Tim, who did *not* die, not he, but lived and flourished mightily, Scrooge became a second father to him.

And there wasn't a better friend, a better master, or a better man in the whole city, than he who had once said he hated Christmas; but who, having learnt to love it, kept it as it should be kept, by bringing happiness into the lives of those less rich in wordly goods than he, remembering that in the sight of the dear Lord of Christmas we are all one family, and praying in the words of Tiny Tim,

"God Bless Us, Every One!"

THE CRUISE OF THE CORACLE

(From "*Treasure Island*")

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

IT was broad day when I awoke, and found myself tossing at the southwest end of Treasure Island. The sun was up, but was still hid from me behind the great bulk of the Spy-glass, which on this side descended almost to the sea in formidable cliffs.

Haulbowline Head and Mizzenmast Hill were at my elbow; the hill bare and dark, the head bound with cliffs forty or fifty feet high, and fringed with great masses of fallen rock. I was scarce a quarter of a mile to seaward, and it was my first thought to paddle in and land.

That notion was soon given over. Among the fallen rocks the breakers spouted and bellowed; loud reverberations, heavy sprays flying and falling, succeeded one another from second to second; and I saw myself, if I ventured nearer, dashed to death upon the rough shore, or spending my strength in vain to scale the beetling crags.

Nor was that all; for crawling together on flat tables of rock, or letting themselves drop into the sea with loud reports, I beheld huge slimy monsters—soft snails, as it were, of incredible bigness—two or three score of them together, making the rocks to echo with their barkings.

I have understood since that they were sea-lions, and entirely harmless. But the look of them, added to the difficulty of the shore and the high running of the surf, was more than enough to disgust me of that landing-place. I felt willing rather to starve at sea than to confront such perils.

In the meantime I had a better chance, as I supposed, before me. North of Haulbowline Head, the land runs in a long way, leaving, at low tide, a long stretch of yellow sand. To the north

of that, again, there comes another cape—Cape of the Woods, as it was marked upon the chart—buried in tall green pines, which descended to the margin of the sea.

I remembered what Silver had said about the current that sets northward along the whole west coast of Treasure Island; and seeing from my position that I was already under its influence, I preferred to leave Haulbowline Head behind me, and reserve my strength for an attempt to land upon the kindlier-looking Cape of the Woods.

There was a great, smooth swell upon the sea. The wind blowing steady and gentle from the south, there was no contrariety between that and the current, and the billows rose and fell unbroken.

Had it been otherwise, I must long ago have perished; but as it was, it is surprising how easily and securely my little and light boat could ride. Often, as I still lay at the bottom, and kept no more than an eye above the gunwale, I would see a big blue summit heaving close above me; yet the coracle would but bounce a little, dance as if on springs, and subside on the other side into the trough as lightly as a bird.

I began after a little to grow very bold, and sat up to try my skill at paddling. But even a small change in the disposition of the weight will produce violent changes in the behavior of a coracle. And I had hardly moved before the boat, giving up at once her gentle dancing movement, ran straight down a slope of water so steep that it made me giddy, and struck her nose, with a spout of spray, deep into the side of the next wave.

I was drenched and terrified, and fell instantly back into my old position, whereupon the coracle seemed to find her head again, and led me as softly as before among the billows. It was plain she was not to be interfered with, and at that rate since I could in no way influence her course, what hope had I left of reaching land?

I began to be horribly frightened, but I kept my head, for all that. First, moving with all care, I gradually baled out the coracle with my sea-cap; then getting my eye once more above the gunwale, I set myself to study how it was she managed to slip so quietly through the rollers.

I found each wave, instead of the big, smooth, glossy mountain it looks from shore, or from a vessel's deck, was for all the world like any range of hills on the dry land, full of peaks and smooth places and valleys. The coracle, left to herself, turning from side to side, threaded, so to speak, her way through these lower parts, and avoided the steep slopes and higher, toppling summits of the waves.

"Well, now," thought I to myself, "it is plain I must lie where I am, and not disturb the balance; but it is plain, also, that I can put the paddle over the side, and from time to time, in smooth places, give her a shove or two towards land." No sooner thought upon than done. There I lay on my elbows, in the most trying attitude, and every now and again gave a weak stroke or two to turn her head to shore.

It was very tiring, and slow to work, yet I did visibly gain ground; and, as we drew near the Cape of the Woods, though I saw I must infallibly miss that point, I had still made some hundred yards of easting. I was, indeed, close in. I could see the cool, green tree-tops swaying together in the breeze, and I felt sure I should make the next promontory without fail.

It was high time, for I now began to be tortured with thirst. The glow of the sun from above, its thousandfold reflection from the waves, the sea-water that fell and dried upon me, caking my very lips with salt, combined to make my throat burn and my brain ache. The sight of the trees so near at hand had almost made me sick with longing; but the current had soon carried me past the point; and, as the next reach of sea opened out, I beheld a sight that changed the nature of my thoughts.

Right in front of me, not half a mile away, I beheld the "*Hispaniola*" under sail. I made sure, of course, that I should be taken; but I was so distressed for want of water, that I scarce knew whether to be glad or sorry at the thought; and, long before I had come to a conclusion, surprise had taken entire possession of my mind, and I could do nothing but stare and wonder.

The "*Hispaniola*" was under her mainsail and two jibs,

and the beautiful white canvas shone in the sun like snow or silver. When I first sighted her, all her sails were drawing; she was lying a course about northwest; and I presumed the men on board were going round the island on their way back to the anchorage. Presently she began to fetch more and more to the westward, so that I thought they had sighted me and were going about in chase. At last, however, she fell right into the wind's eye, was taken dead aback, and stood there a while helpless, with her sails shivering.

"Clumsy fellows," said I; "they must still be drunk as owls." And I thought how Captain Smollett would have set them skipping.

Meanwhile, the schooner gradually fell off, and filled again upon another tack, sailed swiftly for a minute or so, and brought up once more dead in the wind's eye. Again and again was this repeated. To and fro, up and down, north, south, east, and west, the "*Hispaniola*" sailed by swoops and dashes, and at each repetition ended as she had begun, with idly-flapping canvas. It became plain to me that nobody was steering. And, if so, where were the men? Either they were dead drunk, or had deserted her, I thought, and perhaps if I could get on board, I might return the vessel to her captain.

The current was bearing coracle and schooner southward at an equal rate. As for the latter's sailing, it was so wild and intermittent, and she hung each time so long in stays, that she certainly gained nothing, if she did not even lose. If only I dared to sit up and paddle, I made sure that I could overhaul her. The scheme had an air of adventure that inspired me, and the thought of the water beaker beside the fore companion doubled my growing courage.

Up I got, was welcomed almost instantly by another cloud of spray, but this time stuck to my purpose; and set myself, with all my strength and caution, to paddle after the unsteered "*Hispaniola*." Once I shipped a sea so heavy that I had to stop and bale, with my heart fluttering like a bird; but gradually I got into the way of the thing, and guided my coracle among the waves, with only now and then a blow upon her bows and a dash of foam in my face.

I was now gaining rapidly on the schooner; I could see the brass glisten on the tiller as it banged about; and still no soul appeared upon her decks. I could not choose but suppose she was deserted. If not, the men were lying drunk below, where I might batten them down, perhaps, and do what I chose with the ship.

For some time she had been doing the worst thing possible for me—standing still. She headed nearly due south, yawing, of course, all the time. Each time she fell off her sails partly filled, and these brought her, in a moment, right to the wind again. I have said this was the worst thing possible for me; for helpless as she looked in this situation, with the canvas cracking like cannon, and the blocks trundling and banging on the deck, she still continued to run away from me, not only with the speed of the current, but by the whole amount of her leeway, which was naturally great.

But now, at last, I had my chance. The breeze fell, for some seconds, very low, and the current gradually turning her, the "*Hispaniola*" revolved slowly round her center, and at last presented me her stern, with the cabin window still gaping open, and the lamp over the table still burning on into the day. The mainsail hung drooped like a banner. She was stock-still, but for the current.

For the last little while I had even lost; but now redoubling my efforts, I began once more to overhaul the chase.

I was not a hundred yards from her when the wind came again in a clap; she filled on the port tack, and was off again, stooping and skimming like a swallow.

My first impulse was one of despair, but my second was towards joy. Round she came, till she was broadside on to me—round still till she had covered a half, and then two-thirds, and then three-quarters of the distance that separated us. I could see the waves boiling white under her forefoot. Immensely tall she looked to me from my low station in the coracle.

And then, of a sudden, I began to comprehend. I had scarce time to think—scarce time to act and save myself. I was on the summit of one swell when the schooner came stooping over the next. The bowsprit was over my head. I sprang to

my feet, and leaped, stamping the coracle under water. With one hand I caught the jib-boom, while my foot was lodged between the stay and the brace; and as I still clung there panting, a dull blow told me that the schooner had charged down upon and struck the coracle, and that I was left without retreat on the "Hispaniola."

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR

By CHARLES DICKENS

THERE was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another, sometimes, supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh very, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked

sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to Heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O, sister, I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come;

and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken word he stretched his tiny form out on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the open star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O, sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son!"

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "O, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader: "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is around my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago:

"I see the star!"

They whispered one to another, "He is dying."

And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened, to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

ANIMAL STORIES

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ANIMAL STORIES FOR LITTLE FOLKS

A FIELD-MOUSE TALE

BY VIRGINIA BENNETT

I

WHEN a little boy named Laurie once went to stay for a while with his aunt Laura and Uncle Sam at their beautiful farm, he found many things to surprise and interest him.

"What happens to the seeds, Aunt Laura, when you put them in the ground?" asked Laurie as one day in the flower-garden he watched her make little gutters and holes to drop them in, and tenderly cover them with earth.

"They lie there with the warm sun shining on them, and the rain moistening them, until they open, and the flowers creep up, Laurie," explained Aunt Laura.

"Yes, but I would like to see what happens underneath," said Laurie seriously, "and watch the underground part of the flowers and seeds."

"You'll have to visit the mole, or the field-mouse for that," said Aunt Laura, looking up at him from under the shade of her sunbonnet, with an odd little smile.

"Could Aunt Laura mean that," thought Laurie, "or is she only laughing at me?"

"Oh, I should like that, ever so much—to visit the field-mice I mean—they're such cunning little creatures; I don't think I should care to visit the mole though," he added, "they're such stupid creatures, and can't see anything." Just then Laurie gave a slight start—something was moving under his feet; he felt the ground sway and lift him unsteadily for a moment, and then settle back into place again.

"Oh, Aunt Laura, look!" he exclaimed, pointing to a broad ridge of earth that now ran through the garden, "What is that?"

"Why it's a molehill, Laurie," and Aunt Laura shook her head; "I thought the moles had all left the garden long ago. I haven't known of any being here for years and years, though Uncle Sam did tell me there were some down in the orchard." "I wonder if the mole could have heard what I said about him just now," said Laurie, "he almost upset me when he ran past."

"It's best never to say anything about anybody, unless it's kind," replied Aunt Laura gently.

II

Perhaps you wonder, children, how a little boy in a flower-garden has anything to do with a mouse story, but we shall come to that in a little while. It was partly his being in the flower-garden, and wondering about the seeds, that made Laurie curious to see what was at the other end of the mouse-hole, but you must wait and hear about things just as they happened to him.

After helping Aunt Laura in the garden, Laurie asked her if he might gather the eggs that the hens had laid. He had been some time at the farm and knew where to hunt for them, although some of the hens always selected the most out-of-the-way places; when he had gathered the eggs for the first time, he had brought in a nest-egg. Now you must know nest-eggs are made of china—but Aunt Laura did not smile a bit, and said "most likely the Cochinchina hen had laid it."

Of course he knew better now, and laughed when he thought of Aunt Laura's joke; but it was always a pleasant task—in and out among the currant-bushes, peeping into the nests ranged along the high fence, then into the old wagon-shed, where sometimes "Biddy" would leave an egg tucked in the straw in the bottom of the big farm-wagon, then into the hay-mow, where there were sure to be three or four white eggs laid in the straw. Laurie loved to go into the barn, there was always something to see—either one of the horses to hold an ear of corn to, and

watch him bite off the grains with his great white teeth, or a little calf to be petted and stroked.

He stopped for a moment to pet the baby calf, then started on to where he knew the brown hen always laid an egg in the clover under the dim rafters.

Just as he was about to pass through one of the oaken doorways, he stopped suddenly, for a huge spider-web was spun across it. "Oh, dear!" he exclaimed half aloud, and then he gave a little shriek, for something soft and furry jumped from a beam, ran lightly across his shoulders, dropped to the floor, and scurried off.

"Only a mouse, and how it frightened me!" he exclaimed in amused contempt, now that he saw it was really nothing to shriek about, only he had been startled at first—"but, oh dear!" he added, this time in a puzzled tone, "I must have somehow or other turned around—or where am I?"

He was still in the barn, for there was the hay all about, but he seemed to be in a sort of covered passage, that led right through the hay-mow. He looked up, and there was the spider-web still hanging above; it was much larger than an ordinary spider-web, and had writing on it like a railroad map.

"Why, it is a map," exclaimed Laurie, "I never knew that before,—that spider-webs were maps. I wonder what some of the names of the places are," and looking closer he read, "Ant-hill, Underwood, Molehill, Mousedale, Undercliff," and instead of Suburban Lines it read Subterranean Lines.

"I wonder which road I must go by to get under the garden?" Laurie said aloud, in a puzzled voice.

"You can't go by any road," said a voice beside him, and turning round, Laurie saw an old spider, who was evidently the ticket-agent, for he wore a gray uniform. "You can't go by any road," he repeated.

"You go along this road," and he pointed to one of the lines on the map. "Go straight ahead until you come to the garden, and be sure to leave the road behind you; don't take it with you when you get there," he called after him, for by this time Laurie had started to run, and was quite far along the passage.

Laurie kept on running and running, and did not stop until

he was quite out of breath; in his fright he had not noticed whether he had passed any sign posts or not—so that he had no idea where he now was. “Surely it must lead somewhere,” he thought, “and anyway, I might just as well go out of the barn this way even though I’ve never been through here before.”

On and on he walked. It was certainly a very long passage, but it did not go out of the barn as he thought it would; instead it sloped gently downward, gradually growing darker and darker. There was a strong odor of cheese-rinds in the air, and the floor was quite slippery. “Maybe I have dropped into a mouse-hole, thought Laurie.

“Oh, I wonder,” he said to himself, “if I go in far enough, maybe I can see what happens to seeds and flowers underground—I must be underground now,” for by this time, though there was still a strong smell of cheese, it was earthy and quiet and still, as if no breeze could blow there.

“I wonder where this can go to,” thought Laurie, “it’s strange, I’ve never seen this passage before. Why I ought to know my way about the barn.”

“Not strange at all,” said a voice beside him; and looking round, he saw the same Mouse, only much larger now. “Not strange at all,” the Mouse replied, shaking his head, “you haven’t seen half of the farm; that is,” he added, “you haven’t seen half as much as you might have seen, if you would only use your eyes.”

“Well, I wish you wouldn’t hear everything I say—when I talk aloud anyway” answered Laurie crossly,—“all the animals on the farm seem to know what I’m thinking and it’s very rude of them!”

“It’s your own fault if they are rude,” answered the Mouse, “how would you like it if some one were always calling you idle, and stupid and didn’t believe you ever had any work to do?—So I’m only a mouse, am I—indeed!”

The Mouse was extremely indignant. Laurie felt that he must say something to get him in a good humor again, so in his most polite way he said, “Well I shall be very much obliged to you if you will tell me where this road leads to, for I haven’t the slightest idea where I am.”

III

"It leads to a great many places," said the Mouse; "for instance, I am on my way to see my cousin the Field-mouse; if you want to go there, come along with me. If you don't you can go to the Anthill, or to see the Mole: they all live underground you know."

"Oh, please, not the Mole," said Laurie in alarm, "but I should so much like to see the underground part of things, where the flowers and plants come from."

"Very well," said the Mouse, "that's just in my line; I will be glad to show you, and you will certainly learn something."

Laurie noticed that the Mouse was dressed in overalls, and carried a hoe over one shoulder; on his head was a great straw hat, which he would occasionally take off to mop his head with a red bandanna handkerchief. "Follow me," he said, and they started down the road; after walking some distance they came to the Anthill. Here all was confusion, the greater part of it was in ruins. "Some one has stepped on it again," sighed the Mouse, "if people would only look where they're going it would save a great deal of work."

Laurie hung his head; he felt very much ashamed and sorry, for he remembered perfectly, how, only that morning, he had kicked the toe of his shoe into the Anthill, just to see the tiny things scurry about, though of course he meant no harm by it. "I'll never do that again," he resolved; "why, it's just as bad as if some one had pushed my house over." And so it was, only maybe worse, for the ants have to carry all their building materials themselves, which they dragged or pushed heavily along the road. There was the most perfect system about everything, however. They are not romantic, not at all, but that is as it should be. We cannot always have music and pleasure. Each ant would do his share, thinking only of what was to be done, not whether he could do it. In this way a great deal was accomplished. "That's a lesson in perseverance for a boy," said the Mouse, looking sharply at Laurie, who felt

himself turn red all over. The ants were too busy for them to stop, so the Mouse led the way again along the passage until they reached the field where the wheat had been planted overhead. One could see that by the furrows, only they were upside down because it was the underside of the wheat-field. The wheat had already begun to sprout, and the mice gardeners were busy planting poppy-seeds among it. Then when the wheat was ground into flour and made into bread, sometimes the poppy-flower would get among it and be baked in the loaf—then *nid-nod* would go the children's heads at supper-time over their bread and milk, yes, that was the fault of the poppy-flower!

The Mouse explained to Laurie how the gardeners were obliged to comb the roots carefully to keep them from becoming tangled, and showed him how knots were tied in the ends, to keep them from being torn from the ground when the wind blew. It was certainly very interesting.

"Come with me to the vegetable-garden," he said, and led Laurie along another passage, until they came to a field where rows of roots and bulbs were hanging over their heads.

"Of course, it is too early for much of it to show yet, nevertheless we are very busy even now, getting things ready."

And they were very busy, all the little mice gardeners, and what do you suppose they were doing? The strangest, queerest things; they looked like plasterers or paper-hangers, for they were standing on long boards placed across step-ladders, only instead of plastering, they were reaching up to the vegetables, some of them with pots of paint, painting the radishes and beets red. Some of them sewing French knots in the strawberries while others were crumpling the cabbages and lettuce-leaves.

"I never knew there was so much work about a vegetable garden," said Laurie in surprise. "I thought all one had to do was to plant the seeds and keep the weeds out."

"Yes, that's all you thought, and that's all any one thinks," answered the Mouse sharply, "but there is a great deal more to do!" Just then there was a heavy footstep overhead, a shower of earth and pebbles fell down about them, and some of the

roots were jerked out of the ground, leaving a round hole through which the blue sky could be seen. The mice in alarm scurried away in all directions, but Laurie's guide reassured him by explaining that some one was picking vegetables in the garden, and had pulled up a turnip.

"Wouldn't he have been surprised," thought Laurie with a laugh, "if he had looked down here and seen me."

"I will show you the garden now," said the Mouse turning away. The walking was rather difficult owing to the rough stones that lay in their path; in one corner they came upon a little doll that had lain there, oh! ever so long—she was quite out of fashion, you could see that by her dress. It was trimmed with rickrack embroidery. Do any of you remember rickrack embroidery? Well, I don't believe you do, and the stuff of the dress was a queer little check pattern, that Laurie had seen in one of the patches of the silk quilt on his bed; she lay there quite forgotten, though she still smiled; but that was only put on, for it was really paint.

Now they came underneath the garden; it was very old, great roots hung down from above. The box-hedge was firmly planted in the soil. It had stood there for ages—the ground underneath the garden was like velvet. It was carpeted with rose-petals, and memories that had fallen down each summer. They never faded. The gardeners were busy sharpening thorns, and fastening them to the rose-bushes; some were filling the flowers with honey for the bees to gather when they blossomed in the air. Some were nibbling with their sharp teeth the stalks of flowers that were fading, for it was time for them to die.

The seeds that Laurie had planted in the morning lay there waiting in the warm earth; by and by they opened their eyes, one, two, three, four, yes, all of them were now awake. They stretched out their lovely arms, and softly arose. A gentle breeze came and swayed them on their slender stems, and the wind whispered secrets in their ears; how fragrant the air was and how beautiful their colors.

They talked among themselves: each one told of what she was going to do when she went out in the world.

"I shall bloom where every one can see me," announced the

marigold; she was bright gold and held her head proudly; "beautiful flowers are meant to be seen."

"I shall be gathered into a posy by Aunt Laura to make a little sick boy happy," smiled the pansy. "While I," chimed in the rose, turning her beautiful head, "shall blossom in the garden, and delight every one with my fragrance."

"I shall bloom for a while certainly," spoke up the nasturtium, "but my purpose really is to go to seed to be made into pickle for the winter." There was a good-natured laugh all around at this; but the nasturtium held to her resolve. And who knows but that you and I may eat some of it next winter on boiled mutton, made up into caper sauce.



FRISKYTOES

BY LILIAN GASK

FRISKYTOES lived all by himself in the hollow of an oak tree, and would not have changed places with any creature in the forest. He lived by himself because he preferred it, though many a dainty squirrel maiden had looked at him kindly with soft brown eyes, and the mothers of several had pointed out to him that two hoards of nuts were better than one when the winter came. But Friskytoes was not to be cajoled.

"Thank you," he said, politely, "but I have as many nuts as I want, and there wouldn't be room for two in my castle."

This was scarcely true, for it was a fine castle. Through the hole in the top Friskytoes could see the stars in the sky as he snuggled himself up on cold winter nights. Sometimes the wind whistled down and told him about his cousins in other lands, and he was half tempted to set out and seek them. But he had always so many things to do at home that somehow he never started.

Friskytoes was a professor. Every summer evening after sunset he gave lessons in dancing to a select class of young



FRISKYTOES.

squirrels, and instructed them how to carry their tails gracefully—which is a thing most necessary for squirrels to know. In the mornings he taught geography and arithmetic to bees and wood-pigeons, and Mrs. Bunny-Rabbit often consulted him as to how to bring up her young. He knew better than any one in the forest where you could find most nuts, and if you wanted to see the fairy revels he was the most skilful guide that you could have. The wood-pigeons, who were always in difficulties about the number of their eggs, relied on him fully, and they sobbed all day when he was caught.

Yes, Friskytoes was caught—and by a boy, too! That was the worst of all, for he had always had a great contempt for boys, looking upon them as clumsy young things who were awkward at climbing, and wantonly cruel. Nothing would ever induce him to tell how Ted Burton managed to catch him—but manage it he did, and Friskytoes was shut up in a tiny cage, with a horrible treadmill to turn by way of exercise.

Now, I think he would soon have pined away and died if Ted's cousin, little Avice Langley, had not come to live with him. She was very small for her age, and as unlike him as it was possible to be. Her face was so tiny that Ted used to call her "Threepenny bit," but, though he pretended to despise girls, he was fond of Avice, and when she insisted that poor Friskytoes should be let out and allowed to run about the play-room he gave way at once.

"How would *you* enjoy being shut up in a box?" she asked him severely, and Ted said, "Not at all."

"And it wouldn't even be so hard for you," she added, "for a boy isn't half so active as a squirrel!" So they let him out that morning, and Friskytoes never went back to his cage.

The play-room was a long old-fashioned attic, which the children had "all to themselves." There were big oak rafters across the ceiling, and Friskytoes scampered up and down these for hours at a time. Ted's mother had wire netting fastened across the window, so that even if it were open he could not escape, and they were all very careful when they came in or out of the door.

Friskytoes soon grew accustomed to the children, and was so

grateful to Avice for getting him out of that horrid cage, that after a little while he would sit on her shoulder and eat nuts out of her hand. He would never let Ted touch him, however, for he could not forgive him for depriving him of his liberty.

Avice didn't care much for dolls now that she had Friskytoes to play with. He slept in her dolls' house, and she made him a delightfully soft bed in the drawing-room, whose satin-covered "real furniture" had once been the joy of her heart. Friskytoes kept nuts now on the best sofa, and scattered them unrebuked.

"You are the *most darling* squirrel!" she often told him, and he sighed as he thought of all the pretty things the squirrel maidens had said to him in the days gone by.

Avice wasn't well that winter. She was so small and thin that the cold seemed to nip her up as if she were a tiny snow-drop that had crept from the warm earth long before it was time. Ted's mother never allowed her to go out when King Frost came, and though she had the loveliest pair of shining skates—"like fairy slippers," Nurse declared—she might not use them even once. The big lake in the park was covered with ice, and Ted used to go off every morning during the holidays, while Avice was left at home. She would do her best to smile until she had watched him out of sight, when she would curl herself up in the big chair by the play-room fire and talk to Friskytoes. One day he saw that she was crying.

"I'm so lonely, Friskytoes," she whispered. "If only you could speak to me I know you'd say that you were sorry!" And a big tear startled him by falling on the very center of his funny little nose as he nestled close beside her.

Now, on several occasions Friskytoes had been present at the forest revels in the fairy ring, and he remembered what he had heard there of the language of the mortals. So he made a great effort, and cleared his throat.

"If you'll listen to me very carefully," he began, and Avice gave a cry of joy.

"Why, you can speak after all!" she cried. "Oh, dear little Friskytoes, how glad I am!" And she gave him such a hug that he almost wished he had not said a word.

"Shall I tell you about the wood things?" he asked her presently, when he had grown quite used to the sound of his own voice.

"I want to hear about your own self first," said Avice; "what you did when you were little, and how you played in the forest."

So Friskytoes perched himself on her shoulder and chattered away for the whole afternoon.

"I was one of three brothers," he commenced, "and the handsomest of them all, though perhaps I ought not to say it. Sparkles may have had the brightest eyes, and Feathertuft the finest tail, but my mother always declared I had an air about me which they had not. Even my parents bowed down to me, and I well remember showing my father how much more rapidly he could crack a nut if he did it my way instead of his. My mother was quite annoyed with him when he told me to smooth my tail and put back my ears, but I knew that at heart he was very proud of his eldest son, and I once distinctly heard him telling our next-door neighbor what a fine little fellow he thought me.

"This was one day when I was sharing some acorns with Sparkles, and I was so anxious lest he should have more than his share that I did not catch what she said by way of reply. But I know it was something disagreeable about 'train up a child,' for the very next morning we heard that we were to go to school with the Brownies.

"They are queer little people, those Brownies, half fairies half wood things like ourselves. They may know a great deal more than we do of mortals and their ways (though, indeed, I'm not so sure of this!), but we should scorn to be as clumsy as they are in getting from place to place.

"I spent a whole afternoon one day (I was supposed to be learning the forest laws) in trying to teach a Brownie to spread himself out as we do when we want to jump lightly to the ground from a great height.

"It would have amused you to see the ridiculous way in which he crumpled himself up; and after several unsuccessful attempts to imitate my graceful movements, he declared that

he 'wasn't a squirrel, and didn't want to be a squirrel,' and that he had something very much better to do than to play with me. So he went off to see if the bees were working properly—he had rather a fancy for honey for his tea—and we were left to our own devices until our mother took it into her head that we ought to have singing-lessons.

"I am quite sure you could sing more sweetly than those silly little larks, if you only knew how to set about it," she told us fondly, and was much annoyed when the nightingale refused to take us as pupils. The cuckoo readily agreed, however, and all our friends were invited to come and see how well we got on. But something must have been the matter with our throats, for though we did exactly as we were told, and opened our mouths as wide as they would go, we only made the strangest noises, and the old white owl came out of her hiding-place to hoot at us, though it was broad daylight, and declared that we were quarreling!

"Now this we never did. Both Feathertuft and Sparkles gave way to me on all occasions, and if there were a choice of nuts I always had the biggest. It was just the same with acorns."

"Wasn't it rather greedy?" inquired Avice, timidly. Friskytoes was not in the least abashed.

"It may have been," he answered, candidly, "but I did not think of it at the time. It's astonishing how terribly hungry talking makes one," he went on, reflectively, with a meaning glance at a large golden banana on the table. He watched Avice with a great amount of interest as she peeled it for him, but contented himself with a dainty nibble at the ripest end.

"It doesn't taste half so good as the berries in the woods," he sighed. "The hedges were quite red with them when autumn came. That was our happiest time in all the year, and we shouldn't have had a trouble in the world if those wretched boys had not come after the chestnuts."

"But you didn't *eat* chestnuts, you know!" Avice reminded him, and Friskytoes looked at her with grave reproof.

"Do you *never* think of anything but eating?" he inquired. "They would have been welcome to all the chestnuts in the for-

est had they only left us alone. But 'squirrel-hunting' was their favorite sport, and the young ruffians thought it the finest fun in the world. Feathertuft was all but captured before he was even fully grown.

"You never saw such a precocious squirrel as he! No well-behaved youngster ever leaves his parents' home until the spring comes, but Feathertuft was in such a hurry to start for himself that he began to look out for a suitable tree to build in before the winter had ever begun. There was a certain elm standing quite by itself on the borders of the forest to which he took the greatest fancy, and it was in vain that he was told that he had better go elsewhere.

"You would be far safer if you made your home amidst other trees," said an elderly blackbird who had seen a great deal of the world and was fond of giving advice to every one. But Feathertuft took no notice of her, and was always scampering about that elm-tree to see where he would build his nest when the time came.

"One day when he was doing this a party of boys caught sight of his tail, which I had always thought too large and showy for his size.

"There's a squirrel!' they shouted with delight, and Feather-tuft darted to the other side of the trunk. In a moment they had surrounded the tree, and were flinging sticks and stones and anything that they could lay their hands on.

"Climb, Lester!' they commanded, and one of the smallest—he was just like a monkey—swarmed up the branches and shook them violently. Feathertuft was out of his reach, however, on the very end of a slender bough, and the moment he saw his opportunity dropped to the ground as lightly as a snowflake. He remembered what the blackbird had said when he saw the distance between himself and another tree, for before he could reach it he was knocked over by a cap and buried underneath. It would have been all over with him had not those boys stopped to argue to whom the cap belonged.

"It's mine!' cried one, pushing his playmates out of the way.

"'Tisn't—'tis mine!' shouted another, hurling himself upon it. But when they gathered up the cap they found it

empty, and Feathertuft was waving his tail in triumph from the top of another tree!"



THE LITTLE BULL-CALF AND THE POPPY

BY ROSAMUND NESBIT BLAND

THERE was once a little calf who was always unhappy. He had a dear mother and two nice little white cousins, with brown ears, and a beautiful field to live in, quite full of buttercups and daisies, and cow-parsley, which little calves mustn't eat because it makes them ill; and yet he wasn't happy. It was really because all the other cows and calves could not understand him. And this was why: This little calf loved everything that was red, and of course you know that cows and bulls generally hate red things.

Now, the field next to the cows' field was a cornfield, and among the corn there were a great many scarlet poppies. The little calf thought that he had never seen anything so beautiful as these red flowers, and he always longed to get into the cornfield and kiss the poppies and tell them how much he loved them. All day long he used to stand with his little face pressed against the hedge, looking into the cornfield, and when the farmer's boy brought a bucket of food for the little calves, this little calf let his cousins eat it all up, while he stood gazing at his darling poppies.

One day he found a gap in the hedge, just big enough for a little calf to squeeze through, and in a twinkling he was through the hole and among his dear flowers. He rolled about in the corn and kissed the poppies, and said: "Dear little bright flowers, I wish you would come into my field and live there with me." But the flowers did not speak to him. Then he got up and wandered all over the field, talking to all the poppies, until at last he stopped before the largest and reddest poppy of all.

"How beautiful you are!" he said. "Can't you speak to me?" and the tears came into his brown eyes because none of the poppies seemed to love him.

"Yes," said the poppy, "I can speak to you. What do you want me to say, and why are you crying? Be careful not to drop your tears on me, because they are warm and would wither my petals."

"I only wanted to tell you that I love you and want you to come and live with me in my field," said the little bull-calf.

"Is it a nice field?" asked the poppy.

"Yes," he said, "it's a beautiful field—full of buttercups and daisies, and Mother lives there, and my cousins, and all Mother's friends."

"I don't like buttercups and daisies and all your Mother's friends," said the poppy; "you must go away, little calf. And look!" she suddenly screamed, "you have trodden down all our dear friends, the corn-ears. Be off with you, at once, you wicked, *wicked* creature!" and she waved her leaves and shook so much with anger that the little calf was quite frightened and stumbled through the corn to his old hedge. But just as he was going to get through the hole he heard a gentle little voice at his feet, and looking down, saw another poppy. She was smaller than the other poppies, but she looked at him with her beautiful black eye, and said: "Dear little calf, I have watched you looking through the hedge every day, and I love you and will come and live in your field. Take me gently in your mouth and pull me up."

But just as he was going to do it the poppy cried out: "Quick, little calf, quick! I hear the farmer's footsteps. If he finds you here he will beat you. You must go back without me." And the little calf scrambled back through the hole in the hedge just as the farmer came up. Of course the farmer was terribly angry when he saw all his corn trampled down, and he sent some men to fill up the hole in the hedge at once, so that our little calf couldn't get his dear poppy.

Now time went on, and our little calf began to grow up, and he did all sorts of dreadful things, because he still loved everything that was red. He chased an old lady all down the

lane because she was wearing a red shawl and he wanted to rub his head against it.

He ate up the paint-rag belonging to an artist who came to paint the cows in the cornfield, because it was covered with red paint. I don't know why it was covered with bright red, for cows are not bright red, nor buttercups and daisies either, are they? But still it was. And one day he even went into the farmer's wife's red sitting-room, and sat on the floor with his head among the scarlet cushions on the sofa. After this every one thought he must be mad, and the farmer's sons called him "the crazy bull-calf."

But all this time he never once forgot his dear poppy, and every evening he went down to the hole in the hedge and talked through it to her, until the autumn came and she went to seed. But when the next summer came, and he was almost a full-grown bull, he went down to his hole in the hedge, and there in his own field was a little red poppy, and he knew at once that it had grown up from one of the seeds of his own poppy, which the kind wind had carried and dropped in the cow-field. So all the summer he talked to his poppy and loved her, and she loved him, and they were very happy. But when the autumn came the poppy knew she must die, and they were both very sad.

One day, when the young bull was lying down watching his dear poppy's petals beginning to shrivel, and as he was trying to shield her from the sun, the Green Witch of the Fields came along. She stopped when she saw the two friends, and the tears came into her eyes, because she was sorry for them. But she quickly dashed her tears away, because if a green witch ever drops her tears she loses all her power and becomes a sort of green stuff which the wind carries away and drops on to the ponds. You must often have seen it there. Perhaps your nurse told you it was duckweed, but now you will know better, won't you? And you must never try to walk on it, because, you see, the witches have lost their power and cannot hold you up. Well, when the witch found that the two friends could nearly make her cry she was very much frightened, and she said to herself: "I must do something for the poppy

so that she can always be with her friend, because if I pass by when the poppy is dead, I shall certainly drop my tears, and that would never do."

So she waved her green wand over the poppy and changed her into a little red fairy.

"Now," she said, "you can live forever with your friend. Goodby, dear children;" and she slipped away on the wings of the wind.

So now the bull had his poppy fairy always with him, and in the summer she rode upon his horns, and in the cold weather she sat inside his ear, just where the velvety soft hairs are. And in all the world there is not a more merry beautiful fairy than she, or a happier bull than he.



MISS TABBYPAT'S ADVENTURES

BY E. NESBIT AND ROSAMUND E. BLAND

I WISH you would tell us something about your lives, mamma," said the black kitten, which was sharpening its claws on the best velvet stool, which it was forbidden to do.

The lady cat boxed its ears before she replied, "My lives! What lives?"

"Why, your nine lives," said the black kitten. "I heard the Master say the other day that all cats have nine."

"I haven't been through all my nine yet," said the mother pussy, shaking the white kitten, who, as usual, was asleep; "but if Goldie will come down from the top of that stool, and you will all be very good, I will tell you what I can remember of those I have already had. I have lived in a good many families, but I am very particular, and I don't care to live in any family where proper respect is not paid to cats. I was born at a fishmonger's!"

All the kittens licked their lips.

"Yes—a fishmonger's, and I hoped that it would be my

happy fortune to pass all my life beneath his roof. But he had three cats already, and I was one of a family of seven. So the fishmonger gave me away to a poor relation of his who kept a shoemaker's shop in a little alley off the High Street. I used to sit on his bench and watch him while he made the shoes, and every one who passed looked in and said: 'What a remarkably fine cat that is!'"

"So you are!" said the kittens, quite agreed on that point.

"I should have lived with him till now, most likely, but that one fine morning, as I was shaking the drops of warm milk from my whiskers, I noticed that my master was busy sewing strips of something gray to the tops of a lady's boots. I went quite close to him, and rubbed myself against his legs, to make sure that there was no mistake. My children, those were strips of *cat's fur*! I shook with horror, and he at once put his work down to get me some more milk, because he thought that that was what I wanted. I drank the milk up and turned on my paws and left him. I could not live any longer with a man who sewed strips of the skins of my relations on to boots.

"I made a long journey across the roofs, and through a garret, and there I entered on my third life. I went in there because I saw a pleasant fire glowing on the hearth, and I was warmly welcomed by the owner of the room. He was an agreeable person who made fiddles, and I stayed with him for a short time, although his room was anything but comfortable when the fire was out and there was no money to get more. However, I managed to make myself comfortable. A fiddle is a musical instrument that *mi-aows* when you touch it, just as we cats do. I respected my master very much when I found that he made things that had voices like mine. But one day I learned from the talk of one of his friends who came to see him that the strings of the violins were taken from the bodies of dead cats! No wonder their voices were my brothers' voices, since they were stolen from my brothers' bodies."

Mrs. Tabby *mi-aowed* at the recollection, and the yellow kitten said:

"What a good thing he didn't take your pretty voice, *mamma*!"

"I feared he might," returned the cat; "so immediately after breakfast next morning I left him. I walked about the streets for some time, and at last met a little girl in a furry jacket—not cat's fur, my dears—who picked me up and took me home. They were very fine people, as worthy as any I ever lived with. They were very rich, and had cream and fish and chickens every day. They lived in a beautiful house, furnished with cushions and curtains and couches. They had nothing much to do, so they were able to nurse me a good deal. I felt that I was now properly valued, and I was growing even stouter than I could wish, when the family went away to the seaside. I heard the dog and the parrot talking of this, but I little guessed what it meant. I was out when they went, spending the morning with a friend. We hunted sparrows, I remember, and had excellent sport, and when I came back I found the house closed and barred. I could see the cushions and couches through the windows, but I could not get in. I waited on the doorstep for two days. I heard the milk-cart go down the street, but it passed us by, and the cats' meat man no longer trod our area steps. The family had deserted me!"

"What did you do?" asked all the cats.

"My dears, I followed the milkman. I heard his cart going along Park Lane as I sat lonely on the steps of the deserted family mansion. Poor milkman! He looked very lonely; I thought I would go and try to cheer him up. I went home with him. I am so handsome that people are always glad to see me at their houses.

"The milkman was not the exception. I have no doubt that he meant well, but he was a person of very low tastes, and when I found that he expected me to catch mice, and that he himself drank skim-milk with his tea, I felt that it was better for both parties that we should part.

"I left the milkman to go into a dyer's family. The warmest place in the house was the shop window, and I should have been able to spend many a comfortable hour there if I could have got my sleep, but directly I had fallen into a nice doze a customer would come in, and, lifting the little red moreen curtain that hung between the window and the shop, would prod me with an

umbrella or a parasol, to find out whether I was a live cat or only stuffed! If I had been stuffed, I should have been proud to be prodded with such motives, but as I was alive I disliked it very much."

"That makes six lives, doesn't it?" said the yellow kitten.

"Yes, that makes six. My seventh was at the butcher's. It was a very exciting life. There was a great deal to eat, but then things were often thrown at me, and besides that, the butcher had a dog."

"A dog!" said the white kitten, "why, what would that matter?"

"You mustn't suppose, my dear," said the mother, "that all dogs are as harmless as our little toy terrier here."

The toy terrier had come up to her, and was trying to play with her tail. She boxed his ears as she spoke.

"The butcher's dog was a terrible creature, covered with long, stiff, gray hair. He had a stumpy tail, and a row of sharp white teeth, enough to give any cat a nightmare; and he was always hiding behind doors, and in unexpected places, and rushing on me as I went by. My nerves couldn't stand it; I was very sorry, but I was obliged to leave. I left the premises rather in a hurry, I remember, and the dog saw me off!

"I wandered about the streets for some days without being able to find a home. I grew very thin, and my pretty fur became quite rough and shabby. Then came a dreadful evening when it rained, and rained, and rained. I took shelter in doorway after doorway, but the people of the house kicked me out as soon as they saw me. At last I sheltered in a little dark archway leading out of a narrow street, and there I was picked up by a man whose house was in the dark courtyard at the back. He took me in and put me down in his room.

"'Wait a minute,' he said, and went out and shut the door.

"In a very little while he came back with some milk in the jug and a bundle of wood. He gave me the milk to drink and lit a fire with the wood. He treated me as though I had been a queen!

"So you are!" said the kittens.

"And I was very happy there, though his home was poor

and shabby. When he had satisfied my wants and eaten his own poor supper, he sat down to work, and I was surprised to find that his table was soon covered with beautiful things in silver. He made the most delightful objects for the use of rich people, but he himself was very poor indeed, and often had not enough to buy food for himself and milk for me. But I never went short. My master got thinner and paler, and I believe he would have died; but one day there was a knock at the door, and a red-faced, jolly-looking man came in.

"'Why, Christopher,' he said. 'We have found you at last!'

"It was my master's brother, who was a farmer in the country.

"He would hear of nothing but taking my master down to his home at once. So here we came, and here I am still, treated with every possible kindness and respect. No room in the house, however smart, is closed to me, and let me tell you, my dears, that there are not many farmhouses where kittens are allowed in the best parlor."

"Then this is your ninth life?" said the black kitten.

"Yes, my dear," said the mother, "and that's why I am so careful of it."



SALLY

BY MARY BOYLE

IF you take a short-horned cow, a limping calf, a few sheep, a swarm of fowls, a pig with a litter of eight, and an every-day lazy kind of horse, you have John Dobbin's well-stocked farm.

One morning John woke up at five, bustled round the hen-coop, gave an extra feed to the pigs, milked the cow, fed the limping calf, and then went into the stables.

"Now, Sally, old girl," he said, making some fuss as he fed

his old mare, "just keep your eye on things a bit. I'm goin' round to Farmer Peckett. He's in bed, bad with rheumatism, an' I shan't be back afore dinner." So saying he took the halter from Sally's neck, and let her roam about at will.

Sally left to herself felt glumpy.

"Now where's the master gone off this morning," thought she. "Farmer Peckett. I know no Farmer Peckett. It's very queer his leaving us all alone. Something might go wrong while he's away, and he can see to things a lot better than me. Just look! There's that calf a limping among the lettuces. And that knock-kneed hen with her chirrupy brood scratching the carrots up as if she was seeking to-morrow. I do believe those bees mean to swarm, and no master here. I've watched him swarm 'em many a time, but I couldn't manage it."

"If you're not off about your business, you old gimmer," as a long-nosed sheep looked through the hedge—"I'll, I'll—Now what do you want?" called out Sally, turning from the patient ewe to a fat, wheezy donkey coming up the garden-path. "What brings you here this morning, Neddy?"

"He-haw!" said Neddy, rolling his tongue round and round, and giving a three-cornered look out of his left eye.

"Thought I'd just see how you were getting on, Sal! But you do look prime."

"Just be off about your business."

"Beg your pardon, my lady; but if you have no objections I'll just march myself off into the stable. I know Farmer Dobbin supplies you with good fodder." And away went Neddy "he-hawing" for all he was worth, and frightening the chicks out of their poor little senses.

While Sally was looking after him, and marveling at his cool impertinence, up came a tinker. "Pans to mend! Kettles to mend! scraps of old iron!" he cried.

"What, Sally!" he called out cheerfully to her.

"He-haw!" bellowed Neddy.

"Where's John Dobbin? Are ye carryin' on the farm by yourself, Sally? Well, you're a fine steed to place in front of any man's castle! I'll speak a word for ye when I see the general again. He's sure to be wanting a new charger to carry

him off to the wars soon. But I see you're figgity, Sally, so I'll bid you good day. Pans to mend! Kettles to mend! Scraps of old iron!"

"Mercy on us!" wailed the frightened creature, the perspiration dropping from her nose-end. "How thankful I am to think he's gone! If he'd walked into the kitchen, and master out, he'd have smoked up all his new baccy. When will it be twelve o'clock? Oh, but I don't like looking after things. I will be glad when master comes home." Because she felt relieved of anxiety a warm feeling spread all over Sally, and her poor old heart felt happy. Even Neddy's ugly "he-hawing" failed to rouse her ire. So she fell to trotting about the garden in a silly kind of way. While Sally was frisking about in a happy-go-lucky fashion, up came a sailor.

"Morning," he said, "fine time o' year this."

Sally looked sad.

"No one at home, eh? Where's John Dobbin? Hasn't left any message, eh! Stand out of the way and I'll go into the house, and sit down till John comes. Bravo! my beauty"—stroking the limping calf—"you're a fine mixed lot of customers I can see. Master John will be at the market I'll be bound. It's twenty year since John and me met. Won't we have a fine time of it now. I hear he's never married; n' more have I. Wait till he comes in, we'll be spinning yarns till bedtime."

All this time Sally was pawing at the cobbles with her hoof. "Well, you're a cool hand to be sure," thought she. "And he's helping himself to my master's baccy. Well, if that doesn't beat all! I've got him in the kitchen at any rate, and if he isn't quite quiet, he looks honest. I'd best be off and see how Neddy's getting on, for he's a first-class scamp if you like." And away she trotted, seeing on the road that the bees were hard at work, for you will understand how this lazy old horse was most particular that everyone else but herself should be working. She did not like to see anything idle. If you notice, animals that have lived a long time with people learn to know their ways. And it may sound funny to you children, but I have often seen animals try and imitate their owners. So, if any of you have a pet, you must be careful and behave kindly

before it, for then, at least, you will be setting a good example. And I would advise you to have nothing to do with a boy whose dog fears him, or with a girl who is not kind to her dollies.

"Now, where is Neddy?" said the weary mare, "for not a speck of him can I find. There's every bit of fodder munched up—rakes and spades kicked about—yes, he's been here sure enough. And there's the brand new bucket stamped on. Whatever will Master say? This is keeping an eye on things till master comes back, isn't it! Oh, dear me! I've got a run-a-gate donkey somewhere and a Jack Tar in the kitchen smoking my master's baccy."

"Bow-wow-wow!"

"What's the matter now?" As Sally turned round she saw a sheep-dog. "Oh? Ben, it's you," she cried.

"I'm nearly worried out of my wits. For goodness' sake, do stop here, Ben, and keep guard till master comes back. There's the bow-legged hen wants keeping in her place, and that limping calf ought to be tethered. And Neddy ought to be sent home instead of stamping the fodder about and kicking the new bucket, and there's that sailor chap in the kitchen smoking my master's baccy! Mercy on us! what's that?" as a band struck up a gay tune.

"It's a traveling circus—no, it isn't. My word, the whole village is up and our sailor gentlemen is dancing a hornpipe! Thank goodness—there's master coming! Whoever would have thought of things happening like this!"

"What cheer, John!" cried the sailor, extending his hand and running forward to meet his old friend. "How are ye, my hearty? What, don't you know me, John? My old chum! Why, I'm Sam—surely!"

"It can't be, but it is!" and the farmer's voice became husky. "I've thought ye dead this many a year. So you've actually returned, Sammy!"

"To settle in the old country, and to pitch my tent alongside o' yours, John."

"Look here, you sailor man," cried Sally, "master belongs to me. We run this farm between us, we do, and we want no hornpipy sailor to join us."

"And where does this band come from?" asked the farmer. The musicians, let me say, were trumpeting and drumming for all they were worth.

"Well, I brought it with me from Yarmouth. Look here, my hearties," he called out, "change the tune to 'Auld lang Syne' and we will all join in the chorus."

Which everybody did. Even Neddy sat on his haunches and "he-hawed" his loudest; of course, lolling his tongue round as usual, and throwing three-cornered glances in all directions. The limping calf was touched and was suddenly seized with a racing fit; and the chickens, no doubt thinking that the end of the world had come, turned somersaults and fought battles in all directions.

Poor Sally groaned aloud. "Ah! this is the end of everything," she said. "I've cared for, and worked for master for many a year, and now what between the sailor, the band, the chickens, the bees, and Neddy—well!"

"I think the whole stock has taken leave of their senses," said Farmer John. "Why, Sally, lass," he said, looking upon his wobegone horse, and patting her on the shoulder, "do you think, old girl, that I have forgotten you? No, no! Now, my good people—" flinging a coin to the musicians—"I thank ye for your music, and good day to ye. Don't you see that you are frightening my animals. Neighbors," he cried, addressing the crowd, "good day to ye also; and Sam, my man—quick march into the house. Adieu!" he cried to the departing crowd. "This sort of thing don't quite suit country folk—now do it, Sally?"

And as he led the horse by the halter, he whispered in her ear: "Now you needn't go and be jealous, old girl. Sam shan't put your nose out. You've been a good old servant to me, and you're missus here, so keep your temper."

Sally stamped her feet.

"He says he's come to retire with you, master," she began, only John had walked away. "And oh!" whinnied Sally, only John did not hear her, "after I've been missus ever so long, it's hard to be supplanted by a hornpipy sailor!"

THE COLLIE'S STORY

BY LILIAN GASK

IT is so long since my puppyhood," said a beautiful dog—a collie, with an elegant ruffle of white fur—"that I don't remember much about it, except that I lived in the stables and made great friends with a famous racehorse. His name was Green Collar, and he used to tell me wonderful stories of the races he had won, and how it felt to go like the wind and have every one cheering as he reached the winning-post.

"One day they fastened me up in a hamper, and sent me away. I didn't like my new quarters half so well. My mistress was a great lady, and very lovely to look at, but I soon found out that she cared for no one but herself—and dogs are never happy with that sort of people. No one there dared to pet me, for she could not bear any one to be taken notice of besides herself.

"The only person who ever had a good word for me was a nice young fellow who came to see her sometimes, and brought her glittering things in leather cases. I knew by the smell of his clothes that he had dogs at home, and used to get as close to him as I could and lick his hands.

"‘That dog never makes a fuss over any one but you, Gerald,’ my mistress remarked one day. ‘You had better have him, for he is rather a nuisance here.’

"‘Very well,’ he answered in a pleased tone. ‘I’ll give you a toy dog instead.’ And he took me off with him that very night.

"He lived in the country, within running distance of the sea, and I thoroughly enjoyed myself after the confinement of town. He was extremely fond of dogs and horses, and loved to be in the open air.

"‘I wonder how he’ll like dancing attendance on the lady when they are married!’ said Browntoes, his own special pet.

"‘It will never come off!’ said Old Rover, who was a most sagacious dog. And it never did, for soon we heard that the lady was going to marry some one else, and I, for one, was very glad, for my master’s sake as well as my own.

"Did I tell you how fond he was of hunting? His favorite horse, Silvermane, confided to me about this time that his master was riding too hard. 'There'll be an accident some day,' he said. 'It's all right when I carry him myself, but that brown filly he rides stumbled twice the other day, and I don't like the look in her eyes!'

"Silvermane was quite right, for barely a fortnight later the brown filly slipped at a fence, and my poor master was terribly hurt. I don't know what they did with him, for we were all shut up in the stables, and when we were let out there was no sign of him anywhere.

"A whole family of young people came to the hall after that—their father was poor Gerald's cousin, I believe—and we dogs were distributed among them. I was given to Ivan—a jolly little chap with very blue eyes and what his old nurse called a 'venturesome disposition.'

"We were in a good many scrapes together. I shall never forget what happened when he took it into his head to be a 'Robber chieftain!'

"Some miles from our house was an old ruined castle. The children were forbidden to go there by themselves on account of its dangerous condition, but I think Ivan must have forgotten, for early one morning, when his nurse was out of the way, he slipped out and took me with him. On the way there he told me a lot about what a great chieftain he was going to be, and how we would hold the castle 'at the point of the sword.' I didn't think much of his sword—it was only wooden—nor of the castle, which was damp and gloomy and smelt of dust. And I soon grew tired of the games he played—I was always 'the prisoner,' and the food he pretended to bring me was only 'make-believe.' I was thankful when he decided that he wouldn't be a 'robber chieftain' any more.

"We'll just explore the tower before we go,' he said, and we squeezed through a little iron door that was partly ajar. When Ivan saw the belfry overhead he was too excited to notice that the stairs were all crumbling, and he wouldn't listen to me when I tried to tell him. There was an awful crash as

they gave way, and we were both thrown violently backwards against the iron door, which shut with a bang.

"When the dust cleared I saw that Ivan was lying quite white and still, with his foot doubled up beneath him. He opened his eyes slowly after a while, but he could not stir, and though I shook the door with all my might and main it wouldn't open. That was the longest day I ever spent.

"I was growing desperate when I saw a tiny ivy-blocked window cut in the stone a little way above us. There was a great drop on the other side, but I decided to risk it and jump. I reached the ground quite safely, but I cut my front paw, and had to hobble home as best I could. I found them nearly frantic with alarm—they were talking of dragging the pond—and then I had to limp back all the way to the castle to show them where Ivan was. Thank goodness, they sent a carriage for him, and took me inside. I never was so glad to get back to my kennel as I was that night!

"When Ivan was well again, which wasn't for a long time, he went to school, and I missed him very much.

"He is at college now, and quite grown up. But we are the best of friends, and I take care of his mother in town till the term is over. And then we go back to the country."



MUFFLES

BY L. L. WEEDON

YES, my name is Muffles, and I am a staid old sheep now, with a lamb of my own to care for and bring up in the way a lamb should go; yet I could tell you some fine tales of the fun and frolics I had when quite a young lambkin—but hush! little Woolly is listening, and it would never do for her to hear that I was sometimes as naughty as she is: all young lambs think their mothers never did anything wrong, and it is best they should continue to think so.

You ask me why I love Jock, the shepherd's lad, so well that I am quite happy in trusting even Woolly to him? Sometimes he will carry the little thing in his arms and I trot along beside him for quite a long way, and we have a chat together and enjoy ourselves very much. You don't believe boys and sheep can talk to each other, you say? Well, they *can*, at least if they love each other as Jock and I do. But all this time I have not told you why we are such great friends.

To begin at the beginning, I was a very delicate baby, and if it had not been for the great care bestowed upon me by Jock and his father I should have died long ago and never had a story to tell you. There were several other lambs brought up in the shepherd's cottage, that cold bleak spring, but Jock made a special pet of me and I was never so happy as when I was trotting at his heels. As the summer advanced I was turned out on to the hills with the other sheep, for Jock's mother declared she would not have her cottage turned into a sheep-pen, and that I was quite big and strong enough to look after myself.

It was quite true; but Jock hated to let me go, and if you will keep the secret, I may tell you that he even shed tears at parting.

He laid his curly head on my thick fleece and said: "Good-by, Muffles darling, don't forget me, and I will come and see you whenever I can." When he lifted his head I thought a heavy dew had suddenly fallen. I know better now; he had been crying over me.

Well, I went away with the other sheep and lambs and was very happy all the bright summer weather, but I did not forget Jock, although I seldom saw him, for he had to go where he was sent, and his work took him some miles away to look after another flock of sheep.

Whenever he had a holiday he used to come and visit me, and as soon as I heard his clear voice calling "Muffles, Muffles, Muffles," off I would race to meet him.

As I said before, we had a beautifully warm summer, and it was followed by lovely autumn weather, and that again by a very mild winter.

Some of the old sheep in the flock used to shake their stumpy

tails wisely, and say they remembered other mild winters which had ended badly, when there had been heavy falls of snow and whole herds of sheep had been lost, and these wise old sheep used to advise us young ones to keep close to them if ever a flake of snow began to fall.

But I did not pay much heed to their warnings, for I had never known a winter and scarcely knew what it meant. Even the cold spring time when I had first come into the world was forgotten by this time. I knew, of course, that the weather was colder now, but my fleece was so thick and warm I did not mind that.

One day the weather suddenly changed. It grew very much colder, and the sky became covered with thick white woolly-looking clouds. "Snow," said the old sheep wisely; "best keep together here, and the shepherd will come to look for us soon and take care of us."

But after waiting a little time and finding that no one came, and no snow fell, some of us began to move away, and as we cropped the herbage we forgot the threatened danger until, to my surprise, I noticed a perfect cloud of white wool beginning to drop from the clouds.

"Some one's fleece is falling off," I said; "do look, how very strange."

We all stood still to look and one of the sheep cried out suddenly: "It's snow! Oh! what shall we do, it's snow, sure enough; let's go back at once!"

We began to scamper back; but the snow was falling so thickly that we became bewildered and soon stood still, cowering together in fear.

"I wish we had stayed with the others," said one sheep.

"So do I," said another; "the shepherd will never find us here, and we shall all die of cold."

"Jock will find us," I said as cheerfully as I could, and though the others would not believe me I proved to be right, for presently I heard a voice calling "Muffles, Muffles, Muffles." I bleated joyfully in reply, and before long Jock was in the midst of us.

Oh! how glad we all were and how we bleated and snuggled

up to him; but alas! our troubles were not over. Poor Jock, in his anxiety for me, had left his father with the first herd of sheep and come on alone to search for the wanderers.

He was only a lad, and very soon he lost his way in that dreadful blinding snow and at length sank down exhausted by my side.

I lay as close to him as I could, to try to keep him warm, and the other sheep lay down by him, too; it was all we could do.

After that we remembered very little until I woke up, feeling a sharp dig in my side. I bleated feebly and some one said, "Here they are, right enough, and thank God, here's Jock with them!"

One by one the shepherds and their friends dug us out of the snow, which had drifted thickly about us, and Jock was carried down to his home, and was rubbed and shaken and fed with hot broth until he began to revive, and I am thankful to say that before many days passed he was little the worse for his adventure.

But now you will not wonder that I love and trust him, because he nearly gave his own life to save poor Muffles.

ANIMAL STORIES

ADVENTURES OF THE WEASEL

(From "*Wood Magic*,")

By RICHARD JEFFERIES

THE mowers came and began to cut the long grass in the Home Field, and the meadow by the brook. Bevis could see them from the garden, and it was impossible to prevent him from straying up the footpath, so eager was he to go nearer. The best thing that could be done, since he could not be altogether stopped, was to make him promise that he would not go beyond a certain limit. He might wander as much as he pleased inside the hedge and the Home Field, in which there was no pond, nor any place where he could very well come to harm. But he must not creep through the hedge, so that he would always be in sight from the garden. If he wished to enter the meadow by the brook he must ask special permission, that some one might be put to watch now and then.

But more expressly he was forbidden to enter the Little Field. The grass there was not yet to be mown—it was too long to walk in—and they were afraid lest he should get through the hedge, or climb over the high padlocked gate in some way or other, for the Long Pond was on the other side, though it could not be seen for trees. Nor was he to approach nearer to the mowers than one swath; he was always to keep one swath between him and the scythes, which are extremely sharp and dangerous instruments.

Sir Bevis repeated these promises so seriously, and with so demure and innocent an expression, that no one could doubt but that he would keep them strictly, nor, indeed, did any idea of exceeding these limits occur to him. He was so over-

joyed at the vast extent of territory, almost a new world thrown open for exploration, that he did not think it possible he could ever want to go any farther. He rushed into the Home Field, jumping over the swaths till he was tired, and kicking the grass about with his feet. Then he wanted a prong, and a stout stick with a fork was cut and pointed for him, and with this he went eagerly to work for five minutes. Next he wanted some one to bury under the grass, and could not be satisfied till the dairy-maid was sent out and submitted to be completely hidden under a heap of it.

Next he walked all round the field, and back home down the middle. By and by he sat down and looked at the mowers, who were just finishing the last corner before they went into the meadow by the brook. While he was sitting there a number of greenfinches and sparrows, and two or three hasty starlings (for they are always in a hurry), came to the sward where the mowers had just passed, and searched about for food. They seemed so happy and looked so pretty, Bevis thought he should like to shoot one, so away he ran home to the summer-house for his bow and arrow. Hastening back with these, he built a heap of the grass to hide behind, like a breastwork, and then sat down and watched for the birds.

They did not come directly, as they ought to have done, so he kicked up his heels, and rolled over on his back, and looked and looked up at the sky, as was his wont. Every now and then he could hear Pan whining woefully in his tub a long way off. Since the whipping the spaniel had been in disgrace, and no one would let him loose. Bevis, so delighted with his field to roam about in, quite forgot him, and left him to sorrow in his tub. Presently he heard a lark singing so sweetly, though at a great distance, that he kept quite still to listen. The song came in verses, now it rose a little louder, and now it fell till he could hardly hear it, and again returned. Bevis got up on his knees to try and find where the lark was, but the sky was so blue there or the bird so high up, he could not see it, though he searched and searched. It was somewhere in the next field, far beyond the great oak where he once fell asleep.

He then peered round his heap of grass, but there were no greenfinches near; they had come out from the hedges, and the starling had come from the hollow pollard where he had a nest, but all had settled a long way off from his hiding-place. Bevis was very angry, so he stood up, and pulled his bow with all his might, and let the arrow fly into the air almost straight up. When it had risen so far, it turned over and came down among the flock of birds and stuck in the ground.

They flew away in terror, and though he had not killed any, Bevis was highly delighted at the fright they were in. He picked up his arrow, and tried another long shot at a rook on the other side of the field, but he could not send it so great a distance. As he ran for it, he saw that the rook's back was towards him, and, thinking that the rook could not see him, he raced on quietly to try and catch him, but just as he got close, up rose the rook over the hedge with a "Caw, caw!" Whizz! went Bevis's arrow after him, and fell on the other side of the hedge, where he was not to go.

In his anger at the rook's behavior Bevis forgot all about his promise; he jumped into the ditch regardless of the stinging-nettles, pushed his way up through the briars, tearing his sleeve, forced his way across the mound, and went on his hands and knees through the young green fern on the other side (just as Pan would have done) under the thick thorn bushes, and so out into the next field. It was the very field where he and Pan had wandered before, only another part of it. There was his arrow ever so far off, sticking upright in the grass among the cowslips. As he went to pick up his arrow he saw another flower growing a little farther on, and went to gather that first; it was an orchid, and when he stood up with it in his hand he heard a mouse rustle in the grass, and stepped quietly to try and see it, but the mouse hid in a hole.

Then there was an enormous humblebee, so huge that when it stayed to suck a cowslip, the cowslip was bent down with its weight. Bevis walked after the giant humblebee, and watched it take the honey from several cowslips; then he saw a stone standing in the field, it was not upright, but leaned to one side—yet it was almost as tall as he was. He went to the stone and

looked all round it, and got up on it and sat still a minute, and while he was there a cuckoo came by, so close, that he jumped off to run after it. But the cuckoo flew fast, and began to call "cuckoo!" and it was no use to chase him.

When Bevis stopped and looked about he was in a hollow, like a big salad-bowl, only all grass, and he could see nothing but the grass and cowslips all round him—no hedges—and the sky overhead. He began to dance and sing with delight at such a curious place and when he paused the lark was on again, and not very far this time. There he was, rising gradually, singing as he went. Bevis ran up the side of the hollow towards the lark, and saw a hedge cut and cropped low, and over it a wheatfield. He watched the lark sing, sing, sing, up into the sky, and then he thought he would go and find his nest, as he remembered the plow-boy had told him larks made their nests on the ground among the corn.

He ran to the low hedge, but though it was low it was very thorny, and while he was trying to find a place to get through, he looked over and spied a hare crouched in the rough grass, just under the hedge between it and the wheat. The hare was lying on the ground; she did not move, though she saw Bevis, and when he looked closer he saw that her big eyes were full of tears. She was crying very bitterly, all by herself, while the sun was shining so brightly, and the wind blowing so sweetly, and the flowers smelling so pleasant, and the lark sing, sing, singing overhead.

"Oh! dear," said Bevis, so eager and so sorry, that he pushed against the hedge, and did not notice that a thorn was pricking his arm: "Whatever is the matter?" But the hare was so miserable she would not answer him at first, till he coaxed her nicely. Then she said: "Bevis, Bevis, little Sir Bevis, do you know what you have done?"

"No," said Bevis, "I can't think: was it me?"

"Yes, it was you; you let the weasel loose, when he was caught in the gin."

"Did I?" said Bevis, "I have quite forgotten it."

"But you did it," said the hare, "and now the weasel has

killed my son, the leveret, while he was sleeping, and sucked his blood, and I am so miserable; I do not care to run away any more." Then the hare began to weep bitterly again, till Bevis did not know what to do to comfort her.

"Perhaps the weasel only killed the leveret for your good," he said presently.

"What!" cried the hare, putting her forefeet down hard, and stamping with indignation. "That is what the wicked old wretch told you, did he not, about the mouse and the partridge's eggs. Cannot you see that it is all a pack of lies? But I do not wonder that he has deceived you, dear, since he has deceived the world for so long. Let me tell you, Sir Bevis, the weasel is the wickedest and most dreadful creature that lives, and above all things he is so cunning he can make people believe anything he chooses, and he has succeeded in making fools of us all—every one.

"There is not one of all the animals in the hedge, nor one of the birds in the trees, that he has not cheated. He is so very, very cunning, and his talk is so soft and smooth. Do you please take care, Sir Bevis, or perhaps he may deceive you, as he deceived the fox. Why, do you know, he has made the people believe that his crimes are committed by the fox, who consequently bears all the disgrace; and not only that, but he has spread it abroad that the fox is the most cunning of all, in order that he may not be suspected of being so clever as he is. I dare say the weasel will have me some day, and I do not care if he does, now my leveret is dead; and very soon his poor bones will be picked clean by the ants, and after the corn is carried the plow will bury them."

Bevis was terribly distressed at the hare's story, and showed such indignation against the weasel, and stamped his little foot so hard, knitting his brow, that the hare was somewhat appeased, and began to explain all about it.

"Of course you did not know, dear," she said, "when you stepped on the spring of the gin, what trouble we had had to get him into the trap. For we had all suffered so long from his cruelty, that we had all agreed at last to try and put an end to it. The trees could not bear to stand still and see it go on under

them, yet they could not move. The earth could not bear to feel him running about on his bloodthirsty business, through the holes the rabbits had made. The grass hated to feel him pushing through, for it had so often been stained with the blood that he had shed. So we all took counsel together, and I carried the messages, dear, from the oak, where you slept, to the ash and the elm, and to the earth in the corner where the rabbits live; and the birds came up into the oak and gave their adherence, every one; and the fox, too, though he did not come himself, for he is too cunning to commit himself till he knows which way the wind is going to blow, sent word of his high approval.

"Thus we were all prepared to act against that midnight assassin, the weasel, but we could not begin. The trees could not move, the earth could not wag a step, the grass could do nothing, and so it went on for some months, during all which time the weasel was busy with his wickedness, till at last the bailiff set the gin for the rat by the cart-house. Then the fox came out by day—contrary to his custom, for he likes a nap—and went to a spot where he knew a rabbit sat in the grass; and he hunted the poor rabbit (it was very good sport to see—I do not like rabbits), till he had driven him across the ditch, where the weasel was. Then the fox stopped, and hid himself in the furze; and the weasel, first looking round to see that no one was near, stole after the rabbit. Now the rabbit knew that the fox was about, and therefore he was afraid to run across the open field; all he could do was to go down the hedge towards the garden.

"Everything was going on well, and we sent word to the rat to warn him against the gin—we did not like the rat, but we did not want the gin thrown—don't you see, dear? But when the rabbit had gone half-way down the hedge, and was close to the garden, he became afraid to venture any nearer your house, Bevis. Still the weasel crept after him, and presently drove him almost up to your sycamore-tree. Then the rabbit did not know what to do; for if he went forward the people in the house might see him and bring out the gun, and if he turned back the weasel would have him, and if he ran out into the field the fox would be there, and he could not climb up a tree. He

stopped still, trying to think, till the weasel came so near he could smell the rabbit's blood, and then, in his terror, the rabbit darted out from the hedge, and into the ditch of your haha wall, under where the bee-hives are. There he saw a dry drain, and hopped into it, forgetting in his fright that he might not be able to get out at the other end.

"The weasel thought he had now got him safe, and was just going to rush across and follow, when an ant spoke to him from the trunk of a tree it was climbing. The ant said the fox had asked him yesterday to watch, and if the weasel came that way, to warn him that there was a plot laid for his life, and not to be too venturesome. This was a piece of the same double-faced ways the fox has been notorious for these many years past. No one hates the weasel so much as the fox, but he said to himself: 'The weasel is so cunning, that even if he is caught, he is sure to find some way to get free, and then he will perhaps discover that I had a hand in it, and will turn round on me and spoil some of my schemes out of spite. Besides which, I don't see why I should take much interest in the hare or the mouse.' So, though he hunted the rabbit for us, yet he sent the weasel this message, to take care and mind and not be too bold.

"When the weasel heard this he stopped, and thought to himself that it was rather dangerous to go so near a house, almost under it: and yet he could not help licking his mouth, as he remembered the sweet scent of the rabbit's blood. But he was so very, very cunning, that he thought to himself the rabbit would be obliged to come out again presently, and would be sure to come up the hedge if he did not see the weasel. So the weasel turned round to go up the hedge, and we were all in anxiety lest the scheme should miscarry. But as the weasel was going under the elm, the elm dropped a large dead branch, and as it came crashing down, it fell so near the weasel as to pinch his foot, and, hearing another branch go crack, he lost his presence of mind, turned back again, and darted across the corner into the drain. There the scent of the rabbit was so strong he could not help but follow it, and in a moment or two he saw the poor creature crouched at the end where he could not pass.

"The weasel bounded forward, when the earth squeezed

out a stone, and the stone fell between the weasel and the rabbit. Before he could tell what to do, the earth squeezed out another stone behind him and he was caught, and could neither go forward or backward. Now we thought we had got him, and that he must starve to death. As for the rabbit, when the stone fell down it left a hole above, up which he scrambled into the cow-yard, and there hid himself behind a bunch of nettles till night, when he escaped into the field.

"Meantime the weasel in a dreadful fright was walking to and fro in his narrow prison, gnashing his teeth with rage and terror, and calling to all the animals and birds and insects and even to the mole (whom he despised most of all) to help him out. He promised to be the nicest, kindest weasel that ever was known; but it was no use, for they were all in the secret, and overjoyed to see him on the point of perishing. There he had to stay, and though he scratched and scratched, he could not make any hole through the solid stone, and by-and-by he got weaker, and he began to die. While he was dying the rat came and peeped down at him through a chink, and laughed and said: 'What is the use of all your cunning, you coward? If you had been bold like me you would never have got into this scrape, by being afraid of a dead branch of a tree because it pinched your foot. I should have run by quickly. You are a silly, foolish, blind sort of creature; could you not see that all the things had agreed to deceive you?'

"At this the weasel was so wroth it woke him up from his dying, and he returned the taunt and said: 'Rat, you are by far the silliest to help the hare and the mouse; it is true they sent you a message about the gin, but that was not for love of you, I am sure, and I can't think why they should send it; but you may depend it is some trick, and very likely the gin is not where they said at all, but in another place, and you will walk into it when you are not thinking, and then you will curse the hare and the mouse.'

"'Ah,' said the rat, 'that sounds like reason; you are right, the hare and the mouse are going to play me a trick. But I will spite them, I will let you out.'

"'Will you?' said the weasel, starting up and feeling almost

strong again. 'But you can't, these stones are so thick you cannot move them, nor scratch through them, nor raise them; no, you cannot let me out.'

"'Oh, yes, I can,' said the rat, 'I know a way to move the biggest stones, and if you can only wait a day or two I will make this chink large enough for you to come up.'

"'A day or two,' said the weasel in despair; 'why, I am nearly dead now with hunger.'

"'Well then,' said the rat, 'gnaw your own tail;' and off he went laughing at the joke. The miserable weasel cried and sniffed, and sniffed and cried, till by-and-by he heard the rat come back and begin to scratch outside. Presently the rat stopped, and was going away again, when the weasel begged and prayed him not to leave him to die there in the dark.

"'Very well,' said the rat, 'I will send the cricket to sing to you. In a day or two you will see the chink get bigger, and meantime you can eat your tail; and as you will get very thin, you will be able to creep through a very small hole and get out all the quicker. Ha! ha! As for me, I am going to have a capital dinner from Pan's dish, for he has fallen asleep in his tub.'

So the weasel was left to himself, and though he watched and watched, he could not see the chink open in the least, and he got so dreadfully hungry that at last, after sucking his paws, he was obliged to bring his tail round and begin to gnaw it a little bit. The pain was dreadful, but he could not help himself, he was obliged to do it or die. In the evening the cricket came, as the rat had promised, to the top of the chink, and at once began to sing. He sang all about the lady cricket with whom he was in love, and then about the beautiful stars that were shining in the sky, and how nice it was to be a cricket, for the crickets were by far the most handsome and clever of all creatures, and everybody would like to be a cricket if they could.

"Next, he went on to praise himself, that his lady might hear what fine limbs he had, and so noble a form, and such a splendid chink to live in. Thus he kept on the livelong night, and all about himself; and his chirp, chirp, chirp filled the weasel's

prison with such a noise that the wretched thing could not sleep. He kept asking the cricket to tell him if the rat had really done anything to enlarge the chink; but the cricket was too busy to answer him till the dawn, and then, having finished his song, he found time to attend to the weasel.

“‘You have been very rude,’ he said, ‘to keep on talking while I was singing, but I suppose, as you are only an ignorant weasel, you do not understand good manners, and therefore I will condescend so far as to inform you of the measures taken by my noble friend the rat to get you out. If you were not so extremely ignorant and stupid you would guess what he has done.’

“Now all this was very bitter to the weasel, who had always thought he knew everything, to be insulted by a cricket; still he begged to be told what it was. ‘The rat,’ went on the cricket, ‘has brought a little piece from a fungus, and has scratched a hole beside the stone and put it in there. Now, when this begins to grow and the fungus pushes up, it will move the stone and open a chink. In this way I have seen my lord the rat heave up the heaviest paving stones and make a road for himself. Now are you not stupid?’ Then the cricket went home to bed.

“All day long the miserable weasel lay on the floor of his prison, driven every now and then to gnaw his tail till he squeaked with the pain. The only thing that kept him from despair was the hope of the revenge he would have, if ever he did get out, on those who had laid the trap for him. For hours he lay insensible, and only woke up when the rat looked down the chink and asked him, with a jolly chuckle, how his tail tasted, and then went off without waiting for an answer. Then the cricket came again, and taking not the least notice of the prisoner, sang all night.

“In the morning the weasel looked up, and saw that the chink had really opened. He crawled to it, he was so faint he could not walk, so he had to crawl over the floor, which was all red with his own blood. The fungus, a thick, yellowish-green thing, like a very large and unwholesome mushroom, was growing fast, so fast he could see it move, and very slowly it shoved and lifted up the stone. The chink was now so far open that in his thin, emaciated state, the weasel could have got

through; but he was so weak he could not climb up. He called to the rat, and the rat came and tried to reach him, but it was just a little too far down.

"If I only had something to drink," said the weasel, 'only one drop of water, I think I could do it, but I am faint from thirst.'

"Off ran the rat to see what he could do, and as he passed the tub where Pan lived he saw a bowl of water just pumped for the spaniel. The bowl was of wood with a projecting handle, not a ring to put the fingers through, but merely a short straight handle. He went round to the other side of the tub in which Pan was dozing and began to scratch. Directly Pan heard the scratching:—

"Ho! ho!" said he, 'that's that abominable rat that steals my food,' and he darted out, and in his tremendous hurry his chain caught the handle of the bowl, just as the rat had hoped it would. Over went the bowl, and all the water was spilt, but the rat, the instant he heard Pan coming, had slipped away back to the weasel.

"When Pan was tired of looking where he had heard the scratching, he went back to take a lap, but found the bowl upset, and that all the water had run down the drain. As he was very thirsty after gnawing a salt bacon-bone, he set up a barking and the dairy-maid ran out, thinking it was a beggar, and began to abuse him for being so clumsy as to knock over his bowl. Pan barked all the louder, so she hit him with the handle of her broom, and he went howling into his tub. He vowed vengeance against the rat, but that did not satisfy his thirst.

"Meantime the water had run along the drain, and though the fungus greedily sucked up most of it, the weasel had a good drink. After that he felt better, and he climbed up the chink, squeezing through and dragging his raw tail behind him, till he nearly reached the top. But there it was still a little tight, and he could not manage to push through, not having strength enough left. He felt himself slipping back again, and called on the rat to save him. The rat without ceremony leant down the chink, and caught hold of his ear with his teeth, and snipped it so tight he bit it right through, but he dragged the weasel out.

"There he lay a long time half dead and exhausted, under a dock-leaf which hid him from view. The rat began to think that the weasel would die after all, so he came and said: 'Wake up, coward, and come with me into the cart-house; there is a very nice warm hole there, and I will tell you something; if you stay here very likely the bailiff may see you, and if Pan should be let loose he will sniff you out in a second.' So the weasel, with very great difficulty, dragged himself into the cart-house, and found shelter in the hole.

"Now the rat, though he had helped the weasel, did not half like him, for he was afraid to go to sleep while the weasel was about, lest his guest should fasten on his throat, for he knew he was treacherous to the last degree. He cast about in his mind how to get rid of him, and at the same time to serve his own purpose. By-and-by he said that there was a mouse in the cart-house who had a very plump wife, and two fat little mice. At this the weasel pricked up his ears, for he was so terribly hungry, and sat up and asked where they were. The rat said the wife and the children were up in the beam; the wood had rotted, and they had a hole there, but he was afraid the mouse himself was away from home just then, most likely in the corn-bin, where the barley-meal for the pigs was kept.

"'Never mind,' said the weasel, eagerly, 'the wife and the baby mice will do very well,' and up he started and climbed up through the rat's hole in the wall to the roof, and then into the hole in the beam, where he had a good meal on the mice. Now the rat hated this mouse because he lived so near, and helped himself to so much food, and being so much smaller, he could get about inside the house where you live, Bevis, without being seen, and so got very fat, and made the rat jealous. He thought, too, that when the weasel had eaten the wife and the babies, that he would be strong enough to go away. Presently the weasel came down from his meal, and looked so fierce and savage that the rat, strong as he was, was still more anxious to get rid of him as quickly as possible.

"He told the weasel that there was a way by which he could get to the corn-bin without the least danger, though it was close to the house, and there he would be certain to find the mouse

himself, and very likely another Miss Mouse whom he used to meet there. At this the weasel was so excited he could hardly wait to be shown the way, and asked the rat to put him in the road directly; he was so hungry he did not care what he did. Without delay the rat took him to the mouth of the hole, and told him to stay there and listen a minute to be sure that no one was coming. If he could not hear any footsteps, all he had to do was to rush across the road there, only two or three yards, to the rough grass, the dandelions, and the docks opposite. Just there there was an iron grating made in the wall of the house to let in the air and keep the rats out; but one of the bars had rusted off and was broken, and that was the mouse's track to the corn-bin.

"The weasel put out his head, glanced round, saw no one, and without waiting to listen rushed out into the roadway. In an instant the rat pushed against a small piece of loose stone, which he kept for the purpose, and it fell down and shut up the mouth of his hole. As the weasel was running across the roadway suddenly one of the laborers came round the corner with a bucket of food for the pigs. Frightened beyond measure, the weasel hastened back to the rat's hole, but could not get in because of the stone. Not knowing what to do, he ran round the cart-house, where there was some grass under the wall, with the man coming close behind him. Now it was just there that the bailiff had set the gin for the rat, near the mouth of the drain, but the rat knew all about it, and used the other hole.

"The grass, knowing that we wished to drive the weasel that way into the gin, had tried to grow faster and hide the trap, but could not get on very well because the weather was so dry. But that morning, when the rat upset Pan's bowl of water, and it ran down the drain, some part of it reached the roots of the grass and moistened them, then the grass shot up quick and quite hid the trap, except one little piece. Now, seeing the weasel rushing along in his fright, the grass was greatly excited, but did not know what to do to hide this part, so the grass whispered to his friend the wind to come to his help.

"This the wind was very ready to do, for this reason—he hated to smell the decaying carcasses of the poor creatures the

weasel killed, and left to rot and to taint the air, so that it quite spoilt his morning ramble over the fields. With a puff the wind came along and blew a dead leaf, one of the last year's leaves, over the trap, and so hid it completely.

"The weasel saw the mouth of the drain, and thinking to be safe in a minute darted at it, and was snapped up by the gin. The sudden shock deprived him of sense or motion, and well for him it did, for had he squeaked or moved ever so little the man with the bucket must have seen or heard him. After a time he came to himself, and again began to beg the rat to help him; but the rat, having had his revenge on the mouse, did not much care to trouble about it, and, besides, he remembered how very wolfish and fierce the weasel had looked at him when in his hole. At least he thought he would have a night's sleep in comfort first, for he had been afraid to sleep a wink with the weasel so near. Now the weasel was in the gin he could have a nap.

"All night long the weasel was in the gin, and to a certainty he would have been seen—for the bailiff would have been sure to come and look at his trap—but if you remember, Bevis, dear, that was the very day you were lost (while asleep under the oak), and everything was confusion, and the gin was forgotten. Well, in the morning the weasel begged so piteously of the rat to help him again, that the rat began to think he would, now he had had a good sleep, when just as he was peeping out along you came, Bevis, dear, and found the weasel in the gin.

"Now, I daresay you remember the talk you had with the weasel, and what the mouse said; well, the rat was listening all the while, and he heard the weasel say to you that he always killed the rats. 'Aha!' thought the rat, 'catch me helping you again, sir;' and the weasel heard him say it. So when you stepped on the spring and loosed the weasel, he did not dare go into the drain, knowing that the rat (while awake) was stronger than he, but hobbled as well as he could across to the wood-pile. There he stopped, exhausted, and stiff from his wounds. Meantime the rat deliberated how best he could drive the treacherous weasel away from the place.

"At night, accordingly, he cautiously left his hole and went

across to the tub where Pan was sleeping, curled up comfortably within. The end of Pan's chain, where it was fastened to the staple outside the tub, was not of iron, but tar-cord. The last link had been broken, and it was therefore tied in this manner. The rat easily gnawed through the tar-cord, and then slipped back to his hole to await events. About the middle of the night, when the weasel had rested and began to stir out, Pan woke up, and seeing that it was light, stepped out to bay at the moon. He immediately found that his chain was undone, and rushed about to try and find some water, being very thirsty. He had not gone very far before he smelt the weasel, and instantly began to chase him. The weasel, however, slipped under a faggot, and so across and under the wood-pile, where he was safe; but he was so alarmed that presently he crept out the other side, and round by the pig-sty, and so past the stable to the rick-yard, and then into the hedge, and he never stopped running, stiff as he was, till he was half-a-mile away in the ash copse and had crept into a rabbit's hole. He could not have got away from the wood-pile, only Pan, being so thirsty, gave up looking for him, and went down to the brook.

"In the morning, as they thought Pan had broken his chain, they kicked the spaniel howling into his tub again. And now comes the sad part of it, Bevis, dear. You must know that when the weasel was in the trap we all thought it was quite safe, and that our enemy was done for at last, and so we went off to a dancing-party, on the short grass of the downs by moonlight, leaving our leverets to nibble near the wheat. We stayed at the dancing-party so late that the dawn came and we were afraid to go home in the daylight, and next night we all felt so merry we had another dance, and again danced till it was morning.

"While we were sleeping in the day, the weasel, having now recovered a good deal, crept out from the rabbit-hole in the copse. We were so far off, you see, the mice could not send us word that he had escaped from the gin in time, and, indeed, none of them knew exactly where to find us; they told the swallows, and the swallows searched, but missed us. The wind,

too, blew as many ways as he could to try and reach us, but he had to blow east that day, and could not manage it. If we had only been at home we should have been on the watch; but my poor leveret, and my two friends' poor leverets, were sleeping so comfortably when the wicked weasel stole on them one by one, and bit their necks and killed them. He could not eat them, nor half of them, he only killed them for revenge, and oh! dear little Sir Bevis, what shall I do? what shall I do?"

"I will kill the weasel," said Bevis. "He is dreadfully wicked. I will shoot him this minute with my bow and arrow."

But when he looked round he had got neither of them; he had dropped the bow in the Home Field when he jumped into the ditch to scramble through the hedge, and he had wandered so far among the cowslips that he could not see the arrow. Bevis looked all round again, and did not recognise any of the trees, nor the hedges, nor could he see the house nor the ricks, nor anything that he knew. His face flushed up, and the tears came into his eyes; he was lost.

"Don't cry," said the hare, much pleased at the eagerness with which he took up the quarrel against the weasel; "don't cry, darling, I will show you the way home and where to find your arrow. It is not very far, though you cannot see it because of the ground rising between you and it. But will you really kill the weasel next time?"

"Yes, indeed I will," said Bevis, "I will shoot my arrow and kill him quite dead in a minute."

"But I am not sure you can hit him with your arrow; don't you remember that you could not hit the greenfinches nor the rook?"

"Well, then," said Bevis, "if you will wait till I am a man, papa will lend me his gun, and then I can certainly kill him."

"But that will be such a long time, Sir Bevis; did not your papa tell you you would have to eat another peck of salt before you could have a gun?"

"Then I know what I will do," said Bevis, "I will shoot the weasel with my brass cannon. Ah, that is the way! And I know where papa keeps his gunpowder; it is in a tin canister on the topmost shelf, and I will tell you how I climb up

there. First, I bring the big arm-chair, and then I put the stool on that, and then I stand on the lowest shelf, and I can just reach the canister."

"Take care, Sir Bevis," said the hare, "take care, and do not open the canister where there is a fire in the room, or a candle, because a spark may blow you up just when you are not thinking."

"Oh! I know all about that; I'll take care," said Bevis, "and I will shoot the wretch of a weasel in no time. Now please show me the way home."

"So I will; you stay there till I come to you, I will run round by the gateway."

"Why not come straight through the hedge?" said Bevis, "you could easily creep through, I'm sure."

"No, dear. I must not come that way, that road belongs to another hare, and I must not trespass."

"But you can run where you like—can you not?"

"Oh, dear no; all the hares have different roads, Sir Bevis, and if I were to run along one of theirs that did not belong to me, to-night they would bite me and thump me with their paws till I was all bruised."

"I can't see any path," said Bevis, "you can run where you like in the field, I'm sure."

"No, I can't, dear; I shall have to go a quarter of a mile round to come to you, because there are three paths between you and me, and I shall have to turn and twist about not to come on them."

While Bevis was thinking about this, and how stupid it was of the hares to have roads, the hare ran off, and in two or three minutes came to him through the cowslips. "Oh, you pretty creature!" said Sir Bevis, stooping down and stroking her back, and playing with the tips of her long ears. "Oh, I do love you so!" At this the hare was still more pleased, and rubbed her head against Bevis's hand.

"Now," she said, "you must come along quickly, because I dare not stay on this short grass, lest some dog should see me. Follow me, dear." She went on before him, and Bevis ran behind, and in a minute or two they went over the rising ground, past the tall stone (put there for the cows to rub their sides against),

and then the hare stopped and showed Bevis the great oak tree, where he once went to sleep. She told him to look at it well, and recollect the shape of it, so that another time he could find his way home by the tree. Then she told him to walk straight to the tree, and on his way there he would find the arrow, and close by the tree was the gap in the hedge, and when he got through the gap, he would see the house and the ricks, and if he followed the ditch then he would presently come to the place where he dropped his bow.

"Thank you," said Bevis, "I will run as fast as I can, for I am sure it must be nearly dinner time. Good-by, you pretty creature;" and having stroked her ears just once more, off he started. In a few minutes he found his arrow, and looked back to show it to the hare, but she was gone; so he went on to the oak, got through the gap, and there was the house at the other side of the field. He could hear Pan barking, so he felt quite at home, and walked along the ditch till he picked up his bow. He was very hungry when he got home, and yet he was glad when the dinner was over, that he might go to the cupboard and get his brass cannon.

When he came to examine the cannon, and to think about shooting the weasel with it, he soon found that it would not do very well, because he could not hold it in his hand and point it straight, and when it went off it would most likely burn his fingers. But looking at his papa's gun he saw that the barrel, where the powder is put in, was fixed in a wooden handle called the stock, so he set to work with his pocket-knife to make a handle for his cannon. He cut a long thick willow stick, choosing the willow because it was soft and easiest to cut, and chipped away till he had made a groove in it at one end in which he put the cannon, fastening it in with a piece of thin copper wire twisted round. Next he cut a ramrod, and then he loaded his gun, and fired it off with a match to see how it went.

This he did at the bottom of the orchard, a long way from the house, for he was afraid that if they saw what he was doing they might take it from him, so he kept it hidden in the summer-house under an old sack. The cannon went off with a good bang, and the shot he had put in it stuck in the bark of an apple

tree. Bevis jumped about with delight, and thought he could now kill the weasel. It was too late to start that day, but the next morning off he marched with his gun into the Home Field, and having charged it behind the shelter of a tree out of sight, began his chase for the weasel.

All round the field he went, looking carefully into the ditch and the hedge, and asking at all the rabbit's-holes if they knew where the scoundrel was. The rabbits knew very well, but they were afraid to answer, lest the weasel should hear about it, and come and kill the one that had betrayed him. Twice he searched up and down without success, and was just going to call to the hare to come and show him, when suddenly he discovered a thrush sitting on her nest in a bush. He put down his gun, and was going to see how many eggs she had got, when the weasel (who had no idea he was there) peeped over the bank, having a fancy for the eggs, but afraid that the nest was too high for him to reach.

"Ho! Ho!" cried Bevis, "there you are. Now I have you. Just stand still a minute, while I get my gun and strike a match."

"Whatever for?" asked the weasel, very innocently.

"I am going to shoot you," said Bevis, busy getting his gun ready.

"Shoot *me!*" said the weasel, in a tone of the utmost astonishment; "why ever do you want to shoot me, Sir Bevis? Did I not tell you that I spent all my life doing good?"

"Yes, you rascal!" said Bevis, putting a pinch of powder on the touch-hole, "you know you are a wicked story-teller; you killed the poor leveret after I let you loose. Now!" and he went down on one knee, and put his cannon-stick on the other as a rest to keep it straight.

"Wait a minute," said the weasel, "just listen to me a minute. I assure you——"

"No; I sha'n't listen to you," said Bevis, striking his match.

"Oh," said the weasel, kneeling down, "if you will only wait one second, I will tell you all the wickedness I have committed. Don't, please, kill me before I have got this load of guilt off my mind."

"Well, make haste," said Bevis, aiming along his cannon.

"I will," said the weasel; "and first of all, if you are going to kill me, why don't you shoot the thrush as well, for she is ever so much more wicked and cruel than I have been?"

"Oh, what a dreadful story!" said the thrush. "How can you say so?"

"Yes, you are," said the weasel. "Sir Bevis, you remember the two snails you found in the garden path—those you put on a leaf, and watched to see which could crawl the fastest?"

"I remember," said Sir Bevis. "But you must make haste, or my match will burn out."

"And you recollect that the snails had no legs and could not walk, and that they had no wings and could not fly, and were very helpless creatures?"

"Yes, I remember; I left them on the path."

"Well, directly you left them, out came this great ugly speckled thrush from the shrubbery—you see how big the thrush is, quite a monster beside the poor snails; and you see what long legs she has, and great wings, and such a strong, sharp beak. This cruel monster of a thrush picked up the snails, one at a time, and smashed them on the stones, and gobbled them up."

"Well," said the thrush, much relieved, "is that all? snails are very nice to eat."

"Was it not brutally cruel?" asked the weasel.

"Yes, it was," said Bevis.

"Then," said the weasel, "when you shoot me, shoot the thrush too."

"So I will," said Bevis, "but how can I hit you both?"

"I will show you," said the weasel. "I will walk along the bank till I am just in a line with the thrush's nest, and then you can take aim at both together."

So he went along the bank and stopped behind the nest, and Bevis moved his cannon-stick and took another aim.

"Dear me!" cried the thrush, dreadfully alarmed, "you surely are not going to shoot me? I never did any harm. Bevis, stop—listen to me!"

Now if the thrush had flown away she might have escaped, but she was very fond of talking, and while she was talking Bevis was busy getting his gun ready.

"It is straight now," said the weasel; "it is pointed quite straight. Hold it still there, and I will sit so that I shall die quick;—here is my bosom. Tell the hare to forgive me."

"Oh," said the thrush, "don't shoot!"

"Shoot!" cried the weasel.

Bevis dropped his match on the touch-hole, puff went the priming, and bang went the cannon. Directly the smoke had cleared away, Bevis looked in the ditch, to see the dead weasel and the thrush. There was the thrush right enough, quite dead, and fallen out of the nest; the nest, too, was knocked to pieces, and the eggs had fallen out (two were broken), but there was one not a bit smashed, lying on the dead leaves at the bottom of the ditch. But the weasel was nowhere to be seen.

"Weasel," cried Bevis, "where are you?" But the weasel did not answer. Bevis looked everywhere, over the bank and round about, but could not find him. At last he saw that under some grass on the bank there was a small rabbit's-hole. Now the weasel had sat up for Bevis to shoot him right over this hole, and when he saw him move the match, just as the priming went puff, the weasel dropped down into the hole, and the shot went over his head.

Bevis was very angry when he saw how the weasel had deceived him, and felt so sorry for the poor thrush, whose speckled breast was all pierced by the shot, and who would never sing any more. He did not know what to do, he was so cross; but presently he ran home to fetch Pan, to see if Pan could hunt out the weasel.

When he had gone a little way the weasel came out of the hole, and went down into the ditch and feasted on the thrush's egg, which he could not have got had not the shot knocked the nest to pieces, just as he had contrived. He never tasted so sweet an egg as that one, and as he sucked it up he laughed as he thought how cleverly he had deceived them all. When he heard Pan bark he went back into the hole, and so along the hedge till he reached the copse; and then creeping into another hole, a very small one, where no dog could get at him, he curled himself up very comfortably and went to sleep.



SIR BEVIS AND THE WEASEL.

BROTHER RABBIT'S CRADLE*

(From "*Told by Uncle Remus*")

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

I WISH you'd tell me what you tote a hankcher fer," remarked Uncle Remus, after he had reflected over the matter a little while.

"Why, to keep my mouth clean," answered the little boy.

Uncle Remus looked at the lad, and shook his head doubtfully. "Uh-uh!" he exclaimed. "You can't fool folks when dey git ez ol' ez what I is. I been watchin' you now mo' days dan I kin count, an' I ain't never see yo' mouf dirty 'nuff fer ter be wiped wid a hankcher. It's allers clean—too clean ter suit me. Dar's yo' pa, now; when he wuz a little chap like you, his mouf useter git dirty in de mornin' an' stay dirty plum twel night. Dey wa'n't sca'cely a day dat he didn't look like he been playin' wid de pigs in de stable lot. Ef he yever is tote a hankcher, he ain't never show it ter me."

"He carries one now," remarked the little boy with something like a triumphant look on his face.

"Tooby sho'," said Uncle Remus; "tooby sho' he do. He start ter totin' one when he tuck an' tuck a notion fer ter go a-courtin'. It had his name in one cornder, an' he useter sprinkle it wid stuff out'n a pepper-sauce bottle. It sho' wuz rank, dat stuff wuz; it smell so sweet it make you fergit whar you live at. I take notice dat you ain't got none on yone."

"No; mother says that cologne or any kind of perfumery on your handkerchief makes you common."

Uncle Remus leaned his head back, closed his eyes, and permitted a heartrending groan to issue from his lips. The little boy showed enough anxiety to ask him what the matter was. "Nothin' much, honey; I wuz des tryin' fer ter count

*From "*Told by Uncle Remus*," Published by permission of Doubleday, Page & Co.

how many diffunt kinder people dey is in dis big worl', an' 'fo' I got mo' dan half done wid my countin', a pain struck me in my mizry, an' I had ter break off."

"I know what you mean," said the child. "You think mother is queer; grandmother thinks so too."

"How come you ter be so wise, honey?" Uncle Remus inquired, opening his eyes wide with astonishment.

"I know by the way you talk, and by the way grandmother looks sometimes," answered the little boy.

Uncle Remus said nothing for some time. When he did speak, it was to lead the little boy to believe that he had been all the time engaged in thinking about something else. "Talk-in' er dirty folks," he said, "you oughter seed yo' pa when he wuz a little bit er chap. Dey wuz long days when you could n't tell ef he wuz black er white, he wuz dat dirty. He'd come out'n de big house in de mornin' ez clean ez a new pin, an' 'fo' ten er-clock you couldn't tell what kinder clof his cloze wuz made out'n. Many's de day when I've seed ol' Miss—dat's yo' great-gran'mammy—comb 'nuff trash out'n his head fer ter fill a basket."

The little boy laughed at the picture that Uncle Remus drew of his father. "He's very clean now," said the lad loyally.

"Maybe he is an' maybe he ain't," remarked Uncle Remus, suggesting a doubt. "Dat's needer here ner dar. Is he any better off clean dan what he wuz when you couldn't put yo' han's on 'im widout havin' ter go an' wash um? Yo' gran'mammy useter call 'im a pig, an' clean ez he may be now, I take notice dat he makes mo' complaint er headache an' de heartburn dan what he done when he wuz runnin' roun' here half-naked an' full er mud. I hear tell dat some nights he can't git no sleep, but when he wuz little like you—no, suh, I'll not say dat, bekaze he wuz bigger dan what you is fum de time he kin toddle roun' widout nobody he'pin' him; but when he wuz ol' ez you an' twice ez big, dey ain't narry night dat he can't sleep—an' not only all night, but half de day ef dey'd 'a let' im. Dey ought ter let you run roun' here like he done, an' git dirty. Dey ain't nothin' mo' wholesomer dan a peck er two er clean dirt on a little chap like you."

There is no telling what comment the child would have made on this sincere tribute to clean dirt, for his attention was suddenly attracted to something that was gradually taking shape in the hands of Uncle Remus. At first it seemed to be hardly worthy of notice, for it had been only a thin piece of board. But now the one piece had become four pieces, two long and two short, and under the deft manipulations of Uncle Remus it soon assumed a boxlike shape.

The old man had reached the point of his work where silence was necessary to enable him to do it full justice. As he fitted the thin boards together, a whistling sound issued from his lips, as though he were letting off steam; but the singular noise was due to the fact that he was completely absorbed in his work. He continued to fit and trim, and trim and fit, until finally the little boy could no longer restrain his curiosity. "Uncle Remus, what are you making?" he asked plaintively.

"Larroes fer ter kech meddlers," was the prompt and blunt reply.

"Well, what are larroes to catch meddlers?" the child insisted.

"Nothin' much an' sump'n mo'. Dicky, Dicky, killt a chicky, an' fried it quicky, in de oven, like a sloven. Den ter his daddy's Sunday hat, he tuck 'n' hitched de ol' black cat. Now what you reckon make him do dat? Ef you can't tell me word fer word an' spellin' fer spellin' we'll go out an' come in an' take a walk."

He rose, grunting as he did so, thus paying an unintentional tribute to the efficacy of age as the partner of rheumatic aches and stiff joints. "You hear me gruntin'," he remarked—"well, dat's bekaze I ain't de chicky fried by Dicky, which he e't 'nuff fer ter make 'im sicky." As he went out the child took his hand, and went trotting along by his side, thus affording an interesting study for those who concern themselves with the extremes of life. Hand in hand the two went out into the fields, and thence into the great woods, where Uncle Remus, after searching about for some time, carefully deposited his oblong box, remarking: "Ef I don't make no mistakes, dis ain't so mighty fur fum de place whar de creeturs has der playgroun', an'

dey ain't no tellin' but what one un um'll creep in dar when deyer playin' hidin', an' ef he do, he'll sho' be our meat."

"Oh, it's a trap!" exclaimed the little boy, his face lighting up with enthusiasm.

"An' dey wa'n't nobody here fer ter tell you!" Uncle Remus declared, astonishment in his tone. "Well, ef dat don't bang my time, I ain't no free nigger. Now, ef dat had 'a' been yo' pa at de same age, I'd 'a' had ter tel 'im forty-lev'm time, an' den he wouldn't 'a' b'lieved me twel he see sump'n in dar tryin' fer ter git out. Den he'd say it wuz a trap, but not befo'. I ain't blamin' 'im," Uncle Remus went on, "kaze 'tain't eve'y chap dat kin tell a trap time he see it, an' mo dan dat, traps don' allers ketch what dey er sot fer."

He paused, looked all around, and up in the sky, where fleecy clouds were floating lazily along, and in the tops of the trees, where the foliage was swaying gently in the breeze. Then he looked at the little boy. "Ef I ain't gone an' got los'," he said, "we ain't so mighty fur fum de place whar Mr. Man, once 'pon a time—not yo' time ner yit my time, but some time—tuck'n' sot a trap fer Brer Rabbit. In dem days, dey hadn't l'arnt how to be kyarpenters, an' dish yer trap what I'm tellin' you 'bout wuz a great big contraption. Big ez Brer Rabbit wuz, it wuz lots too big fer him.

"Now, whiles Mr. Man wuz fixin' up dis trap, Mr. Rabbit wa'n't so mighty fur off. He hear de saw—er-rash— er-rash— an' he hear de hammer—bang, bang, bang!—an' he ax hisse'f what all dis racket wuz 'bout. He see Mr. Man come out'n his yard totin' sump'n, an' he got funder off; he see Mr. Man comin' todes de bushes, an' he tuck ter de woods; he see 'im comin' todes de woods, an' he tuck ter de bushes. Mr. Man tote de trap so fur an' no funder. He put it down, he did, an Brer Rabbit watch 'im; he put in de bait, an' Brer Rabbit watch 'im; he fix de trigger, an' still Brer Rabbit watch 'im. Mr. Man look at de trap an' it satchify him. He look at it an' laugh, an' when he do dat, Brer Rabbit wunk one eye, an' wiggle his mustache, an' chaw his cud.

"An' dat ain't all he do, needer. He sot out in de bushes, he did, an' study how ter git some game in de trap. He study so

hard, an' he got so erryrtated, dat he thumped his behime foot on de groun' twel it soun' like a cow dancin' out dar in de bushes, but 'twant no cow, ner yit no calf—'twuz des Brer Rabbit studyin'. Atter so long a time, he put out down de road todes dat part er de country whar mos' er de crecturs live at. Eve'y time he hear a fuss, he'd dodge in de bushes, kaze he wanter see who comin'. He keep on an' he keep on, an' bimeby he hear ol' Brer Wolf trottin' down de road.

"It so happen dat Brer Wolf wuz de ve'y one what Brer Rabbit wanter see. Dey was perlite ter one an'er, but dey wa'n't no frien'ly feelin' 'twixt um. Well, here come ol' Brer Wolf, hongrier dan a chicken-hawk on a frosty mornin', an' ez he come up he see Brer Rabbit settin' by de side er de road lookin' like he done los' all his fambly an' his friends ter boot.

"Dey pass de time er day, an' den Brer Wolf kinder grin an' say, 'Laws-a-massy, Brer Rabbit! what ail you? You look like you done had a spell er fever an' ague; what de trouble?' 'Trouble, Brer Wolf? You ain't never see no trouble twel you git whar I'm at. Maybe you would n't min' it like I does, kaze I ain't usen ter it. But I boun' you done seed me light-minded fer de las' time. I'm done—I'm plum wo' out,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. Dis make Brer Wolf open his eyes wide. He say, 'Dis de fus time I ever is hear you talk dat a-way, Brer Rabbit; take yo' time an' tell me 'bout it. I ain't had my brekkus yit, but dat don't make no diffunce, long ez youer in trouble. I'll he'p you out ef I kin, an' mo' dan dat, I'll put some heart in de work.' When he say dis, he grin an' show his tushes, an' Brer Rabbit kinder edge 'way fum 'im. He say, 'Tell me de trouble, Brer Rabbit, an' I'll do my level bes' fer ter he'p you out.'

"Wid dat, Brer Rabbit 'low dat Mr. Man done been hire him fer ter take keer er his truck patch, an' keep out de minks, de mush-rats, an' de weasels. He say dat he done so well settin' up night atter night, when he des might ez well been in bed, dat Mr. Man prommus 'im sump'n extry' sides de mess er greens what he gun 'im eve'y day. Atter so long a time, he say, Mr. Man 'low dat he gwineter make 'im a present uv a cradle so he kin rock de little Rabs ter sleep when dey cry.

So said, so done, he say. Mr. Man make de cradle an' tell Brer Rabbit he kin take it home wid 'im. He start out wid it, he say, but it got so heavy he hatter set it down in de woods an' dat's de reason why Brer Wolf seed 'im settin' down by de side er de road, lookin' like he in deep trouble. Brer Wolf sot down, he did, an' study, an' bimeby he say he'd like mighty well fer ter have a cradle fer his chillun, long ez cradles wuz de style. Brer Rabbit say dey been de style fer de longest, an' ez fer Brer Wolf wantin' one, he say he kin have de one what Mr. Man make fer him, kaze it's lots too big fer his chillun. 'You know how folks is,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Dey try ter do what dey dunner how ter do, an' dar's der house bigger dan a barn, an' dar's de fence wid mo' holes in it dan what dey is in a saine, an kaze dey have great big chillun dey got de idee dat eve'y cradle what dey make mus' fit der own chillun. An' dat's how come I can't tote de cradle what Mr. Man make fer me mo' dan ten steps at a time.'

"Brer Wolf ax Brer Rabbit what he gwineter do fer a cradle, an' Brer Rabbit 'low he kin manage fer ter git long wid de ol' one twel he kin 'suade Mr. Man ter make 'im an'er one, an' he don't speck dat'll be so mighty hard to do. Brer Wolf can't he'p but b'lieve dey's some trick in it, an' he say he ain't see de ol' cradle when las' he wuz at Brer Rabbit house. Wid dat, Brer Rabbit bust out laughin'. He say, 'Dat's been so long back, Brer Wolf, dat I done fergit all 'bout it; 'sides dat, ef dey wuz a cradle dar, I boun' you my ol' 'oman got better sense dan ter set it in de parler, whar comp'ny comes; an' he laugh so loud an' long dat he make Brer Wolf right shame er himse'f.

"He 'low, ol' Brer Wolf did, 'Come on, Brer Rabbit, an' show me whar de cradle's is. Ef it's too big fer yo' chillun, it'll des 'bout fit mine.' An' so off dey put ter whar Mr. Man done sot his trap. 'Twant so mighty long 'fo' dey got whar dey wuz gwine, an' Brer Rabbit say, 'Brer Wolf, dar yo' cradle, an' may it do you mo' good dan it's yever done me!' Brer Wolf walk all roun' de trap an' look at it like 'twuz live. Brer Rabbit thump one er his behime foots on de groun' an' Brer Wolf jump like some un done shot a gun right at 'im. Dis make Brer Rabbit laugh twel he can't laugh no mo'. Brer Wolf,

he say he kinder nervious 'bout dat time er de year, an' de leas' little bit er noise 'll make 'im jump. He ax how he gwineter git any purchis on de cradle, an' Brer Rabbit say he'll hatter git inside an' walk wid it on his back, kaze dat de way he done done.

"Brer Wolf ax what all dem contraptions on de inside is, an' Brer Rabbit 'spon' dat dey er de rockers, an' dey ain't no needs fer ter be skeer'd un um, kaze dey ain't nothin' but plain wood. Brer Wolf say he ain't 'zackly skeer'd, but he done got ter de p'int whar he know dat you better look 'fo' you jump. Brer Rabbit 'low dat ef dey's any jumpin' fer ter be done, he de one ter do it, an' he talk like he done fergit what dey come fer. Brer Wolf, he fool an' fumble roun', but bimeby he walk in de cradle, sprung de trigger, an' dar he wuz! Brer Rabbit, he holler out, 'Come on, Brer Wolf; des hump yo'se'f, an' I'll be wid you.' But try ez he will an' grunt ez he may, Brer Wolf can't budge dat trap. Bimeby Brer Rabbit git tired er waitin' an' he say dat ef Brer Wolf ain't gwineter come on he's gwine home. He 'low dat a frien' what say he gwineter he'p you, an' den go in a cradle an' drap off ter sleep, dat's all he wanter know 'bout um; an' wid dat he made fer de bushes, an' he wa'n't a minnit too soon, kaze here come Mr. Man fer ter see ef his trap had been sprung. He look, he did, an' sho' nuff, it 'uz sprung, an' dey wuz sump'n in dar, too, kaze he kin hear it rustlin' roun' an' kickin' fer ter git out.

"Mr. Man look 'thoo de crack, an' he see Brer Wolf, which he wuz so skeered twel his eye look right green. Mr. Man say, 'Aha! I got you, is I?' Brer Wolf say, 'Who?' Mr. Man laugh twel he can't sca'cely talk, an' still Brer Wolf say, 'Who? Who you think you got?' Mr. Man 'low, 'I don't think, I knows. Youer ol' Brer Rabbit, dat's who you is.' Brer Wolf say, 'Turn me outer here, an' I'll show you who I is.' Mr. Man laugh fit ter kill. He 'low, 'You neenter change yo' voice; I'd know you ef I met you in de dark. Youer Brer Rabbit, dat's who you is.' Brer Wolf say, 'I ain't not; dat's what I'm not!'

"Mr. Man look 'thoo de crack ag'in, an' he see de short years. He 'low, 'You done cut off yo' long years, but still I

knows you. Oh, yes! an' you done sharpen yo' mouf an' put smut on it—but you can't fool me.' Brer Wolf say, 'Nobody ain't tryin' ter fool you. Look at my fine long bushy tail.' Mr. Man 'low, 'You done tied an'er tail on behime you, but you can't fool me. Oh, no, Brer Rabbit! You can't fool me.' Brer Wolf say, 'Look at de ha'r on my back; do dat look like Brer Rabbit?' Mr. Man 'low, 'You done wallered in de red san', but you can't fool me.'

"Brer Wolf say, 'Look at my long black legs; do dey look like Brer Rabbit?' Mr. Man 'low, 'You kin put an'er j'int in yo' legs, an' yo' kin smut um, but you can't fool me.' Brer Wolf say, 'Look at my tushes; does dey look like Brer Rabbit?' Mr. Man 'low, 'You done got new toofies, but you can't fool me.' Brer Wolf say, 'Look at my little eyes; does dey look like Brer Rabbit?' Mr. Man 'low, 'You kin squinch yo' eyeballs, but you can't fool me, Brer Rabbit.' Brer Wolf squall out, "I ain't not Brer Rabbit, an' you better turn me out er dis place so I kin take hide an ha'r off'n Brer Rabbit." Mr. Man say, 'Ef bofe hide an' ha'r wuz off, I'd know you, kaze 'tain't in you fer ter fool me.' An' it hurt Brer Wolf's feelin's so bad fer Mr. Man ter 'spute his word, dat he bust out inter a big boo-boo, an' dat's 'bout all I know."

"Did the man really and truly think that Brother Wolf was Brother Rabbit?" asked the little boy.

"When you pin me down dat a'way," responded Uncle Remus, "I'm bleeze ter tell you dat I ain't too certain an' sho' 'bout dat. De tale come down from my great-grandaddy's great-grandaddy; it come on down ter my daddy, an' des ez he gun it to me, des dat a-way I done gun it ter you."

RAB AND HIS FRIENDS

By JOHN BROWN, M. D.

FOUR-AND-THIRTY years ago, Bob Ainslie and I were coming up Infirmary Street from the Edinburgh High-School, our heads together, and our arms intertwined, as only lovers and boys know how, or why.

When we got to the top of the street, and turned north, we espied a crowd at the Tron Church. "A dog-fight!" shouted Bob, and was off; and so was I, both of us all but praying that it might not be over before we got up! And is not this boy-nature? and human nature too? and don't we all wish a house on fire not to be out before we see it? Dogs like fighting; old Isaac says they "delight" in it, and for the best of all reasons; and boys are not cruel because they like to see the fight. They see three of the great cardinal virtues of dog or man—courage, endurance, and skill—in intense action. This is very different from a love of making dogs fight, and enjoying, and aggravating, and making gain by their pluck. A boy, be he ever so fond himself of fighting, if he be a good boy, hates and despises all this, but he would have run off with Bob and me fast enough; it is a natural and not a wicked interest that all boys and men have in witnessing intense energy in action.

Does any curious and finely ignorant woman wish to know how Bob's eye at a glance announced a dog-fight to his brain? He did not, he could not, see the dogs fighting; it was a flash of an inference, a rapid induction. The crowd round a couple of dogs fighting is a crowd masculine mainly, with an occasional active, compassionate woman, fluttering wildly round the outside, and using her tongue and her hands freely upon the men, as so many "brutes;" it is a crowd annular, compact, and mobile; a crowd centripetal, having its eyes and its heads all bent downwards and inwards to one common focus.

Well, Bob and I are up, and find it is not over: a small,

thoroughbred, white bull-terrier is busy throttling a large shepherd's dog, unaccustomed to war, but not to be trifled with. They are hard at it; the scientific little fellow doing his work in great style, his pastoral enemy fighting wildly, but with the sharpest of teeth and a great courage. Science and breeding, however, soon had their own; the Game Chicken, as the premature Bob called him, working his way up, took his final grip of poor Yarrow's throat,—and he lay gasping and done for. His master, a brown, handsome, big, young shepherd from Tweedsmuir, would have liked to have knocked down any man, would "drink up Esil, or eat a crocodile," for that part, if he had a chance: it was no use kicking the little dog: that would only make him hold the closer. Many were the means shouted out in mouthfuls, of the best possible ways of ending it. "Water!" but there was none near, and many cried for it who might have got it from the well at Blackfriars Wynd. "Bite the tail!" and a large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged man, more desirous than wise, with some struggle got the bushy end of Yarrow's tail into his ample mouth, and bit it with all his might. This was more than enough for the much-enduring, much-perspiring shepherd, who, with a gleam of joy over his broad visage, delivered a terrific facer upon our large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged friend—who went down like a shot.

Still the Chicken holds; death not far off. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" observed a calm, highly dressed young buck, with an eyeglass in his eye. "Snuff, indeed!" growled the angry crowd, affronted and glaring. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" again observes the buck, but with more urgency; whereon were produced several open boxes, and from a mull which may have been at Culloden he took a pinch, knelt down, and presented it to the nose of the Chicken. The laws of physiology and of snuff took their course; the Chicken sneezes, and Yarrow is free!

The young pastoral giant stalks off with Yarrow in his arms—comforting him.

But the bull-terrier's blood is up, and his soul unsatisfied; he grips the first dog he meets, and, discovering she is not a dog, in Homeric phrase, he makes a brief sort of *amende*, and is off.



THE YOUNG PASTORAL GIANT STALKS OFF WITH
YARROW IN HIS ARMS.

The boys, with Bob and me at their head, are after him; down Niddry Street he goes, bent on mischief; up the Cowgate like an arrow—Bob and I, and our small men, panting behind.

There, under the single arch of the South Bridge, is a huge mastiff, sauntering down the middle of the causeway, as if with his hands in his pockets; he is old, gray, brindled, as big as as a little Highland bull, and has the Shakespearian dewlaps shaking as he goes.

The Chicken makes straight at him, and fastens on his throat. To our astonishment, the great creature does nothing but stand still, hold himself up, and roar—yes, roar; a long, serious remonstrative roar. How is this? Bob and I are up to them. *He is muzzled!* The baillies had proclaimed a general muzzling, and his master, studying strength and economy mainly, had encompassed his huge jaws in a home-made apparatus, constructed out of the leather of some ancient *breechin*. His mouth was open as far as it could; his lips curled in a rage—a sort of terrible grin; his teeth gleaming, ready, from out the darkness; the strap across his mouth tense as a bowstring; his whole frame stiff with indignation and surprise; his roar asking us all round, “Did you ever see the like of this?” He looked a statue of anger and astonishment, done in Aberdeen granite.

We soon had a crowd; the Chicken held on. “A knife!” cried Bob; and a cobbler gave him his knife: you know the kind of knife, worn away obliquely to a point, and always keen. I put its edge to the tense leather; it ran before it; and then!—one sudden jerk of that enormous head, a sort of dirty mist about his mouth, no noise, and the bright and fierce little fellow is dropped, limp and dead. A solemn pause: this was more than any of us had bargained for. I turned the little fellow over, and saw he was quite dead; the mastiff had taken him by the small of the back like a rat, and broken it.

He looked down at his victim appeased, ashamed, and amazed; snuffed him all over, stared at him, and, taking a sudden thought, turned round and trotted off. Bob took the dead dog up, and said: “John, we’ll bury him after tea.”—“Yes,” said I, and was off after the mastiff. He made up the Cowgate

at a rapid swing; he had forgotten some engagement. He turned up the Candlemaker Row, and stopped at the Harrow Inn.

There was a carrier's cart ready to start, and a keen, thin, impatient, black-a-vised little man, his hand at his gray horse's head, looking about angrily for something.

"Rab, ye thief!" said he, aiming a kick at my great friend, who drew cringing up, and avoiding the heavy shoe with more agility than dignity, and watching his master's eye, slunk dismayed under the cart, his ears down, and as much as he had of tail down too.

What a man this must be, thought I, to whom my tremendous hero turns tail! The carrier saw the muzzle hanging, cut and useless, from his neck, and I eagerly told him the story, which Bob and I always thought, and still think, Homer, or King David, or Sir Walter alone were worthy to rehearse. The severe little man was mitigated, and condescended to say, "Rab, my man, puir Rabbie,"—whereupon the stump of a tail rose up, the ears were cocked, the eyes filled, and were comforted; the two friends were reconciled. "Hupp!" and a stroke of the whip were given to Jess; and off went the three.

Bob and I buried the Game Chicken that night (we had not much of a tea) in the back-green of his house in Melville Street, No. 17, with considerable gravity and silence; and being at the time in the *Iliad*, and, like all boys, Trojans, we called him Hector, of course.

Six years have passed—a long time for a boy and a dog: Bob Ainslie is off to the wars; I am a medical student, and clerk at Minto House Hospital.

Rab I saw almost every week on the Wednesday; and we had much pleasant intimacy. I found the way to his heart by frequent scratching of his huge head, and an occasional bone. When I did not notice him he would plant himself straight before me, and stand wagging that bud of a tail, and looking up, with his head a little to the one side. His master I occasionally saw; he used to call me "Maister John," but was laconic as any Spartan.

One fine October afternoon, I was leaving the hospital, when I saw the large gate open, and in walked Rab, with that great and easy saunter of his. He looked as if taking general possession of the place; like the Duke of Wellington entering a subdued city, satiated with victory and peace. After him came Jess, now white from age, with her cart; and in it a woman carefully wrapped up—the carrier leading the horse anxiously and looking back. When he saw me, James (for his name was James Noble) made a curt and grotesque “boo,” and said, “Maister John, this is the mistress; she’s got trouble in her breest—some kind o’ an income, we’re thinkin’.”

By this time I saw the woman’s face; she was sitting on a sack filled with straw, her husband’s plaid round her, and his big coat, with its large white metal buttons, over her feet.

I never saw a more unforgettable face, pale, serious, *lonely*,* delicate, sweet, without being at all what we call fine. She looked sixty, and had on a mutch, white as snow, with its black ribbon; her silvery, smooth hair setting off her dark-gray eyes—eyes such as one sees only twice or thrice in a lifetime, full of suffering, full also of the overcoming of it; her eyebrows† black and delicate, and her mouth firm, patient and contented, which few mouths ever are.

As I have said, I never saw a more beautiful countenance, or one more subdued to settled quiet. “Ailie,” said James, “this is Maister John, the young doctor; Rab’s freend, ye ken. We often speak about you, doctor.” She smiled, and made a movement, but said nothing; and prepared to come down, putting her plaid aside and rising. Had Solomon, in all his glory, been handing down the Queen of Sheba at his palace gate, he could not have done it more daintily, more tenderly, more like a gentleman, than did James, the Howgate carrier, when he lifted down Ailie his wife. The contrast of his small, swarthy, weather-

*It is not easy giving this look by one word; it was expressive of her being so much of her life alone.

†“Black brows, they say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, *but in a semicircle,*
Or a half-moon made with a pen.”—A WINTER’S TALE.

beaten, keen, worldly face to hers—pale, subdued, and beautiful—was something wonderful. Rab looked on, concerned and puzzled, but ready for anything that might turn up,—were it to strangle the nurse, the porter, or even me. Ailie and he seemed great friends.

“As I was sayin’, she’s got a kind o’ trouble in her breest, doctor; wull ye tak’ a look at it?” We walked into the consulting-room, all four; Rab grim and comic, willing to be happy and confidential if cause could be shown, willing also to be the reverse, on the same terms. . . . Why was that gentle, modest, sweet woman, clean and lovable, condemned by God to bear such a burden?

I got her away to bed. “May Rab and me bide?” said James. “*You* may; and Rab, if he will behave himself.” “I’s warrant he’s do that, doctor;” and in slunk the faithful beast. I wish you could have seen him. There are no such dogs now. He belonged to a lost tribe. As I have said, he was brindled and gray like Rubislaw granite: his hair short, hard and close, like a lion’s; his body thick-set, like a little bull—a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog. He must have been ninety pounds weight at the least; he had a large, blunt head; his muzzle black as night, his mouth blacker than any night, a tooth or two—being all he had—gleaming out of his jaws of darkness. His head was scarred with the records of old wounds, a sort of series of fields of battle all over it; one eye out, one ear cropped as close as was Archbishop Leighton’s father’s; the remaining eye had the power of two; and above it, and in constant communication with it, was a tattered rag of an ear, which was forever unfurling itself, like an old flag; and then that bud of a tail, about one inch long, if it could in any sense be said to be long, being as broad as long—the mobility the instantaneousness of that bud were very funny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and winkings, the intercommunications between the eye, the ear, and it, were of the oddest and swiftest.

Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and, having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, he was as mighty in his own line as Julius Cæsar

or the Duke of Wellington, and had the gravity* of all great fighters.

You must have often observed the likeness of certain men to certain animals, and of certain dogs to men. Now, I never looked at Rab without thinking of the great Baptist preacher, Andrew Fuller.† The same large, heavy, menacing, combative, somber, honest countenance, the same deep, inevitable eye, the same look—as of thunder asleep, but ready—neither a dog nor a man to be trifled with.

Next day, my master, the surgeon, examined Ailie. There was no doubt it must kill her, and soon. It could be removed—it might never return—it would give her speedy relief—she should have it done. She courtesied, looked at James, and said, “When?”—“To-morrow,” said the kind surgeon, a man of few words. She and James and Rab and I retired. I noticed that he and she spoke little, but seemed to anticipate everything in each other. The following day at noon, the students came in, hurrying up the great stair. At the first landing-place, on a small, well-known blackboard, was a bit of paper fastened by wafers, and many remains of old wafers beside it. On the paper were the words: “An operation to-day. J. B., Clerk.”

Up ran the youths, eager to secure good places; in they crowded, full of interest and talk. “What’s the case?” “Which side is it?”

Don’t think them heartless; they are neither better nor worse than you or I; they get over their professional horrors, and

*A Highland gamekeeper, when asked why a certain terrier of singular pluck was so much more solemn than the other dogs, said, “O, Sir, life’s full o’ sairiousness to him—he just never can get enuff o’ fechtin’.”

†Fuller was, in early life, when a farmer lad at Soham, famous as a boxer; not quarrelsome, but not without “the stern delight” a man of strength and courage feels in their exercise. Dr. Charles Stewart of Dunearn, whose rare gifts and graces as a physician, a divine, a scholar, and a gentleman, live only in the memory of those few who knew and survive him, liked to tell how Mr. Fuller used to say, that when he was in the pulpit and saw a *Buirdly* man come along the passage he would instinctively draw himself up, measure his imaginary antagonist, and forecast how he would deal with him, his hands meanwhile condensing into fists, and tending to “square.” He must have been a hard hitter if he boxed as he preached—what “The Fancy” would call “an ugly customer.”

into their proper work—and in them pity, as an *emotion*, ending in itself or at best in tears and a long-drawn breath, lessens, while pity as a *motive* is quickened, and gains power and purpose. It is well for poor human nature that it is so.

The operating theatre is crowded; much talk and fun, and all the cordiality and stir of youth. The surgeon with his staff of assistants is there. In comes Ailie: one look at her quiets and abates the eager students. That beautiful old woman is too much for them; they sit down, and are dumb, and gaze at her. These rough boys feel the power of her presence. She walks in quickly, but without haste; dressed in her mutch, her neckerchief, her white dimity short-gown, her black bombazine petticoat, showing her white worsted stockings and her carpet-shoes. Behind her was James and Rab. James sat down in the distance, and took that huge and noble head between his knees. Rab looked perplexed and dangerous; forever cocking his ear and dropping it as fast. . . .

It is over: she is dressed, steps gently and decently down from the table, looks for James; then turning to the surgeon and the students she courtesies, and in a low, clear voice begs their pardon if she has behaved ill. The students—all of us—wept like children; the surgeon happed her up carefully, and, resting on James and me, Ailie went to her room, Rab following. We put her to bed. James took off his heavy shoes, crammed with tackets, heel-capt and toe-capt, and put them carefully under the table, saying, "Maister John, I'm for nane o' yer strynge nurse bodies for Ailie. I'll be her nurse, and I'll gang about on my stockin' soles as canny as pussy." And so he did; and handy and clever, and swift and tender as any woman, was that horny-handed, snell, peremptory little man. Everything she got he gave her; he seldom slept; and often I saw his small, shrewd eyes, out of the darkness, fixed on her. As before, they spoke little.

Rab behaved well, never moving, showing us how meek and gentle he could be, and occasionally, in his sleep, letting us know that he was demolishing some adversary. He took a walk with me every day, generally to the Candlemaker Row; but he was somber and mild; declined doing battle, though

some fit cases offered, and, indeed, submitted to sundry indignities; and was always very ready to turn, and came faster back, and trotted up the stair with much lightness, and went straight to that door.

Jess, the mare, had been sent, with her weather-worn cart, to Howgate, and had, doubtless, her own dim and placid meditations and confusions, on the absence of her master and Rab, and her unnatural freedom from the road and her cart.

For some days Ailie did well. The wound healed "by the first intention;" for, as James said, "Oor Ailie's skin's ower clean to heil." The students came in quiet and anxious, and surrounded her bed. She said she liked to see their young, honest faces. The surgeon dressed her, and spoke to her in his own short, kind way, pitying her through his eyes, Rab and James outside the circle—Rab being now reconciled, and even cordial, and having made up his mind that as yet nobody required worrying, but, as you may suppose, *semper paratus*.

So far well: but, four days after the operation, my patient had a sudden and long shivering, a "groosin'," as she called it. I saw her soon after; her eyes were too bright, her cheek colored; she was restless, and ashamed of being so; the balance was lost; mischief had begun. On looking at the wound a blush of red told the secret: her pulse was rapid, her breathing anxious and quick; she wasn't herself, as she said, and was vexed at her restlessness. We tried what we could. James did everything, was everywhere; never in the way, never out of it; Rab subsided under the table into a dark place, and was motionless, all but his eye, which followed every one. Ailie got worse; began to wander in her mind, gently; was more demonstrative in her ways to James, rapid in her questions, and sharp at times. He was vexed, and said, "She was never that way afore; no, never." For a time she knew her head was wrong, and was always asking our pardon—the dear, gentle old woman; then delirium set in strong, without pause. Her brain gave way, and then came that terrible spectacle—

"The intellectual power, through words and things,
Went sounding on its dim and perilous way,"

she sang bits of old songs and Psalms, stopping suddenly, mingling the Psalms of David and the diviner words of his Son and Lord with homely odds and ends and scraps of ballads.

Nothing more touching, or in a sense more strangely beautiful, did I ever witness. Her tremulous, rapid, affectionate, eager Scotch voice, the swift, aimless, bewildered mind, the baffled utterance, the bright and perilous eye; some wild words, some household cares, something for James, the names of the dead, Rab called rapidly and in a "fremyt" voice, and he starting up surprised, and slinking off as if he were to blame somehow, or had been dreaming he heard; many eager questions and beseechings which James and I could make nothing of, and on which she seemed to set her all, and then sink back ununderstood. It was very sad, but better than many things that are not called sad. James hovered about, put out and miserable, but active and exact as ever; read to her, when there was a lull, short bits from the Psalms, prose and meter, chanting the latter in his own rude and serious way, showing great knowledge of the fit words, bearing up like a man, and doting over her as his "ain Ailie." "Ailie, ma woman!" "Ma ain bonnie wee dawtie!"

The end was drawing on: the golden bowl was breaking; the silver cord was fast being loosed; that *animula blandula, vagula, hospes comesque*, was about to flee. The body and the soul, companions for sixty years, were being sundered, and taking leave. She was walking along through the valley of that shadow into which one day we must all enter; and yet she was not alone, for we know whose rod and staff were comforting her.

One night she had fallen quiet, and, as we hoped, asleep; her eyes were shut. We put down the gas, and sat watching her. Suddenly she sat up in bed, and taking a bed gown which was lying on it, rolled up, she held it eagerly to her breast—to the right side. We could see her eyes bright with a surprising tenderness and joy, bending over this bundle of clothes. She held it as a woman holds her suckling child; opening out her nightgown impatiently, and holding it close, and brooding over it, and murmuring foolish little words, as over one whom his mother comforteth, and who sucks and is sat-

isfied. It was pitiful and strange to see her wasted dying look keen and yet vague—her immense love.

"Preserve me!" groaned James, giving way. And then she rocked back and forward, as if to make it sleep, hushing it, and wasting on it her infinite fondness. "Wae's me, doctor; I declare she's thinking it's that bairn."—"What bairn?"—"The only bairn we ever had; our wee Mysie, and she's in the Kingdom, forty years and mair." It was plainly true; . . . again once more they were together, and she had her ain wee Mysie in her bosom.

This was the close. She sank rapidly; the delirium left her; but, as she whispered, she was "clean silly"; it was the lightening before the final darkness. After having for some time lain still, her eyes shut, she said, "James!" He came close to her, and, lifting up her calm, clear, beautiful eyes, she gave him a long look, turned to me kindly but shortly, looked for Rab but could not see him, then turned to her husband again, as if she would never leave off looking, shut her eyes, and composed herself. She lay for some time breathing quick, and passed away so gently that, when we thought she was gone, James, in his old-fashioned way, held the mirror to her face. After a long pause, one small spot of dimness was breathed out; it vanished away, and never returned, leaving the blank, clear darkness of the mirror without a stain. "What is our life? it is even a vapor, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Rab all this time had been full awake and motionless; he came forward beside us; Ailie's hand, which James had held, was hanging down; it was soaked with his tears; Rab licked it all over carefully, looked at her, and returned to his place under the table.

James and I sat, I don't know how long, but for some time—saying nothing. He started up abruptly, and with some noise went to the table, and putting his right fore and middle fingers each into a shoe, pulled them out, and put them on, breaking one of the leather latchets, and muttering in anger, "I never did the like o'that afore!"

I believe he never did; nor after either. "Rab!" he said

roughly, and pointing with his thumb to the bottom of the bed, Rab leapt up, and settled himself, his head and eye to the dead face. "Maister John, ye'll wait for me," said the carrier, and disappeared in the darkness, thundering downstairs in his heavy shoes. I ran to a front window; there he was, already round the house, and out at the gate, fleeing like a shadow.

I was afraid about him, and yet not afraid; so I sat down beside Rab, and, being weary, fell asleep. I awoke from a sudden noise outside. It was November, and there had been a heavy fall of snow. Rab was *in statu quo*; he heard the noise too, and plainly knew it, but never moved. I looked out, and there, at the gate, in the dim morning—for the sun was not up—was Jess and the cart, a cloud of steam rising from the old mare. I did not see James; he was already at the door, and came up the stairs and met me. It was less than three hours since he left and he must have posted out—who knows how?—to Howgate, full nine miles off, yoked Jess, and driven her astonished into town. He had an armful of blankets, and was streaming with perspiration. He nodded to me, spread out on the floor two pairs of clean old blankets having at their corners, "A. G., 1794," in large letters in red worsted. These were the initials of Alison Græme, and James may have looked in at her from without—himself unseen but not unthought of—when he was "wat, wat, and weary," and, after having walked many a mile over the hills, may have seen her sitting, while "a' the lave were sleepin'," and by the firelight working her name on the blankets for her ain James's bed.

He motioned Rab down, and, taking his wife in his arms, laid her in the blankets, and happed her carefully and firmly up, leaving the face uncovered; and then, lifting her, he nodded again sharply to me, and with a resolved but utterly miserable face strode along the passage and downstairs, followed by Rab. I followed with a light, but he didn't need it. I went out, holding stupidly the candle in my hand, in the calm, frosty air; we were soon at the gate. I could have helped him, but I saw he was not to be meddled with, and he was strong, and did not need it. He laid her down as tenderly, as safely, as he had lifted her out ten days before—as tenderly as when he had her

first in his arms when she was only "A. G."—sorted her, leaving that beautiful sealed face open to the heavens; and then, taking Jess by the head, he moved away. He did not notice me, neither did Rab, who presided behind the cart. I stood till they passed through the long shadow of the College, and turned up Nicholson Street. I heard the solitary cart sound through the streets, and die away and come again; and I returned, thinking of that company going up Libberton Brae, then along Roslin Muir, the morning light touching the Pentlands and making them like onlooking ghosts; then down the hill through Auchindinny woods, past "haunted Woodhouselee"; and, as daybreak came sweeping up the bleak Lammermuirs, and fell on his own door, the company would stop, and James would take the key, and lift Ailie up again, laying her on her own bed, and, having put Jess up, would return with Rab and shut the door.

James buried his wife, with his neighbors mourning, Rab inspecting the solemnity from a distance. It was snow, and that black, ragged hole would look strange in the midst of the swelling, spotless cushion of white. James looked after everything; then rather suddenly fell ill, and took to bed; was insensible when the doctor came, and soon died. A sort of low fever was prevailing in the village, and his want of sleep, his exhaustion, and his misery made him apt to take it. The grave was not difficult to reopen. A fresh fall of snow had again made all things white and smooth; Rab once more looked on, and slunk home to the stable.

And what of Rab? I asked for him next week at the new carrier who got the good will of James's business, and was now master of Jess and her cart. "How's Rab?" He put me off, and said rather rudely, "What's *your* business wi' the dowg?" I was not to be so put off. "Where's Rab?" He, getting confused and red, and intermeddling with his hair, said, "'Deed, sir, Rab's deid.'"—"Dead! what did he die of?"—"Weel, sir," said he, getting redder, "he didna exactly dee; he was killed. I had to brain him wi' a rack-pin; there was nae doin' wi' him. He lay in the treviss wi' the mear, and wadna come oot. I tempit him wi' kail and meat, but he wad tak naething,

and keepit me frae feedin' the beast, and he was aye gur gurrin', and grup grupp'in' me by the legs. I was laith to make awa wi' the auld dowg, his like wasna atween this and Thornhill—but, 'deed, sir, I could do naething else." I believed him. Fit end for Rab, quick and complete. His teeth and his friends gone, why should he keep the peace, and be civil?

THE HUNT OF THE WILD HORSE

By MAYNE REID

THERE must be buffalo in this neighborhood," said Basil, looking to the ground as they rode on. "These 'chips' are very fresh. They cannot have lain for many days. See! there is a buffalo-road covered with tracks!"

As Basil said this he pointed to a trough-like hollow in the prairie, running as far as the eye could reach. It looked like the dry bed of a stream, but the hoof-tracks in the bottom showed that it was what he had called it—a buffalo-road, leading, no doubt, to some river or watering-place. It was so deep that, in riding along it, the heads of our travelers were on a level with the prairie. It had been thus hollowed out by the water during heavy rains, as the soil, previously loosened by the hoofs of the buffaloes, was then carried off to the rivers. Such roads the buffaloes follow at times, thousands of them keeping in the same trail. They travel thus when they are migrating in search of better pastures, or water—to which they know by experience the roads will conduct them.

Our hunters did not follow this road far, as there was no certainty that it would bring them to where the animals then were. They crossed over, and kept on for the butte.

"*Voilà!*" cried François, "what are these?" François pointed to several circular hollows that appeared in the prairie before them.

"Buffalo-wallows, I declare!" said Basil: "some of them are quite fresh too!"

"Buffalo-wallows!" echoed François; "what are they?"

"Why, have you never heard of them, Frank?" asked Basil. "Places where the buffaloes wallow and tumble like horses and farm-cattle."

"Oh, that's it," said François; "but what do they do it for?"

"Well, that I don't know. Perhaps Luce can tell."

"Some say," said Lucien, thus appealed to, "they do it to scratch themselves, and get rid of the flies and other insects that annoy them. Others believe that they practise this curious exercise only by way of diversion."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed François, "what funny fellows they must be!"

"There is yet another more curious explanation," continued Lucien, "which is this: that the buffaloes make these hollows to catch water when it rains, so that they may come back to them and drink!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" again laughed François; "I can't believe that, brother."

"I would not have you, neither," said Lucien; "of course the supposition is not true—as the buffalo is not an animal possessing sufficient intelligence for that. It is only offered as a curious suggestion. It is certain, however, that the water collects in these holes during rain-time, and often remains there for days; and the buffaloes, wandering about, drink out of them. Therefore, it may, in one sense, be truly said that the buffaloes *dig their own wells!* These often prove of service to other animals, as well as those who have made them. Lost trappers and Indians have been saved by finding water in them, when otherwise they would have perished from thirst."

"How very round they are!" said François; "why, they are perfect circles! How do the buffaloes make them so?"

"By laying themselves out at full length and spinning round and round like a wagon-wheel upon its nave. They revolve with great rapidity, using their humped shoulders as a pivot, and their legs as levers. They sometimes continue this motion for half an hour at a time. No doubt they do this, as has been said, to scratch themselves; for, notwithstanding their thick hides and hair, they are much annoyed by insect parasites. They do it, too, for amusement, or to give themselves pleasure, which is the same thing. You have often witnessed horses at a similar exercise; and was it not evident that they took a pleasure in it? Have you not fancied so?"

"Oh, yes," cried François, "I am sure horses enjoy a good tumble."

"Well, then, it is to be supposed the buffaloes do the same. Getting rid of their tormentors, and pressing their hot sides into the fresh cool earth, is, no doubt, a source of enjoyment to them. They are not very cleanly, as they are often seen wandering about so covered with dirt that one cannot tell what color their hide is."

"Well!" added François, "I hope we shall soon come across one with a *white* hide!"

Talking after this fashion, our young hunters continued their journey. They had ridden about ten miles when Basil—whose eye was all the time wandering around the prairie horizon—uttered an exclamation, and suddenly reined up his horse. The others, seeing him do so, stopped also.

"What do you see?" asked Lucien.

"I do not know," replied Basil; "but there is something yonder upon the edge of the prairie—to the southward—do you see it?"

"Yes; it looks like a clump of low trees."

"No," said Basil; "they are not trees. This moment I saw one apart from the rest, and I do not see it now. It appeared to move in toward the mass. I fancy they are animals of some kind or other."

"Buffaloes, I hope!" cried François, raising himself to his full height in the stirrups, and endeavoring to get a sight of them. But François' pony did not give him a sufficient elevation to enable him to see the objects; and he was, therefore, compelled to withhold an opinion as to what they might be.

"Should we ride towards them?" asked Lucien, addressing Basil.

"I think they are moving this way," replied the latter. "They extend more along the horizon, and that may be because they are getting nearer. Buffaloes! no—as I live," continued he, elevating his voice, "they are horsemen—perhaps mounted Indians!"

"Why do you think so?" inquired Lucien, hurriedly.

"I saw one between me and the sky. I can tell the shape of a

horse as far as I can see him. I am sure it was one. Look! yonder goes another!"

"It is," added Lucien; "it is a horse. But see! there is no rider—no one on his back; and yonder's another, also without a rider. Ha! I know now—*they are mustangs!*"

"Mustangs!" echoed François; "good!—that will be something worth seeing."

It soon proved that Lucien was right. It was a drove of mustangs, or wild horses. Basil was also right in saying that they were coming towards them; for in a few moments they appeared to be within less than a mile, approaching at a rapid gallop.

They galloped closely together like a trained troop; and one could be perceived some lengths in the advance apparently acting as leader. Now and then one would shy out of the ranks and rear a moment apart from the rest, but would return again, and fall in with his companions. It was a rare sight to see them as they came on; and the ground thundered under their hoofs as though a squadron of cavalry was charging over it.

When within less than half a mile of the party, they seemed to notice the latter for the first time. All at once the foremost halted, threw up his head with a snort, and stood still. The others stopped, imitating the example of their leader. The latter was still some paces in the advance; while the breasts of his followers seemed to form a compact front, like cavalry in line of battle! After standing still for a few seconds, the leader uttered a shrill neigh, shied to the right, and dashed off at full speed. The others answered the call; and, instantly wheeling into the same direction, followed after. The movement was executed with the precision of a troop!

Our hunters supposed the horses were about to pass them, and part company without coming closer. They all regretted this, as they were desirous of having a nearer view of these noble creatures. In order not to alarm them as they were coming up, all three had taken the precaution to dismount, and now stood partially screened by their own horses, yet holding the latter firmly as these were terrified by the thundering tramp of the wild steeds.

In a moment the mustangs appeared opposite—that is, with

their sides turned to the hunters; and the latter now saw with joy that they were not passing away, but *galloping in a circle*—of which they, the spectators, were the center!

The circle in which the horses ran was scarcely half a mile in diameter, and they appeared to be approaching nearer to the center. In fact, they were not following the circumference of a circle, but a spiral curve that contracted gradually inward.

The boys had now a fair view of them, and a beautiful sight it was. There were about two hundred in all, but they were of different colors—scarcely two of them being marked alike. There were black and white ones, and bay and roan. Some were brown, some sorrel, and some of an iron-gray; and there were others—many of them—mottled and spotted like hounds! All had flowing manes and long waving tails; and these streamed behind them as they galloped, adding to the gracefulness of their appearance. It was, in truth, a beautiful sight, and the hearts of the boys bounded within them, while their eyes followed the moving troop as it circled round and round.

But the eyes of all three soon centred upon one—the leader, and a fairer object none of them had ever beheld. Basil, who loved a fine horse more than any living thing, was in an ecstasy as he gazed upon this beautiful creature. It was no wonder, for a more perfect-looking animal could hardly have been conceived. He was larger than any of the herd, though still under the size of an English horse. His full chest and prominent eyeballs, his well-bound flanks and quarters, his light cylindrical limbs and small finely-shaped hoofs showed of what race he was—an Arab of the Andalusian breed—a descendant of the noble steeds that carried the first conquerors of Mexico. His proportions were what a judge would have pronounced perfect; and Basil, who, in fact, *was* a judge, had already said so. He was white all over—white as the mountain-snow. As he galloped, his nostrils appeared open and red, his eyes stood prominently forth, his mane was tossed on both sides of his neck from his crest to his withers, and his long tail streamed horizontally behind him. His free graceful movements—like those of all his followers—showed that no saddle had ever been laid across his back.

As Basil gazed upon this noble creature, he became imbued with an irresistible desire to possess him. It is true he already had a horse, and as fine a one as ever wore saddle; but it was Basil's weakness to covet every fine horse he saw; and this one had inspired him with a most particular longing to become his owner. In a few seconds' time, so eager had grown this desire that Basil felt as if he would have given all he had in the world—Black Hawk, perhaps, excepted—to be the master of this prairie steed. Throwing a lasso as Basil could, and mounted as he was, it would strike you that he might soon have gratified this wish; but it was not so easy a thing, and Basil knew that. He knew that he might without difficulty overtake and fling his noose over some of the "fags" of the herd; but to capture the leader was quite another thing, a feat *never accomplished upon the prairies*, even by the Indians themselves. He had often heard this; nevertheless, he was determined to try. He had great confidence in the speed and bottom of Black Hawk.

He communicated his determination to his brothers, in a whisper—lest he might frighten the mustangs, now circling very near. Lucien tried to dissuade him, offering as a reason that it would lead them from their course, and might separate them from each other.

"No," said Basil. "Go on to the butte, you and François. I shall come to you—perhaps I may be there before you. Do not say a word, brother—you need not. I *must have that horse*; and I shall capture him if it cost me a fifty-mile gallop."

While Basil was speaking, he drew closer to his left stirrup, looked to the lasso that hung coiled upon the horn of his saddle, and then stood ready to mount. Lucien saw it was no use to urge his advice further, and ceased to interfere. François would fondly have joined Basil in the chase; but his diminutive pony rendered the idea too absurd to be acted upon.

During all this time the wild horses had continued their evolutions. At intervals they would halt at a signal from their leader, and wheel into line, facing inward towards the little group. In this position they would remain for a few seconds, with heads erect, gazing with curious wonder at the strange

intruders upon their domain. Some of them would paw the ground, and snort as if in anger. Then the foremost would utter his shrill neigh, and all would go off again, circling about as before.

They had got within less than two hundred yards of where the hunters stood, but it was evident they intended coming no nearer. On the contrary, they showed symptoms of bearing off. At each fresh movement from a halt, they turned their heads for the prairie, and then came circling back again—as though they had not yet quite satisfied their curiosity.

During their last halt—or what Basil believed might be the last—he again cautioned his brothers to keep on to the butte, and, quietly placing his foot in the stirrup, vaulted into the saddle. The movement caused the mustangs to start; but before they could turn themselves the young hunter had plied the spur, and made several springs towards them across the prairie. He looked not at the drove—he cared not which way they might go—his eyes rested only on the white leader, and towards him he rode in full charge.

The latter, when he saw this sudden movement, stood for a moment, as if in surprise; then giving a wild neigh—far different from any of the calls he had hitherto uttered—wheeled to the right, and led off in a gallop, the rest following at the top of their speed. As the rearmost came round upon the prairie, Basil was not a dozen yards from them; and in a few springs had got so close that he could easily have thrown his lasso over some of them. In turning, however, he was left far behind; but he soon recovered his distance and spurred on, bearing slightly to one side of the drove. He did not wish to get in amongst them—as he believed that might be dangerous, and would only impede him. His object was to head the drove, or in some way to separate the leader from the others. This was what he wanted first; and to this task he bent himself with all his energy.

On flew the wild steeds, straining themselves to their utmost speed. On followed the hunter—apparently in reckless pursuit, but carefully guiding his horse as he rode. His lasso hung at his saddle-pack. He had not yet touched it—time enough for that.

On flew the wild horses, and closer followed the daring hunter, until miles of the prairie lay between him and the starting-point. In a few minutes he was no longer visible to those he had left behind.

But the small Andalusian steeds were no match for the Godolphin Arab. The herd had changed its shape. The horses no longer ran in a body, but in a long string—each taking place according to his speed—and far in advance of all, like a meteor, glanced the snow-white leader.

The hindmost were soon passed—each swerving off from the track as soon as he saw himself headed by the great dark horse that carried the strange and dreaded object upon his back. One by one they were passed, until Black Hawk had forged ahead of the whole drove, and his rider now saw nothing before him but the white steed, the green prairie, and the blue sky. He looked not back. Had he done so, he would have seen the mustangs scattering in every direction over the plain. But he looked not back. All that he now cared for was before him; and he plied the spur freshly and galloped on.

He had no need to use the spur. Black Hawk seemed to think that his credit rested upon the result, and the faithful brute was doing his best. On the other hand, the wild horse felt that his life, or at least his freedom, depended upon it, and this was enough to urge *him* to his utmost. Both flew like the wind—pursuer and pursued.

As they parted from the herd, there was not more than three hundred yards between them; and they must have passed over some miles afterwards before this distance was greatly lessened. Their line of flight was as straight as an arrow; and from this it was evident that the mustang usually trusted to his hoofs to save him from his enemies.

In a race like this, however, the pursuer has the advantage of the pursued. The latter, always anxious, is constrained to look back, and is, therefore, less sure of the ground that lies before. He loses his proper attitude for speed, and is besides in danger of stumbling. So it was with the wild horse. He did not stumble, he was too sure of foot for that, but his head was occasionally thrown to one side, until his large dark eye com-

manded a view of his enemy behind him. This, of course, to some extent, retarded him. It was only at these moments that Basil could gain upon him; and the proofs he thus gave of his superior powers only rendered the latter the more eager to capture and possess him.

After a long chase the difference between them was still two hundred paces at the least. The young hunter, with a feeling of impatience, once more plied the spur in a fresh effort to come up; while the other seemed to spring forward as swiftly as ever.

All at once Basil observed that the white steed, instead of running straight forward, appeared to go from side to side, moving in crooked lines. Basil saw this with surprise. He looked to discover the cause. As his eye glanced along the ground, he perceived that it was uneven—covered as far as he could see with little hillocks. The mustang was among them. It was this, then, that was causing him to run so strangely. Basil had hardly made the observation when he felt his horse sink suddenly under him, and tumble headlong upon the prairie!

The rider was flung from his seat, though not much hurt. He rose at once to his feet. Black Hawk struggled up at the same time, and stood still, his wet flanks rising and falling as he breathed and panted. He was not in a condition to gallop farther. But even had he been fresh, Basil saw that the chase was now at an end. The little hillocks, which he had just noticed, stood thick upon the prairie, as far as the eye could reach; and among these the wild horse was gliding off as swiftly as ever. When the hunter got to his feet again, the other was nearly a quarter of a mile distant, and at that moment sent back a shrill neigh, as if triumphing over his escape—for he had escaped beyond a doubt.

Basil saw this with chagrin. He saw that further pursuit was not only useless, but dangerous; for, although he had never seen anything like these little mounds before, he knew very well what they were, and the danger of riding at a rapid rate among them. He had received a timely lesson—for he was just entering their borders when his horse fell, fortunately to rise again with sound limbs. He knew he might not get off so

safely a second time, and he had no inclination to take the chances of another tumble. He was not going to risk the loss of his favorite Black Hawk for the white steed, even had he been certain of capturing the latter. But this was no longer likely. On the contrary, he might, instead of making a capture, lose his own horse, were he to continue the chase; and that he well knew would be a terrible situation. With the best grace he could, therefore, he abandoned the pursuit, leaving the mustang to scamper off alone. He watched him for several minutes, until the latter, far, far away, faded like a white cloud into the pale blue of the horizon.

The young hunter now bethought him of returning to his companions. In what direction was he to go? He looked around for the butte. There it was; but, to his astonishment, it lay directly before him, and nearer than when he last saw it! He had been all this while galloping towards it, but in his haste had not noticed this. Lucien and François must be behind, thought he, and would soon come that way. The best thing he could do, therefore, would be to wait until they should come up; and, with this intention, he sat down upon one of the little hillocks, leaving his horse to wander about at will.

ON THE NIGHT TRAIL*

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

THE radiant, blue-white, midwinter moonlight, flooding the little open space of white in the blackness of the spruce forest, revealed the frozen fragments of a big lake-trout scattered over the snow. They stood out sharply, so that no midnight forager of the wilds, prowling in the fringes of the shadow and peering forth in the watch for prey or foe, could by any possibility fail to sight them.

The stillness of the solitude was intense, breathless, as if sealed to perpetual silence by the bitter cold. At last, at one corner of the open, a spruce-branch that leaned upon the snow stirred ever so slightly; and from its shelter a little gray-brown nose, surmounted by a pair of tiny eyes like black beads, anxiously surveyed the perilous space of illumination. For perhaps half a minute there was not another movement. Then the shrew-mouse, well aware that death might be watching him under every tree, plucked up a desperate valor and darted out into the light. The goad of his winter hunger driving him, he seized the nearest bit of fish that was small enough for him to handle, and scurried back with it to his safe hole under a fir-root. It was brave adventure, and deserved its success.

For ten minutes more nothing happened to break the stillness. Then again the little shrew-mouse peered from the covert of his hanging branch. This time, however, he drew back instantly. He had caught sight of a pointed black head and snake-like neck stealthily reconnoitring from the opposite side of the open. A hungry mink was making ready to appropriate some of the fish; but since he knew that a forest glade, far from the water, was not a customary resort of fish, alive or frozen, he was inclined to be suspicious of some kind of trap or ambushade. Instead of looking at the delicious morsels, there in plain, alluring

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view, he scanned piercingly the shadows and drooping branches which encircled the glade. Suddenly he seemed to detect something to his distaste. A red gleam of anger and ferocity flared into his eyes, and he sank back noiselessly into covert.

A moment later came a huge lynx, padding softly but fearlessly straight out into the revealing light, as if he knew that at this season, when the bears were asleep and the bull-moose, bereft of their antlers, had lost their interest in combat, there was none of all the forest kindreds to challenge his supremacy. He was stealthy, of course, in every movement, and his round, sinister eyes glared palely into every covert, but that was merely because he dreaded to frighten off a possible quarry, not because he feared a lurking foe. The frozen fish, however, showed no signs of flight at his approach; so he fell upon the nearest fragment and bolted it ravenously.

Having thus eagerly disposed of several substantial lumps, the great lynx became more critical, and went sniffing fastidiously from morsel to morsel as if he reveled in such unexpected abundance. Suddenly there was a vicious *click*; and with a spit and a yowl the lynx started as if to jump into the air. Instead of rising, however, some six or seven feet, under the propulsion of his mighty, spring-like muscles, he merely bowed his back and strained tremendously. In response, a small thing of dark steel emerged from the snow, followed closely by a log of heavy wood. The lynx was caught in a trap by his right fore foot.

For a minute or two the panic-stricken beast went through a number of more or less aimless contortions, spitting and screeching, biting at the trap, and clawing frantically at the log. Presently, however, finding that his contortions only made the thing that had him grip the harder and hurt him the more savagely, he halted to consider his predicament. Consideration not appearing to ease that urgent anguish in his paw, he began to strain steadily backward, hoping, if he could not free himself, at least to drag his captor into the woods and perhaps lose it among the trees. The log, however, was very heavy, and his best efforts could move it but a few inches at a time. When, at the end of an hour of fierce struggle, he lay down utterly

exhausted, he was still in the full glare of the moon, still several feet from the shelter of the branches. But no sooner had he lain down, than the crunching of a footstep on the crisp snow brought him to his feet again; and with every hair on end along his back, his eyes ablaze with rage and fear, he turned to face the tall figure of a backwoodsman, who stood gazing at him with a smile of satisfaction from the other side of the glade.

Just about three hours earlier, on his way into the Cross Roads Settlement, Pete Logan had set that trap with particular care, and with the definite purpose of capturing that particular lynx. With all his cunning, little did the great tuft-eared cat suspect that for weeks the backwoodsman had been watching him, noting his haunts and trails, observing his peculiarities, and laying plans for his capture. That very evening, at the Cross Roads, Logan had boasted that single-handed he would bring the big lynx into the Settlement, alive and undamaged. He wanted the splendid animal to sell to a man who was collecting wild beasts for menageries; and to avoid injuring the captive's fine gray fur he had partly muffled the cruel teeth of the trap, that they might take hold without tearing.

Having no dread of anything that inhabited the wilds, Logan had left his rifle at home, and carried no weapon but the knife in his belt and his light, straight-hafted ax. In the pack on his back, however, he brought what he intended should serve him better than any weapon—a thick blanket, and a heavy canvas sack. Now, as he stood eyeing the frightened and furious captive, he undid the pack and shook the big blanket loose. The lynx glared with new terror at the ample folds. He had seen men before, but he had never seen one shaking out a blanket, which looked to him like a kind of gigantic and awful wings.

Logan had made his plans with careful foresight; and now it was with the deliberation of absolute confidence that he went about the execution of them. His ax gripped in readiness for any unforeseen piece of strategy on the part of the foe, he advanced with the blanket outspread before him like a shield. Back and back, to the limit of his bonds, cowered the lynx, glaring

defiance and inextinguishable hate. Slowly the man drew near, till, just barely within reach of the beast's spring, he stopped.

For perhaps half a minute more neither man nor beast stirred a muscle—till the tension of the captive's nerves must have neared the breaking-point. Then, as if his own nerves knew by sympathy the exactly proper moment for the next move in the game, Logan made a swooping forward plunge with the blanket. With a screech of fury the lynx sprang to the grapple—to find himself, in half a second, rolled over and tangled up and swathed helpless in the smothering woolen folds. In vain he bit, and spat, and yowled, and tore. His keen white fangs caught nothing but choking wool; his rending claws had no chance to do their work; and the crushing weight of the woodsman's sturdy body was bearing him down into the snow. In a few moments, daunted by the thick darkness over his eyes and exhausted by the impotence of his efforts, he lay still, quivering with rage. Then, with the most delicate caution, working through a couple of folds of the blanket, Logan released the jaws of the trap and slipped it warily from the imprisoned paw, fearing to damage the joint by leaving it in that inexorable clutch a moment longer than was necessary. This done, he deftly whipped a lashing of cod-line about the bundle, binding the legs securely, but leaving a measure of freedom about the head and neck. Then he thrust the bundle into the canvas bag, slung it over his back, and started on the five-mile tramp back to his camp.

Logan traveled without snow-shoes, because there was just now little snow on the trails, or even in the deep woods. What snow there was, moreover, was frozen almost as hard as rock, except for an inch or two of fluffy stuff which had fallen leisurely within a couple of days. An extraordinarily heavy and prolonged January thaw, followed by fierce and sudden frost, had brought about this unusual condition, making something like a famine among the hunting kindreds of the forest, whose light-footed quarry, the eaters of bark and twig and bud, now found flight easy over the frozen surfaces.

The complacent trapper, ruminating pleasantly over his triumph and the handsome price his captive was to bring him,

had covered perhaps a mile of his homeward journey when from far behind him came to his ears a novel sound, faintly pulsing down the still night air. Without seeming to pay it any attention whatever, he nevertheless was instantly and keenly concerned; and he perceived that the uneasy bundle on his back was interested too, for it stopped its indignant wriggings to listen.

Up to this moment Logan had believed that there was no voice in all the wilderness unfamiliar to his ears, no speech of all the wild kindreds which he could not in rough fashion interpret. But this cry he did not understand. Presently it was repeated, a little nearer, and a little more convincingly strange to him. He knotted his rugged brows. A few moments more and again it floated down the moonlight, high, quavering, musical, yet carrying in its mysterious cadences an unmistakable menace. Logan knew now to a certainty that it was a sound he had never heard before; and he knew what it was, though he refused to acknowledge it to himself, because it was a refutation of many of his most dogmatic pronouncements.

"It *ain't* wolves!" He muttered to himself obstinately. "Ther' ain't never been a wolf in New Brunswick!"

But even as he spoke, the sinister cry arose again, nearer and yet nearer; and he was obliged to confess to himself that, whatever it was, it was on his trail, and he was likely to know more about it within a few minutes. He was not alarmed, but he was annoyed, both at the upsetting of his theories and at the absence of his gun. Undoubtedly there *were* wolves in New Brunswick!

In spite of the fact that his dignity as a woodsman would not permit him to be alarmed, he could not but recognize that the cry upon his trail was made up of a number of voices, and that a number of wolves might be capable of making things very unpleasant for him. He remembered, uncomfortably, that in this weather, with the snow so hard that the deer could run their fastest upon it, the wolves must be extremely hungry. The more he thought of this fact the more clearly he realized that the wolves must be very hungry indeed, to dare to trail a man. He had been walking as fast as he could; but now he broke

into a long, swinging lope, his moccasined feet padding with a soft whisper upon the snow. For a moment he thought of ridding himself of the burden upon his back; but this idea he rejected resentfully and with scorn. He was not going to be robbed of his triumph by a bunch of rascally, interloping vermin like wolves.

Meanwhile, the quavering high-pitched chorus was sweeping swiftly nearer through the moonlight, and Logan put on a burst of speed in order to get to a stretch of open burnt lands before his pursuers should come up with him. If he was to have a fight forced upon him, he wanted plenty of room and the chance to keep all his adversaries in plain view. He gained the open, with its scattered black stumps and gaunt, ghostly "rampikes" dotting the radiant silver of the snow, and was some eighty or a hundred paces beyond the edge of the woods before the wolves appeared. Glancing over his shoulder, he saw the gray forms of the pack halt, come close together, then separate again, hesitating at the venture of the open. The hesitation was only for a moment, however. Then, in formation so close that one might have covered the whole pack with a bedquilt, they came on again. His trained eye had counted six wolves in the pack; and he was relieved to find that there were not more. From their cries he had imagined there must have been thirty or forty.

Logan was too wise to run, now that he was in view of his foes. He stalked on with haughty indifference, till the pack was within twenty-five or thirty yards of his heels. Then he turned, and spoke, with an air of sharp, confident authority. Even through their hunger and their savage madness of pursuit the beasts felt the mastery of his voice. They paused, irresolutely, then opened out and sat down on their haunches to see what he would do.

After surveying them superciliously for a few seconds, the woodsman turned again and stalked on, keeping, however, a keen watch over his shoulder and his ax poised ready for instant use. As soon as he moved on, the wolves followed, but no longer in their pack formation. Not yet audacious enough to come within ten or twelve feet of this arrogantly confident

being, whose voice had power to daunt them in the very heat of their onslaught, they spread out on either side of the trail, half-surrounding him, and keeping pace with him at a skulking trot. Their jaws were half-open, their long white fangs were bared in a snarling grin, and their eyes, all fixed upon him unwinkingly, glinted a green light of ferocity and hunger.

Little by little they drew closer in, while Logan pretended to ignore them contemptuously. All at once he felt, almost more than saw, one of the largest of the pack dart in to spring upon his back. Out went the bright ax-blade like a flash of blue flame, as he whirled on his heel; and the wolf dropped with a choked-off yelp, shorn through the neck. Thrice around him he wheeled the circle of the deadly blade; and the wolves deferentially slunk beyond reach of it, not yet ready to tempt the fate of their comrade.

Five minutes more, however, and the wary beasts again drew closer and Logan found that the strain of guarding himself on all sides at once was overwhelming. At any moment, as he knew, those hungry eyes might all close in on him together. A few hundred yards ahead, as he bethought himself, the trail led under the foot of a high, almost perpendicular rock; and he made up his mind that he must reach that rock as speedily as possible. With his back against the steep face of it he could face the charge of the pack to better advantage. Breaking into a long, unhurried trot, he pressed on, swinging the ax from side to side in swift, menacing sweeps, and uttering angry expletives which the wolves seemed to respect as much as they did the gleaming weapon. Before he gained the foot of the rock, however, the beasts had grown more confident and more impatient, making little sudden leaps at him, from one side or the other, so incessantly that his arm had not a moment's rest; and he realized that the crisis of the adventure could not be much longer delayed.

When he reached the foot of the rock and turned at bay, the wolves drew back once more and formed a half-circle before him, a moving, interweaving half-circle that drew closer and grew smaller stealthily. Suddenly the wolf which seemed the leader sprang straight in. But the woodsman seemed to

divine the move even before it began, so sharply did he meet it with a step forward and a savage ax-stroke; and the wolf sprang back just in time to save its skull.

And now, in the clutch of the final trial, Logan had an inspiration. With all the doggedness of the backwoods will he had vowed that he would not give up the rich booty on his back. But the question had at last, as he saw, become one of giving up his own life. In this crisis, his backwoods understanding and sympathy suddenly went out toward the plucky but helpless captive in the sack on his back. It would be quite too bad that the splendid lynx, with all his fighting equipment of fangs and claws, should be torn to pieces in his bonds without a chance to make a fight for life. Moreover, as he realized with the next thought, here was perhaps a chance to create an effective diversion in his own favor.

With a shout and a mad whirling of the ax he once more drew back the narrowing crescent of the wolves. The next instant he swung the bag from his back, ripped open the mouth of it, and emptied out the writhing roll of blanket upon the snow at his feet—while the wolves, eying this new procedure with suspicion, held back a few moments before again closing in. As the bundle fell, Logan seized one corner of the blanket, and with a dexterous twist and throw unrolled it, landing the prisoner almost under the noses of the wolves.

Bewildered for an instant, the lynx had no time to bound back and scurry up the steep face of the rock to safety. He had no sooner gained his feet than the whole pack was upon him. With a screech of fury he proclaimed his understanding of the crisis, and turned every tooth and claw into the fray. His fangs, of course, were no match for those of any one of his assailants; but his claws were weapons of such quality that no single wolf could have withstood him. As it was, the wolves in their eagerness got in one another's way; and as the mass of them smothered the lynx down, more than one got eviscerating slashes that sent them yelping out of battle.

For a few breathless seconds Logan watched the fight, glowing with excited approval over his late captive's prowess. Then he realized the time had come when he must take a hand,

or find himself again at a disadvantage. Silently he darted upon the screeching, growling heap with his light ax. So skilled was he in all the woodsman's sleights, that even in so brief time as takes to tell it, three more of the pack were down, kicking and dying silently on the snow. The leader of the pack, the side of his neck redly furrowed and the lust of battle hot in his veins, wheeled, and jumped madly at Logan's throat. But the woodsman met him with a terrific short-handled upward stroke, which fairly split his ribs and hurled him over backwards. On the instant the remaining wolves who had each suffered something in the mêlée, concluded that the game was up. Leaping away from the reach of those deadly-ripping claws, they turned and ran off like whipped dogs.

Bleeding from a dozen gashes, bedraggled and battered, but still full of fight to every outspread claw, the lynx crouched and glared at the man, with ears flattened back and eyes shooting pallid flame. For some seconds the two faced each other, the man grinning approval. Then it occurred to him that the maddened beast, in despair of escape, might spring at him and compel him to strike, which, in his present sympathetic and grateful mood he was most unwilling to do. Cautiously, keeping his eyes on the sinister flaring orbs that faced him, he took a step backwards. Still the lynx crouched, ready to spring. Then Logan spoke, in quiet expostulation.

"Don't ye go for to fight *me*, now! *I* never done ye no hurt!" he argued mendaciously. "It's them durn wolves, that was after the both of us; an' it was me got ye out of that scrape. Don't ye come lookin' fer trouble, for I don't want to hurt ye!"

At the sound of the quiet voice, soothing yet commanding, the tension of the beast's madness seemed to relax. The fixity of his glare wavered. Then his eyes shifted; and the next moment, turning with a movement so quick that the woodsman's eyes could hardly follow it, he was away like a gray shadow among the stumps and trunks, not leaping, but running belly to ground like a cat. Logan watched him out of sight, then nonchalantly put two wounded wolves out of their misery, whetted his knife on his larrigans, and settled down to the task of stripping the pelts.

RATAPLAN, ROGUE*

By ELLEN VELVIN, F. Z. S

IN one of the thick, shady and tangled forests of Ceylon a fine, fully grown elephant was one day standing moodily by himself.

His huge form showed high above the tangled brushwood, but his wide, flat feet and large, pillar-like legs were hidden in the thick undergrowth.

He was not standing still, however—for no elephant has ever been known to do that yet—his massive, elongated head, with its wide, flat ears, its long, snake-like, flexible trunk, its magnificent pair of ivory tusks and its ridiculous, little eyes moved gravely to and fro—up and down—in a wearied but restless manner.

Every now and then he would lift one of his massive legs and put it down again, or sway his whole body from side to side, or throw his trunk up in the air and then wave it round his head and over his back in all directions.

But, in spite of his moody, wearied air, the elephant's tiny eyes looked particularly wicked. And wicked they were, and a true index to the mischief going on in his elephant mind.

He had no herd round him, no brother or sister elephant with whom he could wave trunks, nod heads, or carry on a conversation in elephant language; he was alone, and preferred to be alone, for his irritable nature and morose disposition made it impossible for him to live with others.

It was not entirely due to himself that he lived alone, for his character was so bad, alas! that no herd would admit him into its ranks, no drive would have anything to do with him; for he was Rataplan, the Rogue, and he was feared, avoided and hated as much as it is possible for the gentle-natured and good-tempered Indian elephant to fear and hate anything.

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There had been a time—long, long ago—when he had been one of a herd; but his roguishness had developed early, and after much forbearance and long-suffering the herd had turned him out; and from that time he had been a solitary wanderer.

From the first Rataplan pretended that he did not care, and tossed his trunk disdainfully when driven from the herd. He had felt it, nevertheless, and it had made him more morose, more irritable, more mad than ever.

He cared for nothing now: the only thing in which he took a delight was, destroying as much as possible in mere wantonness and in working as much mischief as he could find time to plan and accomplish.

There had been times in the past when, in his better moments, he had longed to go back to the herd; had longed to be taken into some grand troop of elephants such as those he watched march through the forests. He longed to be one of them, and to feel that he was a respectable, well-conducted elephant.

But his overtures had always been received with disfavor and firm refusals, and the time had now come when nothing would have induced him to live with any elephants whatever; he preferred to be alone; and his evil nature and irritable temper thrived on his solitary life and mischief-making propensities, and to know that he was feared and dreaded was a very delight to him.

Out of pure mischief he would, at times, tear madly through the forest, trumpeting at the very top of his shrill voice, merely to give the elephants, or any other animals that might be about, a thorough fright.

Many and many a time had some horrid, insignificant little creatures who walked about on two legs, and carried things of fire in their hands, tried their very best to inveigle and entrap him, but in vain. Once, indeed, he had very nearly fallen into a horrible pit in which, at the very bottom, in the center, was a dreadful, long, sharp stake, which, had he fallen, would have been driven through his thick body by its own weight, and he would have perished miserably and in agony.

But he had found it out in time—only just in time—for one of his hind legs had shot out suddenly behind him, and it

was only by a mighty effort of his huge strength that he scrambled up and away from the source of danger.

But oh, what havoc he made! How he tore up anything and everything within his reach! Iron fences which those silly, little fire-carriers had stuck into the ground to protect their crops; silly, little, brick walls which he knocked over with one push of his huge body; young, healthy trees which had been planted so carefully a few years back, and which he pulled up with his long trunk as though they were little radishes; not to speak of the miles of rice and sugar-cane which he had trodden down in wanton waste and as a means of venting his temper.

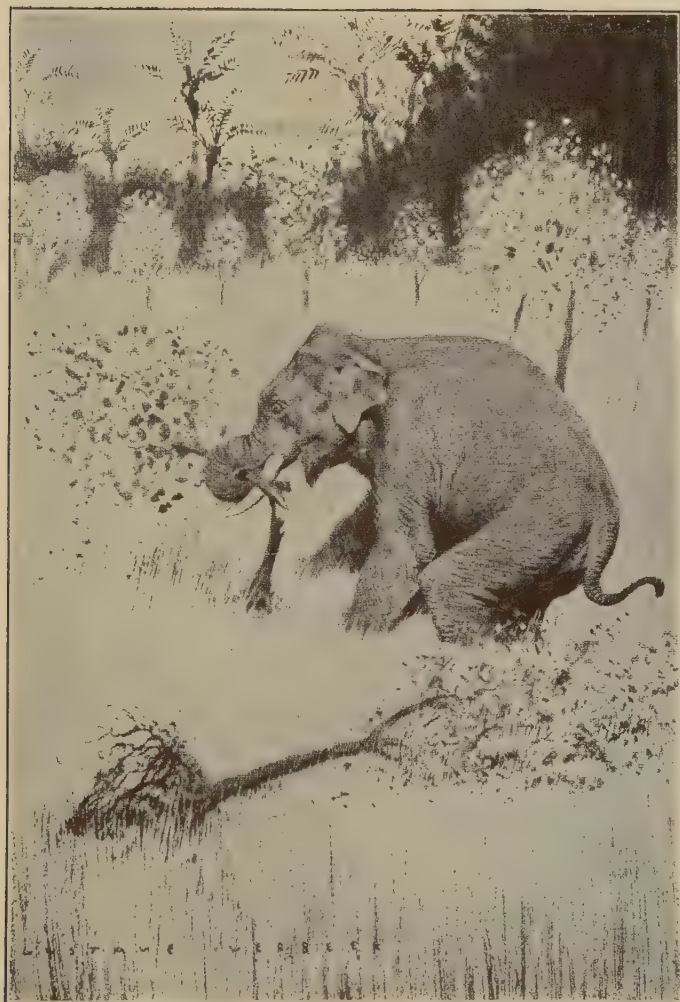
Another time they had tried to drive him into a horrid place called a *keddah*, which had been built with stout logs, and had huge buttresses which even he would have found it difficult to move.

He had been really startled one dark night on seeing huge bunches of fire coming towards him, and in spite of his daring he began to run in the opposite direction.

But it takes a rogue to catch a Rogue, and Rataplan was pretty wary. He had sense enough to know that those silly, little things on two legs would not take the trouble to run after him with bunches of fire unless they wanted him to run away somewhere, to some particular place. And so, after the first few, heavy, swinging steps, the reflection of the fire behind him showed him the outline of a *keddah* just in front, and with a shrill roar of rage Rataplan turned suddenly and fiercely round, dashed headlong through the line of fire, and, with a mighty trumpeting, disappeared into the forest.

So sudden and unexpected had been his onslaught that he had put out quite half a dozen of the bunches of fire: he had also put out the lives of the six, silly, little things who carried them. For a few swift pressures of his mighty feet had squeezed out their breath and destroyed their power to invent mischief with which to entrap the Rogue elephant.

For some time after this Rataplan had been more mad and wicked than ever. He knew perfectly well that he had killed a few of the fire-carriers, and he fully intended to kill a few more before he had done with them. But they were very cunning,



BUT OH! WHAT HAVOC HE MADE!

these fire-carriers, and, although he had nearly caught a few of them, once or twice, they had generally escaped him when quite close by suddenly disappearing, and this caused Rataplan many serious cogitations and musings.

Wicked and clever as he was, he had only the instincts of his kind. All his senses were alert, and his eyes looked for enemies in all directions but one, and that one direction was above. He never looked up, and it never occurred to his stupid, old head, sharp as he thought himself, that the little fire-carriers might have climbed up into the trees above him. When they disappeared from his range of vision he gave up the chase, although, more often than not, the wicked, little things were sitting just above his head, where, had he only turned his trunk upwards, he could have picked them off as though they were little birds.

But he always did the same thing: he floundered blunderingly on through the forest, trumpeting, roaring, pulling up and tearing down everything within his reach, but never having sense enough to look above him.

And so it was that he found it very difficult to get hold of the fire-carriers, and he became madder and more full of rage than ever.

Even the herds of elephants were now getting afraid of him, although could they only have made up their gentle, docile minds to attack him he would have come to his end in no time.

But Indian elephants dislike warfare or disagreements, and often, even when severely wounded, will turn about and go away, not seeming to realize that a momentary pressure of one of their huge feet, or one straight blow with their tusks, would be more than sufficient to finish their enemies. More often than not the most an Indian elephant will do to his foe is to kick him from one huge foot to another until he is either dead or dying.

But from Rataplan, the Rogue, the other elephants preferred to keep aloof. Only once had a herd attempted to chase him, and this was when he had actually presumed to pay a little attention to the wife of its leader.

Then the leader, followed by the remainder of the herd, turned

upon him, and for just once in his life Rataplan was frightened, and simply turned tail and ran—ran crashing and stumbling through the forest at a terrific speed, making the air resound with his trumpeting.

Had it not been that the dense forest was suddenly broken by a river, it would indeed have gone hard with him.

For an instant Rataplan thought he would stop—for, although elephants are beautiful swimmers, they are not particularly fond of the sport—but only for a moment; for the herd was close behind him and pressing him, and the leader could almost reach him with his trunk. Into the water dashed Rataplan, throwing up a mountain of spray which sprinkled the whole herd, and for a few moments he was lost to sight.

After the spray cleared away his huge form, with his trunk held high in the air, could be seen swimming easily and steadily towards the other side, and after a little conference with the herd the leader decided to let him go. But, as Rataplan knew only too well, woe betide him if ever he met that herd again.

And so it was that Rataplan, the Rogue, congratulated himself that so far he had never been caught, neither had any other elephant been able to hurt him.

But on this particular day he was very miserable and very lonely, and he had a restless, uneasy, wild feeling which inclined him to something daring. He was sick and tired of trying to catch the silly things that carried fire; he was tired of the forest; he was tired of himself. He felt more irritable, restless and evil-natured than ever, and as he stood there, swaying heavily from side to side and waving his trunk about him, he was a very miserable elephant indeed.

If he had only known it, one of the silly, little things who carried the fire had been watching him for some time.

Rataplan had been keeping very still for an elephant, but there is a certain sound which he and all his brethren make, unknown to themselves, and over which they have no control. This is a curious, little, bubbling noise which is caused by the water which is stored up in their insides in case of emergency; and this little bubbling noise had been heard by the fire-carrier.

He watched the huge beast with interest, and knew by his

restless manner and the wicked look in his small eyes that he was in about as dangerous a state as it is possible for an elephant to be, and he made his plans accordingly.

He was very busy for a few minutes with some long, thick ropes, which had a heavy noose at each end. The ends of these ropes he fastened carefully to some heavy trees, and then he went quietly away.

The little fire-carrier was a *Mahout*, hunter or rider, who was trained in the capture of elephants, and he felt sure that if Rataplan would only stay where he was a short time longer he would be able to catch him.

So he went away and looked carefully at his *koomkies*.* He had some particularly good ones just then, and they one and all turned their large, gentle heads towards him and awaited his pleasure. For they loved the chase, and entered into it with as much interest as he did himself.

As a rule he sent several *koomkies* out together, but on this occasion he decided to send only one.

This was Kinka, a gentle and tractable, little Indian elephant, who was well versed in the chase, and who was about as pretty and graceful as it is possible for a *koomkie* to be.

The *mahout* talked to her and patted her, and Kinka seemed to quite understand, nodding her head wisely, and touching his face and shoulders gently with the tip of her trunk.

When he had finished and began to lead her out she made a quiet, little trumpeting noise, which signified how delighted she was to go.

The *mahout* did not trouble himself about Kinka, once he had let her go. She knew her business and was about as deep and crafty as any *mahout* could wish. He selected his strongest little horse and followed her.

Kinka went quietly and steadily through the forest, making straight for the place where Rataplan was still standing, moodily moving his head to and fro.

Once within sight of him she put on a careless, coquettish

*Female elephants which are trained for the purpose of catching wild elephants.—*Author*.

air, and began to move carelessly towards him, plucking leaves and grass as though perfectly oblivious of his presence.

Rataplan suddenly stopped moving his huge head, and his wicked little eyes were bent on her with scrutiny and interest. He was not, however, going to be caught so easily. He did not care for society in any shape or form, not even the society of a *koomkie*, so he took no notice of her, but, after a few minutes' quiet contemplation, turned his head the other way.

Kinka, however, was not to be daunted. Still plucking little twigs and delicate buds and knocking them carefully and fastidiously against her forelegs in order to shake off any little fragment of dust that might have stuck there, she made her way steadily towards him, and as Rataplan, even then, took not the slightest notice she became bolder, and, trotting quietly up to him, began caressing him with her trunk and making several other endearing signs which were enough to melt the heart of any elephant under the sun.

Rataplan's heart was not exactly melted, but he was evidently interested and touched by the delicate attentions, and he became a little less morose and a little less moody; he even moved out of the tangled mass of undergrowth in which he had been standing, and deigned to talk to her a little bit; and Kinka made herself just as interesting as she possibly could.

Soon Rataplan began to forget his hatred of company, his dislike of his fellow-creatures; he began even to forget his evil thoughts and his mad rage, and he was just beginning to think what a nice, little elephant Kinka was when he felt sharp pulls at his feet.

The next instant there was such a sudden pull on all his legs that, with a huge thud Rataplan found himself lying on the ground. With one furious cry of rage he did his best to turn, displaying a flexibility of body and limb which was quite astonishing in so clumsy an animal.

Rolling on the ground and uttering more cries of rage, it suddenly occurred to him to ask the nice, little elephant to help him. But alas! the nice, little elephant, Kinka, was nowhere to be seen.

Having done her duty and treacherously inveigled him into

the snare, with a little, triumphant wave of her trunk and a funny, little, trumpeting noise she had marched with a sort of "conquering hero" air back to her stable, there to tell the other *koomkies* of her prowess and successful capture.

In vain Rataplan butted the tree nearest to him with all his huge strength; it never moved, scarcely even shook, and he rolled again on the ground in despair. He wound his trunk round and round one of the ropes, doing his best to break and split it, but the rope was good and strong and only squeaked dismally.

He shrieked and roared, writhed and turned, until the forest reëchoed with his cries, and the cruel ropes cut into his ankles, making deep, red wounds which stained the ground all round his feet.

After a time his shrill cries of rage developed into hoarse moans of humiliation and despair.

All that night and the next Rataplan was left there. The ropes cut deeper and deeper into his poor, swollen ankles, his body getting fainter and fainter for want of food. But he was not a Rogue elephant for nothing, and would not give in.

In vain a whole lot of *koomkies* were brought out to try and induce him to follow them into the *keddah*; he was not to be tempted, and tore and strained at his ropes to such a degree that the *mahout* feared he would make wounds that could never get healed; so he took away the *koomkies* and waited yet another night.

The third night the *koomkies* were brought out again, this time with Kinka at their head. But the sight of Kinka nearly drove Rataplan mad; he strained and tore at the ropes, trumpeting and roaring, until even the *koomkies* were frightened. Could he only have got at Kinka, he would have torn her limb from limb. But although he stretched to his utmost, and his hind legs went out behind him in the struggle, he could not get near her.

The *mahout* was getting troubled, for Rataplan's ankles were now in such a state as to make him almost valueless, and he knew, even did the elephant give in now, it would be months before they were healed, if indeed they ever healed at all.

Yet another long, weary day and night did poor Rataplan lay there, getting weaker and weaker and suffering untold agonies caused by those cruel ropes.

He had by this time torn his ankles so fearfully that they were all ulcerated, and stiff from lying on the ground. To add to his misery, he had caught violent inflammation in his eyes.

The *mahout* realized that unless he got him into the *keddah* soon he would be of no use at all, and once more did his best with *koomkies* and dainty bits of food to tempt him to follow into the *keddah*.

But still Rataplan would not give in: his body was weak and getting visibly thinner, but his spirit was as strong, as wild and as unbreakable as ever.

There was a consultation among the *mahouts*, and it was decided, as he was still so savage, there was nothing to be done but to leave him yet one more day.

But the next day Rataplan presented a piteous sight. His poor ankles were swollen enormously; his eyes were so inflamed that he was quite blind, and, to make matters worse, the *mahouts* saw that he was suffering now from the Ceylon Murrain.

There was nothing to be done then but kill him.

It had been a wet night which had made his poor, ulcerated ankles as bad as they could be, and the pain in his eyes was maddening. Suffering from the murrain, too, it was far too dangerous to take him among other elephants, and so the end of Rataplan, the Rogue, was that, in spite of his grand physique, his unbreakable spirit, and his indomitable patience, he was actually shot by the very things he had despised all his life—those silly little things that carried guns.

And Kinka, when she knew that he was dead, was not even sorry. She only gave a triumphant little trumpeting as she thought of the triumph of her capture.

And so no one grieved for Rataplan, no one cared or thought about him. But then we must not forget that he was and always had been Rataplan, the Rogue.

MY LION FRIEND

By MONSIEUR GERARD

IN February, 1846, Monsieur de Tourville, commander of Ghelma, sent for me, and told me that the tribe of Beni-Bughal requested my assistance to free them from the ravages of a lioness, which, with her cubs, had established her headquarters within the pasture-grounds of their tribe. I immediately mounted my horse, and rode with the sheik to the tent-village of the tribe, encamped at the foot of the Jebel Mezrur.

At dawn, I reconnoitred the wood in which the lioness and her cubs usually hid themselves; and in the thicket, upon a carefully arranged heap of leaves, I found a small female cub, about one month old, not larger than a cat. I took it up in my burnoose, carried it to the tents, and again went back to the neighborhood of the lair, to await there the return of the lioness. When I reached the forest the sun was setting. I hastened to find the thicket, and sat down under a cork-tree. But now I observed that the thicket was so dense as to afford me no room to take aim with my rifle; I had therefore to cut the branches of the trees with my double-edged dagger to the extent of the length of my rifle.

My plan of attack was simple. When the lioness showed her head between the bushes I intended at once to blow out her brains. Night came on, and I listened attentively to every noise around. A bear passed me first; I nearly mistook him for the lioness, but his slow, unwieldy steps soon undeceived me. Again, a jackal glided to the lair, and snuffed about for the provisions of the lion-cubs. But now there was no mistake possible; I thought I heard distinctly my expected victim breaking the bones of a sheep with its teeth, and leisurely feeding upon the carcass which I had noticed in the thicket. For two hours I waited in strong excitement, and still I was deceived.

My arm grew stiff; I could no longer keep my rifle to my shoulder; I leant against the tree, waiting till I should see the eyes of the lioness shining through the darkness.

It may have been eight o'clock when I suddenly heard the sound of heavy steps and the rustling of the branches. I could not doubt that it was the lioness. The noise ceased at about twenty yards' distance. I apprehended that she might have observed me, and that, with one sudden leap, she might clear the distance which separated us. I jumped up, in the hope of seeing perhaps her eyes. Leaning against the tree, the rifle in readiness, I fixed my glance upon the bushes, which rose before me as dense as a wall; but I neither saw nor heard anything. My imagination, excited by the recollection of former adventures, pierced through the darkness and the obstacles which obstructed my sight, and presented to me the lioness, with neck strained, ears back, and body trembling, ready to spring. I got nervous. Though it was biting cold I felt the perspiration on my forehead, when a sudden thought restored my presence of mind and calmed my nerves. Why, thought I, have I not climbed the tree, instead of posting myself under it?—why should I not seize one of the branches, and in a few seconds, be thirty feet above ground, in perfect safety? But I recollected that in the daytime I should not have thought of the tree, and should have believed it unworthy of myself to seek such a refuge. This thought restored my self-possession and self-reliance.

But what was my rage and surprise when, instead of the terrible roar of a lioness, maddened by the loss of her cub, I heard the whine of a young lion crying for his absent nurse! I cannot help laughing when I recollect the excitement into which this little fellow had put me. The lioness not coming forth, I caught hold of the cubs. I put them into my pocket, and returned in the direction of the tents. Straggling for three hours through woods and ravines, and often fancying I heard the roar of the lioness following the scent of her cubs, I arrived at last at the Duar—Arab tent-village—guided by the barking of the dogs.

Settled here, the first thing I did was to compare the two

cubs. The male was about a third larger than his sister, and a very fine animal he was. I gave him the name of Hubert, in honor of the patron saint of the chase. While the little lioness avoided men, and scratched whosoever dared to touch her, Hubert remained quite quiet at the hearth, and looked about with an astonished but not savage stare. The Arab females were never tired of petting him, and rewarded his amiability. They tied up a she goat to suckle him. At first he was very awkward; but as soon as he had fairly tasted the milk he attached himself to his nurse and followed her everywhere. His sister would not profit by her brother's experience, and could not be kept quiet. Hubert at length grew sleepy, and lay down upon my burnoose as quietly as if he had been with his mother.

The next day, I reconnoitred the ravines and hills of the neighborhood, followed by the Arabs. In the evening I partook of a meal in the tent of a shepherd, and returned to my former ambush. I waited in vain till dawn—the lioness did not appear. I was told afterwards that on the loss of her two cubs, she had left the country with a third. The disappearance of the dreaded beast restored calm in the tribe Beni-Bughal, and I left them with my two adopted pets to proceed to Ghelma. But the young lioness soon died in teething, which is always a critical, and often fatal, period to lion-cubs.

As to Hubert, he did very well, and was growing so fast that the milk of three goats was scarcely sufficient for him. He became the pet of all the camp, especially of Lehman the trumpeter, Bibart the blacksmith, and poor Rustan the spahi, who, one year after, was terribly maimed by the lions of Medjez Ammar. A register was opened for Hubert, in which his services were entered: he was originally put down as a horseman of the second class, waiting for advancement. I extract from the register, in which every fact and service of Hubert was faithfully recorded, the following feats:

"*April 20, 1846.*—When Hubert was three months old, the squadron stood this day in the courtyard of the headquarters, ready to proceed to the drill-ground; the trumpeter sounded the call; and horseman Hubert, shut up in his room on the second floor, leaps to the window, and shouts,

'Here!' but he is not heard, and he is set down as absent. The captain orders—*March*; the trumpeter sounds; and Hubert, jumping from the window down into the courtyard, appears with the squadron. For such excellent conduct the entry that he was absent at the call is canceled.

"*May 15.*—Hubert kills his nurse, the old goat, and is therefore nominated a horseman of the first class.

"*Sept. 8.*—He makes a sortie on the market-place; puts the Arabs to flight; kills several sheep and a donkey; fells a guardsman to the ground; and surrenders only to his friends Lehman, Bibart, and Rustan. For this gallantry he is promoted to be a non-commissioned officer; gets an iron chain of honor round his neck; and is attached to the door-posts of the stable as permanent sentinel.

"*Jan. 16, 1847.*—A Bedouin was prowling about the stables; Hubert, suspecting him to be a robber, breaks the chain, seizes the Arab, and keeps him on the ground till the officer comes, to whom he delivers up his prisoner in a wretched condition. For this feat Hubert is made a color-sergeant, and gets two chains of honor round his neck. In April he kills a horse and fells two soldiers; and thus rises to be an officer, and is put into a cage."

Poor Hubert! And I, his best friend, was ordered to imprison him! The authorities, lenient to him because he was so amiable, could not longer ignore his escapades; he could not but be sentenced to death or to imprisonment for life.

My first idea was to let him escape; but I feared that, accustomed to intercourse with men, he might return to the camp and be killed. During the first months of his punishment I sometimes came at night and opened his cage. He leaped out with delight, and we played at hide-and-seek. But one evening, when he was in his best spirits, he hugged me so fondly that he would certainly have strangled me had not my comrades come and delivered me from his caresses. It was the last time we played together. Nevertheless, I must confess that he had no bad intentions: he did not make use either of his claws or of his teeth, and always behaved kindly and gently to his friends. Still, displeased that he could not

leave the cage without a heavy chain fastened to the irons, he became sad and often excited. His character changed for the worse; I began to think that I must part with him. An officer offered me 3000 francs, on behalf of the king of Sardinia; but I could not sell my friend Hubert as I sell the skins of the lions I kill. The Prince of Aumale had been kind to me. I offered Hubert to him, requesting that he would provide for him in the Zoölogical Gardens at Algiers.

Hubert left Ghelma in October, 1847, to the great distress of the ladies, towards whom he had displayed the utmost politeness, and of all the soldiers, who loved him nearly as much as I did myself. Lehman and Bibart got drunk intentionally, in order to bear more easily the pangs of parting; still, they were so overwhelmed with grief at taking leave, and made such a row, that they had to be given into custody to enable Hubert to be got off.

At Algiers they found Hubert too tall and magnificent to remain in the Zoölogical Gardens; he was to be sent to Paris, and I was ordered to accompany him to France. Poor animal! Indeed he was tall—a horse-collar was scarcely big enough for his neck—and far too magnificent for the wretched life to which he was doomed.

The captain of the vessel in which Hubert was transported across the sea allowed me to open his cage while he took his meals; the passengers being kept away beyond the reach of his chain. As soon as I opened the door he darted forth, thanked me in his way, and took a walk as far as the chain permitted him to go. Now a beefsteak was brought, of about eight to ten pounds. He ate it, and lay down in the sun for digestion. After his hour of recreation was past, he crept back into his cage, allowed himself to be pulled by the ears, and waited patiently for his next meal. Thus passed the last pleasant days between us. At Toulon we parted. He was sent to Marseilles, and I went on a visit to my family at Cuers. In a few weeks I came likewise to Marseilles; but, although so short a time had elapsed, my friend was no longer the same. Joy, indeed, lighted up his fine face, but he seemed suffering and worn out. His eyes appeared to ask with reproach: "Why hast thou

forsaken me? Where am I? Whither am I to be carried? Wilt thou remain with me?" I was grieved at his unhappy looks; and scarcely was I out of sight when I heard him roaring, and shaking furiously the bars of the cage. I returned; and when he saw me he became calm, and clung to the railing that I might pat him. A few minutes afterwards he fell asleep. I retreated slowly, not to disturb his slumber. Sleep is forgetfulness for the animal as well as for man.

In three months after I was in Paris. My first visit, of course, was to M. Leo Bertrand, editor of the journal for sportsmen; my second to the Jardin des Plantes. Coming to the gallery of the wild beasts, I was surprised by the smallness of the cages, and displeased by the bad smell, easily endured by hyænas and jackals, but which must kill lions and panthers, to which cleanliness is life.

Under such disagreeable impressions I arrived at the cage of my lion-friend, who, half dozing, looked indifferently at the crowd before him. Suddenly he raised his head, his eye sparkled, the muscles of his face throbbed, the top of his tail moved: he had seen the regimentals of a spahi, but did not recognize his old comrade. I came nearer; and, unable to control my emotion, I put my hand through the rails. It was really a most touching meeting for myself and all who witnessed it. Hubert's eyes were riveted on my features; now he put his nose to my hand; his eyes became clearer and fonder; he guessed that it was his friend. One word, I knew, would dispel all uncertainty.

"Hubert, old fellow!" I said. This was enough. With a terrible leap he jumped against the bars, so that they nearly broke. My friends fled in terror, and tried to drag me away. Noble animal! even by your joy you inspire fear! Hubert stood erect, his neck on the railing, which he shook with his paws as if he wished to break through every obstacle that separated us. He looked glorious, roaring for joy and anger. His red tongue licked my hand with delight, and he tried to put his enormous paws out of the cage to hug me. Some strangers came nearer—he became wild and furious; but when we were left alone he again grew calm and caressing. I cannot

tell how trying it was for me to part. Twenty times I came back, to make it understood to Hubert that I should return; but as often as I left him the whole gallery trembled with his furious leaps and roars.

I often visited the poor prisoner, and we remained together for hours; but I soon saw that he became sadder and more weary. The officers of the garden thought that my visits brought nostalgia upon him, and I determined not to see him so often. On one of the days of May I came as usual, and the keeper said: "Sir, do not come any more: Hubert is dead." I hastened away, but now I often go to the gardens to indulge in thoughts of my poor friend.

Thus died Hubert, born for freedom, and for the air of the mountains. Civilization killed him. But, oh ye lionesses of the Atlas, never shall I again steal your cubs! Better for them to be killed at once, as if by lightning, in the forest, under the free sky of their home, than to linger in captivity. The lead of the hunter is preferable to consumption in a cage.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM A TIGER

By ROBERT COCHRANE

SOME time ago I was shooting in the Kimidy district with my friend Jack Waldron, an officer in a regiment of Madras Native Infantry. Kimidy is a little native town in the north of the Madras Presidency, and is situated among some jungly hills.

Kimidy was in some respects an excellent place for a holiday. Living was wonderfully cheap. You could purchase a whole sheep for a shilling and a fowl for fourpence. Milk, butter, and eggs could be obtained for the merest trifle.

Then the thick jungle that closely encircled the place was full of game, both great and small. One was often awakened in the morning by the crowing of the wild jungle-cocks and the screams of the pea-fowl in the immediate vicinity of the station. Wild hogs would enter the gardens of the officers at night, and commit sad havoc with the English vegetables that were planted there.

Spotted deer and the Indian elk were very numerous upon the jungly hills about the place; and a bear could generally be found within ten minutes' walk of the station by those who cared to look for him with beaters. Lastly, there were tigers and leopards in these teeming jungles; but such animals were not often met with close at hand, they preferred to reside at a little distance from the military.

In such a paradise of sport it might be supposed that the time would pass very pleasantly for men who were fond of shooting; but there was a serious drawback to the delights of life at Kimidy—there was the danger of contracting fever.

Poorree, upon the eastern coast of India, was the usual place to which invalids from Kimidy betook themselves, and a very miserable place it was; but then it was the seaside, and that was everything. Let the reader picture to himself a great

waste of glaring yellow sand, and he will have a fair idea of Pooree.

Well, Jack Waldron and I got rather tired, after a time, of shooting bears and peafowl; and before our month's leave of absence had expired we proposed to visit the famous temple of Juggernaut near Pooree. Besides this, I was feeling rather unwell, and feared an attack of jungle-fever; and as Pooree is no great distance from Kimidy, we settled to go down there one night in palanquins we had brought with us from the south.

It was the Indian cold weather at this time, and the air was sufficiently chilly to make a blanket agreeable at night. Jack and I looked forward to a comfortable sleep as we got into our palanquins about eight o'clock in the evening. We had made a very comfortable dinner, and we felt in very good-humor when the bearers took the palanquins on their shoulders and set off for Pooree.

Waldron's palanquin went first, and mine followed. It was pitch-dark, but the moon was expected to rise about midnight, and, in the meantime, we were provided with two men carrying torches of burning rags, on which they threw oil from time to time. I lay awake for an hour or so, smoking, and watching the curious effects of the light thrown by the torches on our party and on the jungle skirting the roadside. Then I fell asleep, to dream that I was on my way to England in a steamer, which was rolling hard, as I thought, in the very middle of the Bay of Biscay.

I was awakened by a chattering among the bearers, and, looking at my watch, saw that it was ten minutes past twelve, and that the moon was rising. We had stopped at a public bungalow by the roadside, and close to a village, in which there seemed to be a great deal of *tom-toming* and noise going on. Waldron had got out of his palanquin, and was talking to the bearers, who were greatly excited.

Just then he came to me with a very grave face. "This is awkward," he said; "there is cholera very bad in the village, and our bearers are in such mortal terror that I am afraid they will run back to Kimidy. What is to be done?"

"We must get on at any price," I replied; "it would never

do to stop here all night. Here! Lift the palanquins and go on quick," I cried to the men in their own tongue. But, in spite of all our threats and entreaties, the bearers would not lift the palanquins from the ground until we consented to give them a present of one rupee each. Even then three or four of them disappeared, and were seen no more, leaving us short-handed for the next stage of the journey.

At last we got on our way once more, the bearers grumbling greatly all the time. We still maintained our old order of march, and, whatever my companion's feelings may have been, I know that I was very glad indeed when we passed the village and heard the last of the tom-toms and cholera-horns with which the poor villagers were striving to drive the demon of pestilence out of their borders.

Our way lay through a beautiful bamboo jungle, and for some time I was interested in watching the graceful, waving forms of the gigantic canes, as we slowly passed them. Then I composed myself to sleep again.

I don't think I could have slept more than half-an-hour, when I was awakened by the clamor of the bearers, who were chattering in great excitement about the door of my palanquin, which they had allowed to fall roughly on the ground. At first, half asleep as I was, I could not make out what they wanted; but when I gathered that my friend Waldron was seized with cholera I was alarmed indeed, and crawled out of the palanquin as speedily as I could to render him assistance.

The bearers were all as frightened and helpless as a flock of sheep with a wolf in their midst, and I could see that they were perfectly panic-stricken. On reaching Waldron's palanquin, which was a hundred yards or so ahead of mine, I found my friend, as I thought, very ill, and, as he faintly assured me, suffering from all the symptoms of cholera.

What was to be done? We had no medicine but quinine, and I gave him a good dose of it. Then I ran back to call the bearers to go on without an instant's delay; but imagine my dismay when I discovered that they had, one and all, disappeared! I shouted and called without effect. There was no answer. I ran back upon our road for some distance at my best

speed, but could see no one; I shouted again and again, threatened and entreated by turns, but only to the trees of the forest, for not a bearer was to be seen.

At last I was obliged to own to myself that we were deserted, and, in no little anxiety, returned to my sick friend. He appeared to be worse, and could scarcely speak, and yet I could do nothing for him. Suddenly the thought flashed across my mind that I might return to the village we had left, and, with the aid of the head man, compel another set of bearers to accompany me.

I told Waldron of this at once; and my poor friend, who was by this time so nervous and weak as scarcely to be able to understand what I said, silently squeezed my hand, a gesture I accepted as an assent. There was no time to be lost. I wrapped a blanket round him, and set off upon my lonely errand by the flickering light of the moon.

At first I was too much engrossed by poor Waldron's state to think much of my surroundings; and I had gone over perhaps half the distance that divided us from the last stage we had left when I became painfully aware that I was in a very awkward situation myself. It was that part of the road where the bamboos grew thickly, and I was passing a great cluster of canes whose feathery leaves obscured the light when I tripped over a stone and fell flat on the road.

I was not much hurt. I had only bruised my knee; but in getting up again I happened to look back, and a strange feeling of awe came over me at what I saw: *there was a tiger following me*. At first I would not believe it; I reasoned with myself that such a thing was impossible.

"I am nervous, tired, anxious, and have, perhaps, an attack of fever coming on," I said to myself; "and that dark thing there in the road, that I fancy is a tiger crouching, is no tiger at all, but only a shadow or a stone. It's all nonsense. Think of Waldron, and step out."

I did so, encouraging myself, while I walked as fast as I could, by such thoughts as these, although I felt by no means comfortable. Remember, I had no rifle, gun, or even pistol with me, and was quite at the mercy of the tiger, if tiger it was.

Perhaps for one hundred yards or so I restrained my curiosity to look round again, but at last this overcame my sense of prudence, and I stopped short, and faced round.

There could be no mistake this time. Not thirty paces from me, standing full in the moonlight, was a large tiger, which crouched to the ground directly I turned. I do not know what another person would have done; for myself, I felt for the moment mad with mingled rage and terror. To be *followed* thus was cruel and irritating, and there must be an end to it.

I cursed the tiger in my heart, as if he were a reasonable being opposing my wishes, and in a fit of desperation I threw up my arms suddenly and shouted with all my strength. I knew it was a fearful risk; but my joy was greater than I can express when I saw the tiger rise and slink into the jungle. He did this so silently and smoothly that I had to look hard at the place where he had been to feel assured he was really gone.

Happily, I had my cigar-case and lights in the pocket of my coat; and, to reassure myself a little, I drew out a cigar, and, with trembling fingers, succeeded in lighting it.

My courage now revived, and I even had the boldness to throw a good-sized stone into the bush where my enemy had disappeared. "He is gone for good," I said to myself, "and joy be with him," for there was no response to this insult; and, the thought lending me renewed vigor, I stepped out briskly again. "The beast evidently took me for a deer or something of that sort, and bolted when he heard the human voice divine. Hullo! As I live, there he is again."

The cigar dropped from my mouth as I muttered these last words under my breath; and I stood transfixed, as it were, gazing at the long, stealthy form of the tiger as he passed across a glade in the jungle. He was much closer than before, not twenty paces distant, I fancy; and the horrible thought came coldly over me that he was keeping me company until a good chance offered for a spring.

Again I shouted aloud, and again there was no response. I summoned all the courage I could muster, and walked on, keeping as near to the other side of the path as the jungle per-

mitted, and peering cautiously into the bushes as I advanced. Still I could see no tiger. I had got over another hundred yards or so, all my nerves strung to the utmost, when again I beheld the same dreadful form gliding across a moonlight glade.

This time I saw the animal so plainly that the marks on his skin were clearly visible. It was evident the animal was stalking me, and I paused to consider what was to be done. To return was as bad as to stand still, and to go on looked very like venturing on certain death.

Nowhere was there a tree I could climb for safety. The bamboos grew in thick clumps, with so much undergrowth about their stems as to render it hopeless to try to penetrate it without making much noise in the attempt, and I felt that such noise would be in the highest degree dangerous. I might run at my best pace ahead, and for a second I thought of doing so; but, then, again, the tiger could easily outstrip me, and would not running encourage him to follow?

There was nothing for it but to walk on as I had been doing; and accordingly, affecting a courage I was far from feeling, I went on my way. I could hear nothing as I walked but the sound of my footsteps and the faint rustling of the leaves in the bamboos overhead; but this silence of the night only rendered the glimpses, I caught of my enemy the more appalling, as he slunk like a shadow from bush to bush, but always on a line with me, and, as I fancied, nearer and nearer to the roadside.

I do not know how long this continued. I was in such a state of mind as to take no count of time, and my only idea was to get on as fast as possible to the village for assistance. It was just then, and when I was plodding along over the ruts and stones in the path, that I heard, or fancied I heard, the sound of bearers' voices borne faintly towards me on the night breeze.

The sound seemed to be wafted to me from afar, like a song of deliverance, and I stopped for a moment to be sure that my ears had not deceived me. But those feelings of joy were premature; for, when I again looked about me, there was the tiger, *and this time in front of me.*

The tiger must have passed ahead while I stopped to listen
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and he now lay crouched in the very middle of the path, about twenty paces in front of me. The moon was shining very brightly at the moment, not a cloud was near it; and I could distinctly make out every limb of the animal, even to his tail, which was moving from side to side with a rapid whisking motion.

Instinctively I stepped a few paces backwards, fully expecting to see the tiger pounce upon me in one or two of those great bounds peculiar to the animal; but he just sneaked a little nearer, and so stealthily that I only could tell that he had moved by his preserving the same distance from me as before. Not daring to look round, I stepped back again, supported to some extent by the cries of the palanquin bearers in the distance, that were now drawing rather closer to me.

It was a palanquin coming along the road from Pooree, and if it came quickly I might be saved. This was the question: would the tiger devour me before it could arrive, or not? I could not think upon it; my brain swam, and I believe for a time I must have been unconscious of anything about me.

The last thing I remember was an attempt I made to shout, although whether I did shout or not I cannot say, and then I awoke to find myself in the arms of a stranger, who was bending over me, and holding a flask to my lips. There was a crowd of attendants standing round, and two palanquins, one of which was Waldron's.

In a few words the stranger explained everything. He held a post in a neighboring district, and was travelling on duty from Pooree when he came to the place where poor Waldron lay on the road all alone. Luckily, he had a medicine-chest with him, and was something of a doctor. He prescribed for my friend on the spot, and ordered a few of his many attendants to take up the sick man's palanquin and follow him.

They traveled at their best speed, or I might not have lived to tell the tale. The civilian went on to tell me that he was aroused a second time by his servants who ran ahead shouting out "Tiger! Tiger!" and by the excitement among his bearers, who nearly allowed the palanquin to fall on the ground. He seized his rifle, which lay loaded beside him; but when

he jumped out of the palanquin the tiger was gone, and there remained in its place, to his great astonishment, myself.

That a European should be found in a faint on such a road, and in such a place, was a mystery to him until I told my story, when, seeing how fatigued and excited I was, he insisted upon my getting into his palanquin, while he walked alongside it. My own palanquin, I should say, was being brought slowly after us by two or three of my new friend's servants.

There is little more to tell. Waldron's illness did not prove to be very severe. Perhaps I was the greater invalid of the two, for I suffered much from fever, brought on, no doubt, by the exposure and excitement of the previous night. But the sea air of Pooree soon restored us to our usual health.

The gentleman who rescued us said that he would certainly beat up my friend the tiger. Not long afterwards he sent me a tiger-skin which he had no doubt was the coat of the very beast that went so near eating me up. It was the only tiger that haunted that particular road, he said, and it was killed by a native sportsman for the sake of the government reward.

THE ADVENTURES OF A LOON*

By WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT

HIS name was Mahng, and the story which I am about to relate is the story of his life—or at least of a portion of it.

One snowy autumn night, three years ago, he was swimming on the Glimmerglass in company with his first mate. It was a fine evening—especially for loons. There was no wind, and the big, soft flakes came floating lazily down to lose themselves in the quiet lake. The sky, the woods, and the shores were all blotted out; and the loons reigned alone, king and queen of a dim little world of leaden water and falling snow. And right royally they swam their kingdom, with an air as if they thought God had made the Glimmerglass for their especial benefit. Perhaps he had.

It was very, very lonely, but they liked it all the better for that. At times they even lost sight of each other for a little while, as one dived in search of a herring or a young salmon trout. I wish we could have followed Mahng down under the water and watched him at his hunting. He didn't dive as you do, with a jump and a plunge and a splash. He merely drew his head back a little and then thrust it forward and downward, and went under as simply and easily as you would step out of bed, and with a good deal more dignity. It was his feet that did it, of course. They were not good for much for walking, but they were the real thing when it came to swimming or diving. They were large and broad and strongly webbed, and the short stout legs which carried them were flattened and compressed that they might slip edgewise through the water, like a feathered oar-blade. The muscles which worked them were very powerful, and they kicked backward with so much vigor that two little jets of spray were often tossed up in his wake as he went under, like the splash from a steamer's paddles.

*From "Forest Neighbors" copyright, 1902. Published by permission of Doubleday, Page & Co.

He had a rudder, too, for in the after part of his body there were two muscles just like tiller-ropes, fastened to his tail in such a way that they could twist it to either side, and steer him to port or starboard as occasion demanded. With his long neck stretched far out in front, his wings pressed tightly against his sides, and his legs and feet working as if they went by steam, he shot through the water like a submarine torpedo-boat. "The Herdsman of the Deep," the Scottish Highlanders used to say, when in winter a loon came to visit their lochs and fiords. Swift and strong and terrible, he ranged the depths of the Glimmerglass, seeking what he might devour; and perhaps you can imagine how hastily the poor little fishes took their departure whenever they saw him coming their way. Sometimes they were not quite quick enough, and then his long bill closed upon them, and he swallowed them whole without even waiting to rise to the surface.

The chase thus brought to a successful conclusion, or perhaps the supply of air in his lungs giving out, he returned to the upper world, and again his voice rang out through the darkness and the falling snow. Then his mate would answer him from somewhere away off across the lake, and they would call back and forth to each other with many a laugh and shout, or, drawing closer and closer together, they would cruise the Glimmerglass side by side, with the big flakes dropping gently on their backs and folded wings, and the ripples spreading out on either hand like the swell from the bow of a ship.

Once Mahng stayed down a little longer than usual, and when he came up he heard his mate calling him in an excited tone, as if something had happened to her. He hurried toward her, and presently he saw a light shining dimly through the throng of moving snowflakes, and growing brighter and brighter as he approached until it was fairly dazzling. As he drew nearer still he caught sight of his mate sitting on the water squarely in front of that light, and watching it with all her eyes. She was not calling now. She had forgotten Mahng, she had forgotten to paddle, she had forgotten everything, in her wonder at this strange, beautiful thing, the like of which had never before been seen upon the Glimmerglass. She herself was a

rarely beautiful sight—if she had only known it—with the dark water rippling gently against her bosom, her big black head thrust forward, and the feathers of her throat and breast glistening in the glare of the headlight, white as the snow that was falling around her.

All this Mahng saw. What he did not see, because his eyes were dazzled, was a boat in the shadow behind the light, and a rifle-barrel pointing straight at his mate's breast. There was a blinding flash, a sharp, crashing report, and a cloud of smoke; and Mahng dived as quick as a wink. But his mate would never dive again. The bullet had gone tearing through her body, and she lay stretched out on the water, perfectly motionless, and apparently dead. And then, just as Mahng came to the surface a hundred yards away, and just as my partner put out his hand to pick her up, she lifted her head and gave a last wild cry. Mahng heard it and answered, but he was too far away to see what happened. He dared not return till the light had disappeared, and by that time she was gone. She had struggled violently for a moment, and had struck savagely at the hunter's hand, and then she had as suddenly collapsed, the water turned red, and her eyes closed forever. Did you know that among all God's creatures the birds are the only ones whose eyes close naturally in death? Even among men it is not so, for when our friends die we lay our hands reverently upon their faces, and weight their stiff lids with gold. But for the bird, Nature herself performs the last kindly office, and as the light fades out from the empty windows of the soul, the curtain falls of its own accord.

During the next two or three days Mahng's voice was frequently to be heard, apparently calling his mate. Sometimes it was a mournful, long-drawn cry—"Hoo-WOOOO-ooo"—that might have been heard a mile away—a cry that seemed the very essence of loneliness, and that went right down where you lived and made you feel like a murderer. And sometimes he broke into a wild peal of laughter, as if he hoped that that might better serve to call her back to him.

His children had gone south some time before. They had seemed anxious to see the world. Perhaps, too, they

had dreaded the approach of colder weather more than the older birds, who had become somewhat seasoned by previous autumns. Anyhow, they had taken the long trail toward the Gulf of Mexico, and now that his mate was gone Mahng was entirely alone. At last he seemed to make up his mind that he might as well follow them, and one afternoon, as he was swimming aimlessly about, I saw him suddenly dash forward, working his wings with all their might, beating the water at every stroke, and throwing spray like a side-wheeler. Slowly—for his body was heavy, and his wings were rather small for his size—slowly he lifted himself from the water, all the time rushing forward faster and faster. He couldn't have made it if he hadn't had plenty of sea-room, but by swinging round and round in long, wide circles he managed to rise little by little till at last he was clear of the tree-tops. He passed right over my head as he stood away to the south—his long neck stretched far out in front, his feet pointing straight back beyond the end of his short tail, and his wings beating the air with tremendous energy. How they did whizz! He made almost as much noise as a train of cars. He laughed as he went by, and you would have said that he was in high spirits; but before he disappeared that lonely, long-drawn cry came back once more—"Hoo-WOOOO-ooo."

In the course of his winter wanderings through the south he happened to alight one day on a certain wild pond down in Mississippi, and there he found another loon—whose former mate had lost his life the previous summer.

She had her children to take care of, and for a time she was very busy, but after a few weeks they flew away to the south, as Mahng's had done, and she was free to go where she liked and do what she pleased. For a while she stayed where she was, like a sensible person. Minnesota suited her very well and she was in no hurry to leave. But, of course, she could not stay on indefinitely, for some frosty night the lake would freeze over, and then she could neither dive for fish nor rise upon the wing. A loon on ice is about as helpless as an oyster. And so at last she, too, went south. She traveled by easy stages, and had a pleasant journey, with many a stop, and

many a feast in the lakès and rivers along the route. I should like to know, just out of curiosity, how many fish found their way down her capacious gullet during that pilgrimage through Illinois and Kentucky and Tennessee.

Well, no matter about that. The Mississippi pond was in sight, and she was just slanting down toward the water, when a hunter fired at her from behind a clump of trees. His aim was all too true, and she fell headlong to the ground, with a broken wing dangling helplessly at her side.

Now, as you probably know, a loon isn't built for running. There is an old story, one which certainly has the appearance of truth, to the effect that when Nature manufactured the first of these birds she forgot to give him any legs at all, and that he had started off on the wing before she noticed her mistake. Then she picked up the first pair that came to hand and threw them after him. Unfortunately they were a misfit, and, what was, perhaps, still worse, they struck his body in the wrong place. They were so very short and so very far aft that, although he could stand nearly as straight as a man, it was almost impossible for him to move about on them. When he had to travel on land, which he always avoided as far as he could, he generally shoved himself along on his breast, and often used his wings and his bill to help himself forward. All his descendants are just like him, so you can see that the widow's chances were pretty small, with the hunter bursting out of the bushes, and a broad strip of beach between her and the friendly pond.

But she was a person of resource and energy, and in this great emergency she literally rose to the occasion, and did something that she had never done before in all her life, and probably will never do again. The astonished hunter saw her lift herself, until she stood nearly upright, and then actually *run* across the beach toward the water. She was leaning forward a trifle, her long neck was stretched out, her two short legs were trotting as fast as they could go, and her one good wing was wildly waving in a frantic endeavor to get on. It was a sight that very few people have ever seen, and it would have been comical if it hadn't been a matter of life and death.

The hunter was hard after her, and his legs were a yard

long, while hers were only a few inches, so it was not surprising that he caught her just as she reached the margin. She wriggled out of his grasp and dashed on through the shallow water, and he followed close behind. In a moment he stooped and made another grab at her, and this time he got his arms around her body and pinned her wings down against her sides. But he had waded out a little too far, and had reached the place where the bottom suddenly shelves off from fifteen inches to seventy-two. His foot slipped, and in another moment he was splashing wildly about in the water, and the loon was free.

A broken wing is not necessarily as serious a matter as you might suppose. The cold water kept the inflammation down, and it seemed as if all the vital forces of her strong, healthy body set to work at once to repair the damage. If any comparative anatomist ever gets hold of the loon and dissects her, he will find a curious swelling in the principal bone of her left wing, like a plumber's join in a lead pipe, and he will know what it means. It is the place where Nature soldered the broken pieces together. And it was while Nature was engaged in this soldering operation that Mahng arrived and began to cultivate the loon's acquaintance.

"In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast."

and in the spring the loon puts on his wedding-garment, and his fancy, like the young man's, "lightly turns to thoughts of love."

But speaking of Mahng's wedding-garment reminds me that I haven't told you about his winter dress. His back and wings were very dark-brown, and his breast and under parts were white. His head and the upper portion of his neck were black his bill was black, or blackish, and so were his feet. His coat was very thick and warm, and his legs were feathered right down to the heel-joint. More than five feet his wings stretched from tip to tip, and he weighed at least twelve pounds, and would be still larger before he died.

As to his nuptial finery, its groundwork was much the same, but its trimmings were different and were very elegant. White spots appeared all over his back and the upper surfaces of his wings, some of them round, and some square. They were not

thrown on carelessly, but were arranged in gracefully curving lines, and they quite changed his appearance, especially if one were as near him as one is supposed to be during a courting. His spring neckwear, too, was in exceedingly good taste, for he put on a sort of collar of very narrow vertical stripes, contrasting beautifully with the black around and between them. Higher up on his neck and head the deep black feathers gleamed and shone in the sunlight with brilliant iridescent tints of green and violet. He was a very handsome bird.

And now everything was going north. The sun was going north, the wind was going north, the birds were going, and summer herself was sweeping up from the tropics as fast as ever she could travel. Mahng was getting very restless. A dozen times a day he would spread his wings and beat the air furiously, dashing the spray in every direction, and almost lifting his heavy body out of the water. But the time was not yet come, and presently he would fold his pinions and go back to his courting . . . His dreams are all of the vernal flight to the lonely northland, where the water is cold and the fish are good, and where there are such delightful nesting-places around the marshy ponds!

But how did his new friend feel about it? Would she go with him? Ah! Wouldn't she? Had not she, too, put on a wedding-garment just like his? And what was she there for, anyhow, if not to be wooed, and to find a mate, and to fly away with him a thousand miles to the north, and there, beside some lonely little lake, brood over her eggs and her young? Her wing was gaining strength all the time, and at last she was ready. You should have heard them laugh when the great day came and they pulled out for Michigan—Mahng a little in the lead, as became the larger and stronger, and his new mate close behind. There had been nearly a week of cooler weather just before the start, which had delayed them a little, but now the south wind was blowing again, and over and over it seemed to say,

“And we go, go, go away from here!
On the other side the world we're overdue!
'Send the road lies clear before you
When the old Spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you.”

And the road was clear, and they went. Up, and up, and up; higher and higher, till straight ahead, stretching away to the very edge of the world, lay league after league of sunshine and air, only waiting the stroke of their wings. Now steady, steady! Beat, beat, beat! And the old earth sliding southward fifty miles an hour! No soaring—their wings were too short for that sort of work—and no quick wheeling to right or left, but hurtling on with whizzing pinions and eager eyes, straight toward the goal. Was it any wonder that they were happy, and that joyful shouts and wild peals of laughter came ringing down from the sky to tell us poor earth-bound men and women that somewhere up in the blue, beyond the reach of our short-sighted eyes, the loons were hurrying home? . . .

One spring evening, as they came rushing over the pine-tops and the maples and birches, they saw the Glimmerglass just ahead. The water lay like polished steel in the fading light, and the brown ranks of the still leafless trees stood dark and silent around the shores. It was very quiet, and very, very lonely; and the lake and the woods seemed waiting and watching for something. And into that stillness and silence the loons came with shouting and laughter, sweeping down on a long slant, and hitting the water with a splash. The echoes awoke and the Glimmerglass was alive, and summer had come to the northland.

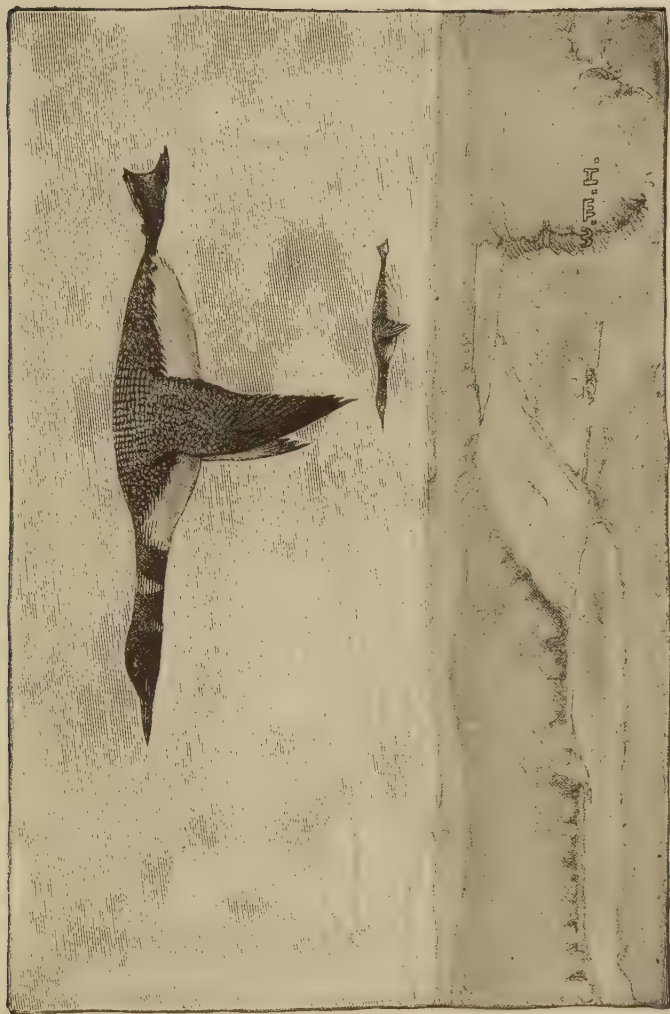
They chose a place where the shore was low and marshy, and there, only two or three yards from the water's edge, they built a rude nest of grass and weeds and lily-pads. Two large greenish eggs, blotched with dark brown, lay in its hollow; and the female loon sat upon them week after week, and covered them with the warm feathers of her broad, white breast. Once in a while she left them long enough to stretch her wings in a short flight, or to dive in search of a fish, but she was never gone very long. It was a weary vigil that she kept, but she sat there in daylight and darkness, through sunshine and storm, till at last the day came when there were four loons instead of two at the Glimmerglass.

The chicks were very smart and active, and they took to the water almost as soon as they were out of the shell, swimming

and diving as if they had been accustomed to it for weeks instead of hours. In some ways, however, they required a good deal of care. For one thing, their little stomachs were not quite equal to the task of assimilating raw fish, and the parents had to swallow all their food for them, keep it down till it was partly digested, and then pass it up again to the hungry children. It made a good deal of delay, and it must have been very unpleasant, but it seemed to be the only practicable way of dealing with the situation. I am glad to say that it did not last very long, for by the time they were two weeks old the young loons were able to take their fish and reptiles and insects at first hand.

When they first arrived the chicks were covered all over with stiff down, of a dark, sooty gray on their backs, and white underneath. But this did not last long, either. The first feathers soon appeared, and multiplied rapidly. I can't say that the young birds were particularly handsome, for even when their plumage was complete it was much quieter and duller of hue than their parents'. But they were fat and plump, and I think they thoroughly enjoyed life, especially before they discovered that there were enemies as well as friends in the world. That was a kind of knowledge that could not be avoided very long, however. They soon learned that men, and certain other animals such as hawks and skunks, were to be carefully shunned; and you should have seen them run on the water whenever a suspicious-looking character hove in sight. Their wings were not yet large enough for flying, but they flapped them with all their might, and scampered across the Glimmerglass so fast that their little legs fairly twinkled, and they actually left a furrow in the water behind them. But the bottom of the lake was really the safest refuge, and if a boat or a canoe pressed them too closely they would usually dive below the surface, while the older birds tried to lure the enemy off in some other direction by calling and shouting and making all sorts of demonstrations.

Generally these tactics were successful, but not always. Once some boys cornered the whole family in a small, shallow bay, where the water was not deep enough for diving; and before they could escape one of the youngsters was driven



"THE OLD EARTH SLIDING SOUTHWARD FIFTY MILES AN HOUR."

up on to the beach. He tried to hide behind a log, but he was captured and carried off, and I wish I had time to tell you of all the things that happened to him before he was finally killed and eaten by a dog. It was pretty tough on the old birds, as well as on him, but they still had one chick left, and you can't expect to raise *all* your children as long as bigger people are so fond of kidnapping and killing them.

Not all the people who came to see them were bent on mischief, however. There was a party of girls and boys, for instance, who camped beside the Glimmerglass for a few weeks, and who liked to follow them around the lake in a rowboat and imitate their voices, just for the fun of making them talk back. One girl in particular became so accomplished in the loon language that Mahng would often get very much excited as he conversed with her, and would sometimes let the boat creep nearer and nearer until they were only a few rods apart. And then, all of a sudden, he would duck his head and go under, perhaps in the very middle of a laugh. The siren was getting a little too close. Her intentions might possibly be all right, but it was just as well to be on the safe side.

The summer was nearly gone, and now Mahng did something which I fear you will strongly disapprove. I didn't want to tell you about it, but I suppose I must. Two or three male loons passed over the Glimmerglass one afternoon, calling and shouting as they went, and he flew up and joined them, and came back no more that summer. It looked like a clear case of desertion, but we must remember that he had stood by his family all through the trying period of the spring and early summer, and that the time was at hand when the one chick that was left would go out into the world to paddle his own canoe, and when his mate would no longer need his help in caring for a family of young children. But you think he might have stayed with her, anyhow? Well, so do I; I'm sorry he didn't. They say that his cousins, the Red-throated Loons, marry for life, and live together from the wedding-day till death, and I don't see why he couldn't have done as well as they. But it doesn't seem to be the custom among the Great Northern Divers. Mahng was only following the usual

practice of his kind, and if his first partner had not been shot it is likely that they would have separated before they had gone very far south. And yet it does not follow that the marriage was not a love-match. If you had seen them at their house-keeping I think you would have pronounced him a very good husband and father. Perhaps the happiness of the spring and early summer was all the better for a taste of solitude during the rest of the year.

As I said, the time was near when the chick would strike out for himself. He soon left his mother, and a little later she too started for the Gulf of Mexico. Summer was over, and the Glimmerglass was lonelier than ever.

Mahng came back next spring, and of course he brought a new mate with him. They set to work at once to build a nest and make ready for some young loons; but alas! there was little parental happiness or responsibility in store for them that year.

If you had been there you might have seen them swimming out from shore one bright, beautiful spring morning, when the sun had just risen, and the woods and waters lay calm and peaceful in the golden light, fairer than words can tell. They were after their breakfast, and presently they dived to see what was to be had. The light is dim down there in the depths of the Glimmerglass, the weeds are long and slimy, and the mud of the bottom is black and loathsome. But what does that matter? One can go back whenever one pleases. A few quick, powerful strokes will take you up into the open air, and you can see the woods and the sky. Aha! There is a herring, his scales shining like silver in the faint green light that comes down through the water. And there is a small salmon-trout, with his gray-brown back and his golden sides. A fish for each of us.

The loons darted forward at full speed; but the two fishes made no effort to escape, and did not even wriggle when the long, sharp bills closed upon them. They were dead, choked to death by the fine threads of a gill-net. And now those same threads laid hold of the loons themselves, and a fearful struggle began.

Mahng and his mate did not always keep their wings folded when they were under water. Sometimes they used them almost as they did in flying, and just now they had need of every muscle in their bodies. How their pinions lashed the water, and how their legs kicked and their long necks writhed, and how the soft mud rose in clouds and shut out the dim light! But the harder they fought the more tightly did the net grapple them, winding itself round and round their bodies, and soon lashing their wings down against their sides. Expert divers though they were, the loons were drowning. There was a ringing in their ears and a roaring in their heads, and the very last atoms of oxygen in their lungs were almost gone. Death was drawing very near, and the bright, sunshiny world where they had been so happy a moment before, the world to which they had thought they could return so quickly and easily, seemed a thousand miles away. One last effort, one final struggle, and if that failed there would be nothing more to do but go to sleep forever.

Fortunately for Mahng, his part of the net had been mildewed, and much of the strength had gone out of the linen threads. He was writhing and twisting with all his might, and suddenly he felt something give. One of the rotten meshes had torn apart. He worked with redoubled energy, and in a moment another thread gave way, and then another, and another. A second more and he was free. Quick, now, before the last spark goes out! With beating wings and churning paddles he fairly flew up through the green water toward the light, and on a sudden he shot out into the air, panting and gasping, and staring wildly around at the blue sky, and the quiet woods, and the smiling Glimmerglass. And how royally beautiful was the sunshine, and how sweet was the breath of life!

But his mate was not with him, and a few hours later, the fisherman found in his net the lifeless body of a drowned loon.

Mahng went north. He had thought that his spring flight was over and that he would go no farther, but now the Glimmerglass was no longer home, and he spread his wings once more and took his way toward the arctic circle. Over the hills, crowded with maple and beech and birch; over the great Tah-

quamenon Swamp, with its cranberry-marshes, its tangles of spruce and cedar, and its thin, scattered ranks of tamarack; over the sandy ridges where the pine-trees stand tall and stately, and out on Lake Superior. The water was blue, and the sunshine was bright; the wind was fresh and cool, and the billows rolled and tumbled as if they were alive and were having a good time together. Together—that's the word. They were together, but Mahng was alone; and he wasn't having a good time at all. He wanted a home, and a nest, and some young ones, but he didn't find them that year, though he went clear to Hudson Bay, and looked everywhere for a mate. There were loons, plenty of them, but they had already paired and set up housekeeping, and he found no one who was in a position to halve his sorrows and double his joys.

Something attracted his attention one afternoon when he was swimming on a little lake far up in the Canadian wilderness—a small red object that kept appearing and disappearing in a very mysterious fashion among the bushes that lined the beach. Mahng's bump of curiosity was large and well developed, and he gave one of his best laughs and paddled slowly in toward the shore. I think he had a faint and utterly unreasonable hope that it might prove to be what he was looking and longing for, though he knew very well that no female loon of his species ever had red feathers—nor a male, either, for that matter. It was a most absurd idea, and his dreams, if he really had them, were cut short by the report of a shotgun. A little cloud of smoke floated up through the bushes, and a charge of heavy shot peppered the water all around him. But if Mahng was curious he was also quick to take a hint. He had heard the click of the gun-lock, and before the leaden hail could reach him he was under water. His tail feathers suffered a little, but otherwise he was uninjured, and he did not come to the surface again till he was far away from that deceitful red handkerchief.

The summer was an entire failure, and after a while Mahng gave it up in despair, and started south much earlier than usual. At the Straits of Mackinac he had another narrow escape, for he came very near killing himself by dashing head first against

the lantern of a lighthouse, whose brilliant beams, a thousand times brighter than the light which had lured his first mate to her death, had first attracted and then dazzled and dazed him. Fortunately he swerved a trifle at the last moment, and though he brushed against an iron railing, lost his balance, and fell into the water, there were no bones broken and no serious damage done.

The southland, as everybody knows, is the only proper place for a loon courtship. There, I am pleased to say, Mahng found a new mate, and in due time he brought her up to the Glimmerglass.

MOTI GUJ—MUTINEER

By RUDYARD KIPLING

ONCE upon a time there was a coffee-planter in India who wished to clear some forest-land for coffee-planting. When he had cut down all the trees and burned the underwood, the stumps remained. Dynamite is expensive; and slow fire is slow. The happy medium for stump-clearing is the lord of all beasts, who is the elephant. He will either push the stump out of the ground with his tusks, if he has any, or drag it out with ropes. The planter, therefore, hired elephants by ones and twos and threes, and fell to work. The very best of all the elephants belonged to the very worst of all the drivers or mahouts; and this superior beast's name was Moti Guj. He was the absolute property of his mahout, which would never have been the case under native rule; for Moti Guj was a creature to be desired by kings, and his name, being translated, meant the Pearl Elephant. Because the British government was in the land, Deesa, the mahout, enjoyed his property undisturbed. He was dissipated. When he had made much money through the strength of his elephant, he would get extremely drunk and give Moti Guj a beating with a tent-peg over the tender nails of the forefeet. Moti Guj never trampled the life out of Deesa on these occasions, for he knew that after the beating was over, Deesa would embrace his trunk and call him his love and his life and the liver of his soul, and give him some liquor. Moti Guj was very fond of liquor—arrack for choice, though he would drink palm-tree toddy, if nothing better offered. Then Deesa would go to sleep between Moti Guj's forefeet, and as Deesa generally chose the middle of the public road, and as Moti Guj mounted guard over him, and would not permit horse, foot, or cart to pass by, traffic was congested till Deesa saw fit to wake up.

There was no sleeping in the daytime on the planter's

clearing: the wages were too high to risk. Deesa sat on Moti Guj's neck and gave him orders, while Moti Guj rooted up the stumps—for he owned a magnificent pair of tusks; or pulled at the end of a rope—for he had a magnificent pair of shoulders—while Deesa kicked him behind the ears and said he was the king of elephants. At evening time Moti Guj would wash down his three hundred pounds' weight of green food with a quart of arrack, and Deesa would take a share, and sing songs between Moti Guj's legs till it was time to go to bed. Once a week Deesa led Moti Guj down to the river, and Moti Guj lay on his side luxuriously in the shallows, while Deesa went over him with a coir swab and a brick. Moti Guj never mistook the pounding blow of the latter for the smack of the former that warned him to get up and turn over on the other side. Then Deesa would look at his feet and examine his eyes, and turn up the fringes of his mighty ears in case of sores or budding ophthalmia. After inspection the two would "come up with a song from the sea," Moti Guj, all black and shining, waving a torn tree-branch twelve feet long in his trunk, and Deesa knotting up his long wet hair.

It was a peaceful, well-paid life till Deesa felt the return of the desire to drink deep. He wished for an orgy. The little draughts that led nowhere were taking the manhood out of him.

He went to the planter, and "My mother's dead," said he, weeping.

"She died on the last plantation two months ago, and she died once before that when you were working for me last year," said the planter, who knew something of the ways of native-dom.

"Then it's my aunt, and she was just the same as a mother to me," said Deesa, weeping more than ever. "She has left eighteen small children entirely without bread, and it is I who must fill their little stomachs," said Deesa, beating his head on the floor.

"Who brought you the news?" said the planter.

"The Post," said Deesa.

"There hasn't been a post here for the past week. Get back to your lines!"

"A devastating sickness has fallen on my village, and all my wives are dying," yelled Deesa, really in tears this time.

"Call Chihun, who comes from Deesa's village," said the planter. "Chihun, has this man got a wife?"

"He?" said Chihun. "No. Not a woman of our village would look at him. They'd sooner marry the elephant."

Chihun snorted. Deesa wept and bellowed.

"You will get into difficulty in a minute," said the planter. "Go back to your work!"

"Now I will speak Heaven's truth," gulped Deesa, with an inspiration. "I haven't been drunk for two months. I desire to depart in order to get properly drunk afar off and distant from this heavenly plantation. Thus shall I cause no trouble."

A flickering smile crossed the planter's face. "Deesa," said he, "you've spoken the truth, and I'd give you leave on the spot, if anything could be done with Moti Guj while you're away. You know that he will only obey your orders."

"May the light of the heavens live forty thousand years. I shall be absent but ten little days. After that, upon my faith and honor and soul, I return. As to the inconsiderable interval, have I the gracious permission of the heaven-born to call up Moti Guj?"

Permission was granted, and in answer to Deesa's shrill yell, the mighty tusker swung out of the shade of a clump of trees where he had been squirting dust over himself till his master should return.

"Light of my heart, protector of the drunken, mountain of might, give ear!" said Deesa, standing in front of him.

Moti Guj gave ear, and saluted with his trunk.

"I am going away," said Deesa.

Moti Guj's eyes twinkled. He liked jaunts as well as his master. One could snatch all manner of nice things from the roadside then.

"But you, you fussy old pig, must stay behind and work."

The twinkle died out as Moti Guj tried to look delighted. He hated stump-hauling on the plantation. It hurt his teeth.

"I shall be gone for ten days, oh, delectable one! Hold up your near forefoot and I'll impress the fact upon it, warty

toad of a dried mud-puddle." Deesa took a tent-peg and banged Moti Guj ten times on the nails. Moti Guj grunted and shuffled from foot to foot.

"Ten days," said Deesa, "you will work and haul and root up the trees as Chihun here shall order you. Take up Chihun and set him on your neck!" Moti Guj curled the tip of his trunk, Chihun put his foot there, and was swung on to the neck. Deesa handed Chihun the heavy ankus—the iron elephant-goad.

Chihun thumped Moti Guj's bald head as a paver thumps a curbstone.

Moti Guj trumpeted.

"Be still, hog of the backwoods! Chihun's your mahout for ten days. And now bid me good-by, beast after mine own heart. Oh, my lord, my king! Jewel of all created elephants, lily of the herd, preserve your honored health; be virtuous Adieu!"

Moti Guj lapped his trunk round Deesa and swung him into the air twice. That was his way of bidding him good-by.

"He'll work now," said Deesa to the planter. "Have I leave to go?"

The planter nodded, and Deesa dived into the woods, Moti Guj went back to haul stumps.

Chihun was very kind to him, but he felt unhappy and forlorn for all that. Chihun gave him a ball of spices, and tickled him under the chin, and Chihun's little baby cooed to him after work was over, and Chihun's wife called him a darling; but Moti Guj was a bachelor by instinct, as Deesa was. He did not understand the domestic emotions. He wanted the light of his universe back again—the drink and the drunken slumber, the savage beatings and the savage caresses.

None the less he worked well, and the planter wondered. Deesa had wandered along the roads till he met a marriage procession of his own caste, and drinking, dancing, and tippling, had drifted with it past all knowledge of the lapse of time.

The morning of the eleventh day dawned, and there returned no Deesa. Moti Guj was loosed from his ropes for the daily stint. He swung clear, looked round, shrugged his shoulders, and began to walk away, as one having business elsewhere.

"Hi! ho! Come back, you!!!" shouted Chihun. "Come back and put me on your neck, misborn mountain! Return, splendor of the hillsides! Adornment of all India, heave to, or I'll bang every toe off your fat forefoot!"

Moti Guj gurgled gently, but did not obey. Chihun ran after him with a rope and caught him up. Moti Guj put his ears forward, and Chihun knew what that meant, though he tried to carry it off with high words.

"None of your nonsense with me," said he. "To your pickets, devil-son!"

"Hrrump!" said Moti Guj, and that was all—that and the forebent ears.

Moti Guj put his hands in his pockets, chewed a branch for a toothpick, and strolled about the clearing, making fun of the other elephants who had just set to work.

Chihun reported the state of affairs to the planter who came out with a dog-whip and cracked it furiously. Moti Guj paid the white man the compliment of charging him nearly a quarter of a mile across the clearing and "Hrrumping" him to his verandah. Then he stood outside the house, chuckling to himself and shaking all over with the fun of it, as an elephant will.

"We'll thrash him," said the planter. "He shall have the finest thrashing ever elephant received. Give Kala Nag and Nazim twelve foot of chain apiece, and tell them to lay on twenty."

Kala Nag—which means Black Snake—and Nazim were two of the biggest elephants in the lines, and one of their duties was to administer the graver punishment, since no man can beat an elephant properly.

They took the whipping-chains and rattled them in their trunks as they sidled up to Moti Guj, meaning to hustle him between them. Moti Guj had never, in all his life of thirty-nine years, been whipped, and he did not intend to begin a new experience. So he waited, waving his head from right to left, and measuring the precise spot in Kala Nag's fat side where a blunt tusk could sink deepest. Kala Nag had no tusks; the chain was the badge of his authority; but for all that he swung wide of Moti Guj at the last minute, and tried to appear as if he had brought the

chain out for amusement. Nazim turned round and went home early. He did not feel fighting fit that morning, and so Moti Guj was left standing alone with his ears cocked.

That decided the planter to argue no more, and Moti Guj rolled back to his amateur inspection of the clearing. An elephant who will not work and is not tied up is about as manageable as an eighty-one-ton gun loose on a ship in a heavy seaway. He clapped old friends on the back and asked them if the stumps were coming away easily; he talked nonsense concerning labor and the inalienable rights of elephants to a long "nooning"; and, wandering to and fro, he thoroughly demoralized the garden till sundown, when he returned to his picket for food.

"If you don't work, you shan't eat," said Chihun, angrily. "You're a wild elephant, and no educated animal at all. Go back to your jungle."

Chihun's little brown baby was rolling on the floor of the hut, and stretching out its fat arms to the huge shadow in the doorway. Moti Guj knew well that it was the dearest thing on earth to Chihun. He swung out his trunk with a fascinating crook at the end, and the brown baby threw itself shouting, upon it. Moti Guj made fast and pulled up till the brown baby was crowing in the air twelve feet above his father's head.

"Great Lord!" said Chihun. "Flour cakes of the best, twelve in number, two feet across and soaked in rum, shall be yours on the instant, and two hundred pounds' weight of fresh-cut young sugar-cane therewith. Deign only to put down safely that insignificant brat, who is my heart and my life to me!"

Moti Guj tucked the brown baby comfortably between his forefeet, that could have knocked into toothpicks all Chihun's hut, and waited for his food. He ate it, and the brown baby crawled away. Moti Guj dozed and thought of Deesa. One of many mysteries connected with the elephant is that his huge body needs less sleep than anything else that lives. Four or five hours in the night suffices—two just before midnight, lying down on one side; two just after one o'clock, lying down on the other. The rest of the silent hours are filled with eating and fidgeting, and long grumpling soliloquies.

At midnight, therefore, Moti Guj strode out of his pickets, for a thought had come to him that Deesa might be lying drunk somewhere in the dark forest with none to look after him. So that night he chased through the undergrowth, blowing and trumpeting and shaking his ears. He went down to the river and blared across the shallows where Deesa used to wash him, but there was no answer. He could not find Deesa, but he disturbed all the other elephants in the lines, and nearly frightened to death some gypsies in the woods.

At dawn Deesa returned to the plantation. He had been very drunk indeed, and he expected to get into trouble for outstaying his leave. He drew a long breath when he saw that the bungalow and the plantation were still uninjured, for he knew something of Moti Guj's temper, and reported himself with many lies and salaams. The night exercise had made him hungry.

"Call up your beast," said the planter; and Deesa shouted in the mysterious elephant language that some mahouts believe came from China at the birth of the world, when elephants and not men were masters. Moti Guj heard and came. Elephants do not gallop. They move from places at varying rates of speed. If an elephant wished to catch an express-train he could not gallop, but he could catch the train. So Moti Guj was at the planter's door almost before Chihun noticed that he had left his pickets. He fell into Deesa's arms trumpeting with joy, and the man and beast wept and slobbered over each other, and handled each other from head to heel to see that no harm had befallen.

"Now we will get to work," said Deesa. "Lift me up, my son and my joy."

Moti Guj swung him up, and the two went to the coffee-clearing to look for difficult stumps.

The planter was too astonished to be very angry.

MY PET STARLING

By ROBERT COCHRANE

THE rearing of a nest of starlings is always a very difficult task, and I found it peculiarly so. In fact one young starling would require half a dozen servants at least to attend it. I was not master of those starlings, not a bit of it; they were masters of me. I had to get out of bed and stuff them with grub at three o'clock every morning. They lived in a bandbox in a closet off my bedroom. I had to get up again at four o'clock to feed them, again at five, and again at six; in fact I saw more sunrises during the infancy of that nest of starlings than ever I did before or since. By day, and all day long, I stuffed them, and at intervals the servant relieved me of that duty. In fact it was pretty nearly all stuffing; but even then they were not satisfied, and made several ineffectual attempts to swallow my finger as well. At length—and how happy I felt!—they could both feed themselves and fly. This last accomplishment was anything but agreeable to me, for no sooner did I open their door than out they would all fly, one after the other, and seat themselves on my head and shoulders, each one trying to make more noise than all the rest and outdo his brothers.

I got so tired of this sort of thing at last, that one day I determined to set them all at liberty. I accordingly hung their cage outside the window and opened their door, and they all flew, but back they came into the room again, and settled on me as usual. "Then," said I, "I'm going gardening." By the way they clung to me it was evident their answer was, "And so are we." And so they did. And as soon as I commenced operations with the spade, they commenced operations too, by searching for and eating every worm I turned up, evidently thinking I was merely working for their benefit and pleasure. I got tired of this. "Oh bother you all!" I cried; "I'm sick of you!" I threw down my spade in disgust; and before they

could divine my intention, I had leaped the fence and disappeared in the plantation beyond.

"Now," said I to myself as I entered the garden that evening after my return, and could see no signs of starlings, "I'm rid of you plagues at last;" and I smiled with satisfaction. It was short-lived, for just at that moment, "Skraigh, skraigh, skraigh" sounded from the trees adjoining; and before I could turn foot, my tormentors, seemingly mad with joy, were all sitting on me as usual. Two of them died about a week after this; and the others, being cock and hen, I resolved to keep.

Both Dick and his wife soon grew to be fine birds. I procured them a large roomy cage, with plenty of sand and a layer of straw in the bottom of it, a dish or two, a bath, a drinking-fountain, and always a supply of fresh green weeds on the roof of their domicile. Besides their usual food of soaked bread, etc., they had slugs occasionally, and flies, and earthworms. Once a day the cage-door was thrown open, and out they both would fly with joyful "skraigh" to enjoy the luxury of a bath on the kitchen floor. One would have imagined that being only two, they would not have stood in the order of their going; but they did, at least Dick did, for he insisted upon using the bath first, and his wife had to wait patiently until his lordship had finished. This was part of Dick's domestic discipline. When they were both thoroughly wet and draggled, and everything within a radius of two yards was in the same condition, their next move was to hop on to the fender, and flutter and gaze pensively into the fire; and two more melancholy looking, ragged wretches you never saw. When they began to dry, then they began to dress; and in a few minutes Richard was himself again, and so was his wife.

Starlings have their own natural song, and a strange noise they make too. Their great faculty, however, is the gift of imitation, which they have in a wonderful degree of perfection. The first thing that Dick learned to imitate was the rumbling of carts and carriages on the street, and very proud he was of the accomplishment. Then he learned to pronounce his own name, with the prefix "Pretty," which he never omitted, and to which he was justly entitled. Except when sitting on their

perch singing or piping, these two little pets were never tired of engineering about their cage, and everything was minutely examined. They were perfect adepts at boring holes; by inserting the bill closed, and opening it like a pair of scissors, lo! the thing was done. Dick's rule of conduct was that he himself should have the first of everything, and be allowed to examine first into everything, to have the highest perch and all the titbits; in a word to rule, king and priest, in his own cage. I don't suppose he hated his wife, but he kept her in a state of inglorious subjection to his royal will and pleasure. "Hezekiah" was the name he gave his wife; I don't know why, but I am sure no one taught him this, for he first used the name himself, and then it was only to correct his pronunciation.

Sometimes Dick would sit down to sing a song; and presently his wife would join in with a few simple notes of melody; upon which Dick would stop singing instantly, and look round at her with indignation. "Hezekiah! Hezekiah!!" he would say; which being interpreted, clearly meant: Hezekiah, my dear, how can you so far forget yourself as to presume to interrupt your lord and master with that cracked and quavering voice of yours!" Then he would commence anew; and Hezekiah, being so good-natured, would soon forget her scolding and again join in. This was too much for Dick's temper; and Hezekiah was accordingly chased round and round the cage and soundly thrashed. His conduct altogether as a husband, I am sorry to say, was very far from satisfactory. I have said he always retained the highest perch for himself; but sometimes he would turn one eye downwards, and seeing Hezekiah sitting so cosily and contentedly on her humble perch, would at once conclude that her seat was more comfortable than his; so down he would hop and send her off at once.

It was Dick's orders that Hezekiah should only eat at meal-times; that meant at all times when he chose to feed, *after he was done*. But I suppose his poor wife was often a little hungry in the interim, for she would watch till she got Dick fairly into the middle of a song, and quite oblivious of surrounding circumstances, then she would hop down and snatch a meal on the sly. But dire was the punishment for the deceit if Dick

found her out. Sometimes I think she used to long for a little love and affection, and at such times she would jump up on the perch beside her husband, and with a fond cry sidle close to him.

"Hezekiah! Hezekiah!" he would exclaim; and if she didn't take that hint, she was soon knocked to the bottom of the cage. In fact Dick was a domestic tyrant, but in all other respects a dear affectionate little pet.

One morning Dick got out of his cage by undoing the fastening, and flew through the open window, determined to see what the world was like, leaving Hezekiah to mourn. It was before five on a summer's morning that he escaped; and I saw no more of him until, coming out of church that day, the people were greatly astonished to see a bird fly down from the steeple and alight upon my shoulder. He retained his perch all the way home. He got so well up to opening the fastening of his cage-door that I had to get a small spring padlock, which defied him, although he studied it for months, and finally gave it up, as being one of those things which no fellow could understand.

Dick soon began to talk, and before long had quite a large vocabulary of words, which he was never tired of using. As he grew very tame, he was allowed to live either out of his cage or in it all day long as he pleased. Often he would be out in the garden all alone for hours together, running about catching flies, or sitting up in a tree repeating his lessons to himself, both verbal and musical. The cat and her kittens were his especial favorites, although he used to play with the dogs as well, and often go to sleep on their backs. He took his lessons with great regularity, was an arduous student, and soon learned to pipe "Duncan Gray" and "The Spring of Shillelah," without a single wrong note. I used to whistle these tunes over to him, and it was quite amusing to mark his air of rapt attention as he crouched down to listen. When I had finished he did not at once begin to try the tune himself, but sat quiet and still for some time, evidently thinking it over in his own mind. In piping it, if he forgot a part of the air, he would cry, "Doctor, doctor!" and repeat the last note once or twice, as much as to

say, "What comes after that?" and I would finish the tune for him.

"Tse! tse! tse!" was a favorite exclamation of his, indicative of surprise. When I played a tune on the fiddle to him, he would crouch down with breathless attention. Sometimes when he saw me take up the fiddle, he would go at once and peck at Hezekiah. I don't know why he did so, unless to ensure her keeping quiet. As soon as I had finished he would say, "Bravo!" with three distinct intonations of the word, thus: "Brāvo! doctor; br-r-ravo! brāvo!"

Dick was extremely inquisitive and must see into everything. He used to annoy the cat very much by opening out her toes, or even her nostrils, to examine; and at times pussy used to lose patience, and pat him on the back.

"Eh?" he would say. "What is it? You rascal!" If two people were talking together underneath his cage, he would cock his head, lengthen his neck, and looking down quizzingly, say, "Eh? *What* is it? *What* do you say?"

He frequently began a sentence with the verb "Is," putting great emphasis on it. "Is?" he would say musingly.

"Is what, Dick?" I would ask.

"Is," he would repeat—"Is the darling starling a pretty pet?"

"No question about it," I would answer.

He certainly made the best of his vocabulary, for he trotted out all his nouns and all his adjectives time about in pairs, and formed a hundred curious combinations.

"Is," he asked one day, "the darling doctor a rascal?"

"Just as you think," I replied.

"Tse! tse! tse! Whew! whew! whew!" said Dick; and finished off with "Duncan Gray" and the first half of the "Sprig of Shillelah."

"Love is the soul of a nate Irishman," he had been taught to say; but it was as frequently, "Love is the soul of a nate Irish starling," or, "Is love the soul of a darling pretty Dick?" and so on.

One curious thing is worth noting; he never pronounced my dog's name—Theodore Nero—once while awake; but

he often startled us at night by calling the dog in clear ringing tones—talking in his sleep. He used to be chattering and singing without intermission all day long; and if ever he was silent then I knew he was doing mischief; and if I went quickly into the kitchen, I was sure to find him either tracing patterns on a bar of soap, or examining and tearing to pieces a parcel of newly arrived groceries. He was very fond of wine and spirits, but knew when he had enough. He was not permitted to come into the parlor without his cage; but sometimes at dinner, if the door were left ajar, he would silently enter like a little thief; when once fairly in, he would fly on to the table, scream, and defy me. He was very fond of a pretty child that used to come to see me. If Matty was lying on the sofa reading, Dick would come and sing on her head; then he would go through all the motions of washing and bathing on Matty's bonnie hair; which was, I thought, paying her a very pretty compliment.

When the sun shone in at my study window, I used to hang Dick's cage there, as a treat to him. Dick would remain quiet for perhaps twenty minutes, then the stillness would feel irksome to him, and presently he would stretch his head down towards me in a confidential sort of way, and begin to pester me with his silly questions.

"Doctor," he would commence, "*is it, is it a nate Irish pet?*"

"Silence, and go asleep," I would make answer. "I want to write."

"Eh?" he would say. "*What is it? What d'ye say?*"

Then, if I didn't answer:

"*Is it sugar—snails!—sugar, snails, and brandy?*" Then, "Doctor, doctor!"

"Well, Dickie, what is it now?" I would answer.

"Doctor—whew." That meant I was to whistle to him.

"Sha'n't," I would say sulkily

"Tse! tse! tse!" Dickie would say, and continued, "Doctor, will you go a-clinking?" I never could resist that. Going a-clinking meant going fly-hawking. Dick always called a fly a clink; and this invitation I would receive a dozen times a day, and seldom refused. I would open the cage-door,

and Dick would perch himself on my finger, and I would carry him round the room, holding him up to the flies on the picture-frames. And he never missed one.

Once Dick fell into a bucket of water, and called lustily for the "doctor;" and I was only just in time to save him from a watery grave. When I got him out, he did not speak a word until he had gone to the fire and opened his wings and feathers out to dry, then he said, "Bravo! B-r-ravo!" several times, and went forthwith and attacked Hezekiah.

Dick had a little traveling cage, for he often had to go with me by train; and no sooner did the train start than Dick used to commence to talk and whistle, very much to the astonishment of the passengers, for the bird was up in the umbrella rack. Everybody was at once made aware of both my profession and character, for the jolting of the carriage not pleasing him, he used always to prelude his performance with, "Doctor, doctor, you r-r-rascal. What is it, eh?" As Dick got older, I am sorry, as his biographer, to be compelled to say he grew more and more unkind to his wife—attacked her regularly every morning and the last thing at night, and half-starved her besides. Poor Hezekiah! She could do nothing in the world to please him. Sometimes, now, she used to peck him back again; she was driven to it. I was sorry for Hezekiah, and determined to play pretty Dick a little trick. So one day when he had been bullying her worse than ever, I took Hezekiah out of the cage, and fastened a small pin to her bill, so as to protrude just a very little way, and returned her. Dick walked up to her at once. "What," he wanted to know, "did she mean by going on shore without leave?" Hezekiah didn't answer, and accordingly received a dig in the back, then another, then a third; and then Hezekiah turned and let him have one sharp attack. It was very amusing to see how Dick jumped, and his look of astonishment as he said "Eh? *What* d'ye say? Hezekiah! Hezekiah!"

Hezekiah followed up her advantage. It was quite a new sensation for her to have the upper hand, and so she courageously chased him round and round the cage, until I opened the door and let Dick out.

But Hezekiah could not live always with a pin tied to her bill; so, for the sake of peace, I gave her away to a friend, and Dick was left alone in his glory.

Poor Dickie! One day he was shelling peas to himself in the garden, when some boys startled him, and he flew away. I suppose he lost himself, and couldn't find his way back. At all events I only saw him once again. I was going down through an avenue of trees about a mile from the house, when a voice above in a tree hailed me: "Doctor! doctor! What is it?" That was Dick; but a crow flew past and scared him again, and away he flew—forever.

THE KING OF THE TROUT-STREAM*

By WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT

IT was winter, and the trout-stream ran low in its banks, hidden from the sky by a thick shell of ice and snow, and not seeing the sun for a season. But the trout-stream was used to that, and it slipped along in the darkness, undismayed and not one whit disheartened; talking to itself in low, murmuring tones, and dreaming of the time when spring would come back and all the rivers would be full.

Mingled with its waters, and borne onward and downward by the ceaseless flow of its current, went multitudes of the tiniest air-bubbles, most of them too small ever to be seen by a human eye, yet large enough to be the very breath of life to thousands and thousands of creatures. Some of them found their way to the gills of the brook-trout, and some to the minnows, and the herrings, and the suckers, and the star-gazers; some fed the little crustaceans, and the insect larvæ, and the other tiny water-animals that make up the lower classes of society; and some passed undetained down the river and out into Lake Superior. But there were others that worked down into the gravel of the river-bed; and there, in the nooks and crannies between the pebbles, they found a vast number of little balls of yellow-brown jelly, about as large as small peas, which seemed to be in need of their kindly ministrations. And the air-bubbles touched the trout-eggs gently and lovingly, and in some mysterious and wonderful way their oxygen passed in through the pores of the shells, and the embryos within were quickened and stirred to a new vigor and a more rapid growth.

Not all of the eggs were alive. Some had been crushed between the stones; some were buried in sediment, which had choked the pores and kept away the friendly oxygen until they

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smothered; and some had never really lived at all. But one danger they had been spared, for there were no sawmills on the stream to send a flood of fungus-breeding sawdust down with the current. And in spite of all the misfortunes and disasters to which trout eggs are liable, a goodly number of them were doing quite as well as could be expected. I suppose one could hardly say that they were being incubated, for, according to the dictionaries, to incubate is to sit upon, and certainly there was no one sitting on them. Their mothers had not come near them since the day they were laid. But the gravel hid them from the eyes of egg-eating fishes and muskrats; the water kept them cold, but not too cold; the fresh oxygen came and encouraged them if ever they grew tired and dull, and so the good work went on.

Through each thin, leathery, semi-transparent shell you could have seen, if you had examined it closely, a pair of bright, beady eyes, and a dark little thread of a backbone that was always curled up like a horseshoe because there wasn't room for it to lie straight. But along the outside of the curve of each spinal column a set of the tiniest and daintiest muscles was getting ready for a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together. And one day, late in the winter, when the woods were just beginning to think about spring, the muscles in one particular egg tugged with all their little might, the backbone straightened with a great effort, the shell was ripped open, and the tail of a brand-new brook-trout thrust itself out into the water and wiggled pathetically.

But his head and shoulders were still inside, and for a while it looked as if he would never get them free. His tail was shaped somewhat like a paddle set on edge, for a long, narrow fin ran from the middle of his back clear around the end of it and forward again on the under side of his body, and with this for an oar he struggled and writhed and squirmed, and went bumping blindly about among the pebbles like a kitten with its head in the cream-pitcher. And at last, with the most vigorous squirm and wriggle of all, he backed clear of the shell in which he had lain for so many weeks and months, and, weak and weary from his exertions, lay down on a stone to rest.

He had to lie on his side, for attached to his breast was a large, round, transparent sac which looked very much like the egg out of which he had just come. In fact it really was the egg, or at least a portion of it, for it held a large part of what had been the yolk. If you could have examined him with a microscope you would have seen a most strange and beautiful thing. His little body was so delicate and transparent that one could see the arteries pulsing and throbbing in time with the beating of his heart, and some of those arteries found their way into the food-sac, where they kept branching and dividing and growing smaller and more numerous. And in the very smallest of the tiny tubes a wonderful process was going on—as wonderful as the way in which the oxygen fed the embryos through the shell. Somehow, by life's marvelous alchemy, the blood was laying hold of the material of the yolk, turning it into more blood, and carrying it away to be used in building up bone and muscle everywhere from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. You might not have detected the actual transformation, but you could have seen the beating of the engine, and the throbbing rush of the little red rivers, all toiling with might and main to make a big, strong trout out of this weak and diminutive baby. And you could have seen the corpuscles hurrying along so thick and fast that at times they blocked up the passages, and the current was checked till the heart could bring enough pressure to bear to burst the dam and send them rushing on again. For the corpuscles of a trout's blood are considerably larger than those of most fishes, and they sometimes get "hung up," like a drive of logs sent down a stream hardly large enough to float it.

With a full haversack to be drawn upon in such a convenient manner the Troutlet was not obliged to take food through his mouth or to think about hustling around in search of a living. This was very fortunate, for the stream was full of hungry beasts of prey who would be very likely to gobble him up quick the first time he went abroad; and, besides, his frail little body was still so weak and delicate that he could not bear the light of day. So, instead of swimming away to seek his fortune, he simply dived down deeper into the gravel, and stayed there.

For some weeks he led a very quiet life among the pebbles,

and the only mishap that befell him during that time was the direct result of his retiring disposition. In his anxiety to get as far away from the world as possible he one day wedged himself into a cranny so narrow that he couldn't get out again. He couldn't even breathe, for his gill-covers were squeezed down against the sides of his head as if he were in a vise. A trout's method of respiration is to open his mouth and fill it with water, and then to close it again and force the water out through his gills, between his cheeks and his shoulders, about where his neck would be if he had one. It's very simple when you once know how, but you can't do it with your gill-covers clamped down. His tail wiggled more pathetically than ever, and did its level best to pull him out, but without success. He was wedged in so tightly that he couldn't move, and he was fast smothering, like a baby that has rolled over on its face upon the pillow. But at the last moment, when his struggles had grown feebler and feebler until they had almost ceased, something stirred up the gravel around him and set him free. He never knew what did it. Perhaps a deer or bear waded through the stream; or a saw-log may have grounded for a moment in the shallow; or possibly it was only the current, for by this time most of the snow had melted, and the little rivers was working night and day to carry the water out of the woods. But whatever it was, he was saved.

He stayed in the gravel nearly a month, but his yolk-sac was gradually shrinking, and after a time it drew itself up into a little cleft in his breast and almost disappeared. There was nothing left of it but a little amber-colored bead, and it could no longer supply food enough for his growing body. There were times when he felt decidedly hungry. And other changes had come while he lay and waited in the gravel. The embryonic fin which had made his tail so like a paddle was gone, the true dorsal and caudal and anal fins had taken their proper shape, and he looked a little less like a tadpole and a little more like a fish. He was stronger than he had been at first, and he was losing his dread of the sunlight; and so at last he left the gravel-bed, to seek his rightful place in the world of moving, murmuring waters.

He was rather weak and listless at first, and quite given to resting in the shallows and back water, and taking things as easily as possible. But that was to be expected for a time, and he was much better off than some of the trout babies. He saw one that had two heads and only one body, and another with two heads and two bodies joined together at the tail. Still others there were who had never been strong enough to straighten their backbones, and who had lain in the egg till the shell wore thin and let them out head first, which is not at all the proper way for a trout to hatch. Even now they still retained the horseshoe curve, and could never swim straight ahead, but only spin round and round like whirligigs. These cripples and weaklings seemed to have got on pretty well as long as their food-sacs lasted, but now that they had to make their own living they were at a serious disadvantage. They all disappeared after a day or two, and our friend never saw them again. They couldn't stand the real struggle of life.

Many a strong, healthy baby disappeared at the same time, and if there had not been so many of them it is not likely that any would have survived the first few days and weeks. Even as it was, I doubt if more than one fish out of each thousand eggs ever lived to grow up. It is not difficult to guess where they went. Our Trout had hardly emerged from his hiding-place in the gravel when a queer, ugly, big-headed little fish darted at him from under a stone, with his jaws open and an awful cavity yawning behind them. The Troutlet dodged between a couple of pebbles and escaped, but another youngster just beyond him was caught and swallowed alive. That was his first meeting with the star-gazer, who kills more babies than ever Herod did. Then there were minnows, and herrings, and lizards, and frogs, and weasels, and water-snakes, and other butchers of all sorts and sizes, too numerous to mention. And perhaps the worst of all were the older trout, who never seemed to have the least compunction about eating their small relations, and who were so nimble and lively that it was almost impossible to keep out of their way. Our friend spent most of his time in the shallow water near the banks, where larger fishes were not so likely to follow him, but even

there he had many narrow escapes and was obliged to keep himself hidden as much as possible under chips and dead leaves, and behind stones.

Often he found himself in great peril when he least suspected it. Once he lay for some time in the edge of a dark forest of water-weeds, only an inch from a lumpish, stupid-looking creature, half covered with mud, that was clinging to one of the stems. The animal appeared so dull and unintelligent that the young Trout paid little attention to him until another baby came up and approached a trifle closer. Then, quick as a flash, the creature shot out an arm nearly three-quarters of an inch long, bearing on its end two horrible things which were not exactly claws, nor fingers, nor teeth, but which partook of the nature of all three, and which came together on the infant's soft, helpless little body like a pair of tongs or the jaws of a steel trap, and drew him in to where the real jaws were waiting to make mince-meat of him. Our friend fled so precipitately that he did not see the end of the tragedy, but neither did he ever see that baby again. Before the summer had passed, the dull, lumpish-looking creature had become a magnificent insect, with long, gauzy wings, clad in glittering mail, and known to everybody as a dragon-fly, but I doubt if any of his performances in the upper air were ever half as dragon-like as the deeds of darkness that he did when he was an ugly, shapeless larva down under the water.

Fortunately, not all the larvæ in the stream were thus to be feared. Many were so small that the Troutlet could eat them, instead of letting them eat him; and nowhere were they more plentiful than in this same forest of water-weeds. His first taste of food was a great experience, and gave him some entirely new ideas of life. One day he was lying with his head up-stream, as was his usual habit, when a particularly fat, plump little larva, torn from his home by the remorseless river, came drifting down with the current. He looked very tempting, and our friend sallied out from under a stick and caught him on the fly, just as he had seen the star-gazer catch his own brother. The funny little creature wriggled deli-

ciously on his tongue, and he held him between his jaws for a moment in a kind of ecstasy; but he couldn't quite make up his mind to swallow him, and presently he spat him out again and went back to the shadow of his stick to rest and think about it. It was the first time in his life that he had ever done such a thing, and he felt rather overwhelmed, but an hour or two later he tried it again, and this time the living morsel did not stop in his mouth, but went straight on down.

It was really something more than a new experience—this first mouthful of food—for it marked a turning-point in his career. Up to this time he had lived entirely on the provisions which his parents had left him, but henceforth he was independent and could take care of himself. He was no longer an embryo; he was a real fish, a genuine *Salvelinus fontinalis*, as carnivorous as the biggest and fiercest of all his relations. The cleft in his breast might close up now, and the last remnant of his yolk-sac vanish forever. He was done with it. He had graduated from the nursery, and had found his place on the battle-field of life.

It must be admitted, however, that he did not look much like a mature trout, even now. He was less than three-quarters of an inch long, and his big head, bulging eyes, and capacious mouth were out of all proportion to his small and feeble body. But time and food were all that was needed to set these matters right; and now that he had learned how, he set to work and did his level best. I should be afraid to guess how many tiny water-creatures found their way down his throat, but it is pretty safe to say that he often ate more than his own weight in a single day. And so he grew in size and strength and symmetry, and from being a quiet, languid baby, always hiding in dark corners, and attending strictly to his own affairs, he became one of the liveliest and most inquisitive little fishes in all the stream. To a certain extent he developed a fondness for traveling, and in company with other troutlets of his own age and size he often journeyed from place to place in search of new surroundings and new things to eat. In fly-time he found a bountiful food-supply in the mosquitoes and black-flies that swarmed over the

stream, and it was fun to see him leap from the water, catch one of them in his mouth, and drop back with a triumphant little splash. It wasn't really very considerate in him to prey on those biting, stinging flies, for in after years they would be his best defenders against anglers and fishermen, but consideration doesn't seem to be one of the strong points in a brook trout's character.

It would take too long to tell of all his youthful doings during the next year, and of all his narrow escapes, and the many tight places that he got into and out of. It was a wonder that he ever pulled through at all, but I suppose it is necessary that a few trout should grow up, for, if they didn't, who would there be to eat the little ones?

Once a kingfisher dived for him, missed him by a hair's-breadth, and flew back, scolding and chattering, to his perch on an old stub that leaned far out over the water. And once he had a horrible vision of an immense loon close behind him, with long neck stretched out, and huge bill just ready to make the fatal grab. He dodged and got away, but it frightened him about as badly as anything can frighten a creature with no more nerves than a fish. And many other such adventures he had—too many to enumerate. However, I don't think they ever troubled him very much except for the moment. He grew more wary, no doubt, but he didn't do much worrying. Somehow or other he always escaped by the skin of his teeth, and the next spring he was swallowing the new crop of young fry with as little concern as his older relations had shown in trying to swallow him. So far he seemed to be one of the few who are fore-ordained to eat and not to be eaten, though it was more than likely that in the end, he too, would die a violent death.

When he was about a year and a half old he noticed that all the bigger trout in the stream were gathering in places where the water was shallow, the bottom pebbly, and the current rapid; and that they acted as if they thought they had very important business on hand. He wanted to do as the others did, and so it happened that he went back again to the gravelly shallow where the air-bubbles had first found him. By this time he was about as large as your finger, or possibly a trifle larger, and he had

all the bumptiousness of youth and was somewhat given to pushing himself in where he wasn't wanted.

The male trout were the first to arrive, and they promptly set to work to prepare nests for their mates, who were expected a little later. It was a simple process. All they did was to shove the gravel aside with their noses and fins and tails and then fan the sediment away until they had made nice, clean little hollows in the bed of the stream; but there was a good deal of excitement and jealousy over it, and every little while they had to stop and have a scrap. The biggest and strongest always wanted the best places, and if they happened to take a fancy for a location occupied by a smaller and weaker fish, they drove him out without ceremony and took possession by right of the conqueror. For the most part their fighting seemed rather tame, for they did little more than butt each other in the ribs with their noses, but once in a while they really got their dander up and bit quite savagely. And when the baby trout came to inspect the nests that had been prepared for them, then times were livelier than ever, and the jealousy and rivalry ran very high, indeed.

Of course our Trout was too young to bear a very prominent part in these proceedings, but he and some companions of about his own age skirmished around the edges of the nesting grounds, and seemed to take a wicked delight in teasing the old males and running away just in time to escape punishment. And when the nests began to be put to practical use, the yearlings were very much in evidence. Strictly fresh eggs are as good eating down under the water as they are on land, and, partly on this account, and partly because direct sunshine is considered very injurious to them, the mothers always covered them with gravel as quickly as possible. But in spite of the best of care the current was constantly catching some of them and sweeping them away, and our young friend would creep up as near as he dared, and whenever one of the yellow-brown balls came his way he would gobble it down with as little remorse as he had felt for his first larva. Now and then an irate father would turn upon him fiercely and chase him off, but in a few minutes he would be back again, watching for

eggs as eagerly as ever. Once, indeed, he had a rather close call, for the biggest old male in all the stream came after him with mouth open as if he would swallow him whole, as he could very easily have done. Our friend was almost caught when the big fellow happened to glance back and saw another trout coming to visit his mate, and promptly abandoned the chase and went home to see about it.

A year later our Trout went again to the gravelly shallow, and this time, being six inches long and about thirty months old, he decided to make a nest of his own. He did so, and had just induced a most beautiful young fish to come and examine it, when that same big bully appeared on the scene, promptly turned him out of house and home, and began courting the beautiful young creature himself. It was very exasperating, not to say humiliating, but it was the sort of thing that one must expect when one is only a two-year-old.

The next year he had better luck. As another summer passed away, and the cooler weather came on, he arrayed himself in his wedding-finery, and it almost seemed as if he had stolen some of the colors of the swamp-maples, in their gay fall dress, and was using them to deck himself out and make a brave display. In later years he was larger and heavier, but I don't think he was ever much handsomer than he was in that fourth autumn of his life. His back was a dark, dusky, olive-green, with mottlings that were still darker and duskier. His sides were lighter—in some places almost golden yellow; and scattered irregularly over them were the small, bright carmine spots that gave him one of his *aliases*, the "Speckled Trout." Beneath he was usually of a pale cream color, but now that he had put on his best clothes his vest was bright orange, and some of his fins were variegated with red and white, while others were a fiery yellow. He was covered all over with a suit of armor made of thousands and thousands of tiny scales, so small and fine that the eye could hardly separate them, and from the bony shoulder-girdle just behind his gills a raised line, dark and slightly waving, ran back to his tail, like the sheer-line of a ship. There were other fishes that were more slender and more finely modeled than he, and

possibly more graceful, but in him there was something besides beauty—something that told of power and speed and doggedness. He was like a man-of-war dressed out in all her bunting for some great gala occasion, but still showing her grim, heavy outlines beneath her decorations. His broad mouth opened clear back under his eyes, and was armed with rows of backward-pointing teeth, so sharp and strong that when they once fastened themselves upon a smaller fish they never let him go again. The only way out from between those jaws was down his throat. His eyes were large and bright, and were set well apart; and the bulge of his forehead between them hinted at more brains than are allotted to some of the people of the stream. Altogether, he was a most gallant and knightly little fish, and it would certainly have been a pity if he hadn't found a mate.

And now he started the third time for the gravelly shallow, and traveled as he had never traveled before in all his life. Streams are made to swim against—every brook trout knows that—and the faster they run, the greater is the joy of breasting them. The higher the waterfall, the prouder do you feel when you find you can leap it. And our friend was in a mood for swimming, and for swimming with all his might. Never had he felt so strong and vigorous and so full of life and energy, and he made his fins and his tail go like the oars of a racing-shell. Now he was working up the swift current of a long rapid like a bird in the teeth of the wind. Now he was gathering all his strength for the great leap to the top of the waterfall. And now, perhaps, he rested for a little while in a quiet pool, and presently went hurrying on again, diving under logs and fallen trees, swinging round the curves, darting up the still places where the water lay a-dreaming, and wriggling over shallow bars where it was not half deep enough to cover him; until at last he reached the old familiar place where so many generations of brook trout had first seen the light of day and felt the cold touch of the snow-water.

As before, he and the other males arrived at the nesting grounds some days in advance of their mates, and spent the intervening time in scooping hollows in the gravel and

quarreling among themselves. Two or three times he was driven from a choice location by some one who was bigger than he, but he always managed in some way to regain it, or else stole another from a smaller fish; and when the ladies finally appeared he had a fine large nest in a pleasant situation a little apart from those of his rivals. But for some reason the first candidates who came to look at it declined to stay. Perhaps they were not quite ready to settle down, or perhaps they were merely disposed to insist on the privilege of changing their minds. But finally there came one who seemed to be quite satisfied, and with whom the Trout himself had every reason to be pleased.

As she and our friend swam side by side, her nose and the end of her tail were exactly even with his. Her colors were the same that he had worn before he put on his wedding-garments, and if you had seen them together in the early summer I don't believe you could ever have told them apart. They were a well-matched pair, more evenly mated, probably, than is usual in fish marriages.

But they were not to be allowed to set up housekeeping together without fighting for the privilege. Hardly had she finished inspecting the nest, and made up her mind that it would answer, and that he was, on the whole, quite eligible as a mate, when a third trout appeared and attempted to do as the big bully had done the year before. This time, however, our young friend's blood was up, and, though the enemy was considerably larger than he, he was ready to strike for his altars and his fires. He made a quick rush, like a torpedo-boat attacking a man-of-war, and hit the intruder amidships, ramming him with all his might. Then the enemy made as sudden a turn, and gave our Trout a poke in the ribs, and for a few minutes they dodged back and forth, and round and round, and over and under each other, each getting in a punch whenever he had a chance. So far it seemed only a trial of strength and speed and dexterity, and if our Trout was not quite as large and powerful as the other, yet he proved himself the quicker and the more agile and lively. But before it was over he did more than that, for, suddenly ranging up

on the enemy's starboard quarter, he opened his mouth, and the sharp teeth of his lower jaw tore a row of bright scales from his adversary's side, and left a long, deep gash behind. That settled it. The big fellow lit out as fast as he could go, and our Trout was left in undisputed possession.

The nesting-season cannot last forever, and by and by, when the days were very short and the nights were very long, when the stars were bright, and when each sunrise found the hoar frost lying thick and heavy on the dead and fallen leaves, the last trout went in search of better feeding-grounds, and again the gravelly shallow seemed deserted. But it was only seeming. There were no eggs in sight—the frogs, the rats, the ducks, and the yearlings had taken care of that, and I am very much afraid that our friend may have eaten a few himself, on the sly, when his mate wasn't looking—but hidden away among the pebbles there were thousands, and the old, old miracle was being reënacted, and multitudes of little live creatures were getting ready for the time when something should tell them to tear their shells open and come out into the world.

One of the Trout's most remarkable adventures, and the one which probably taught him more than any other, came during the hot weather of the following summer. The stream had grown rather too warm for comfort, and lately he had got into the habit of frequenting certain deep, quiet pools where icy springs bubbled out of the banks and imparted a very grateful coolness to the slow current. It was delightful to spend a long July afternoon in the wash below one of these fountains, having a lazy, pleasant time, and enjoying the touch of the cold water as it went sliding along his body from nose to tail. One sunshiny day as he lay in his favorite spring-hole, thinking about nothing in particular, and just working his fins enough to keep from drifting down stream, a fly lit on the surface just over his head—a bright, gaily colored fly of a species entirely new to him but which looked as if it must be very finely flavored. As, it happened, there had been several days of very warm, sultry weather, and even the fish had grown sullen and lazy, but that

afternoon the wind had whipped around to the north, straight off Lake Superior, and all the animals in the Great Tahquamenon Swamp felt as if they had been made over new. How the brook-trout could have known of it so quickly, down under the water, is a mystery; but our friend seemed to wake up all of a sudden, and to realize that he hadn't been eating as much as usual, and that he was hungry. He made a dash at the fly and seized it, but he had no sooner got it between his lips than he spat it out again. There was something wrong with it. Instead of being soft and juicy and luscious, as all flies ought to be, it was stiff and dry and hard, and it had a long, crooked stinger that was different from anything belonging to any other fly that he had ever tasted. It disappeared as suddenly as it had come, and the Trout sank back to the bottom of the pool.

But presently three more flies came down together, and lit in a row, one behind another. They were different from the first, and he decided to try again. He chose the foremost of the three, and found it quite as ill-tasting as the other had been; but this time he didn't spit it out, for the stinger was a little too quick for him, and before he could let go it was fast in his lip. For the next few minutes he tore around the pool as if he was crazy, frightening some of the smaller fishes almost out of their wits, and sending them rushing upstream in a panic. He himself had more than once been badly scared by seeing other trout do just what he was doing, but he had never realized what it all meant. Now he understood.

The first thing he did was to go shooting along the surface for several feet, throwing his head from side to side as he went, and doing his best to shake that horrible fly out of his mouth. But it wouldn't shake, so he tried jumping out of the water and striking at the line with his tail. That wasn't any better, and next he rushed off up the stream as hard as he could go. But the line kept pulling him round to the left with gentle but irresistible force, and before he knew it he was back in the pool again. Wherever he went, and whatever he did, it was always pulling, pulling, pulling—not hard enough to tear the hook



WALTER T. HANBY 1901.

"HE TRIED JUMPING OUT OF THE WATER."

away, but just enough to keep him from getting an inch of slack. If there had been any chance to jerk he would probably have got loose in short order. He rushed around the pool so hard that he soon grew weary, and presently he sank to the bottom, hoping to lie still for a few minutes, and rest, and perhaps think of some new way of escape. But even there that steady tugging never ceased. It seemed as if it would pull his jaw out of his head if he didn't yield, and before long he let himself be drawn up again to the surface. Once he was so close to the shore that the angler made a thrust at him with the landing-net, and just grazed his side. It frightened him worse than ever, and he raced away again so fast that the reel sang, and the line swished through the water like a knife.

The other two flies were trailing behind, and the short line that held them was constantly catching on his fins and twisting itself around his tail in a way that annoyed him greatly. He almost thought he could get away if they were not there to hinder him. And yet, as it finally turned out, it was one of those flies that saved his life. He was coming slowly back from that last unsuccessful rush for liberty, fighting for every inch, and only yielding to a strength a thousand times greater than his own, when the trailer caught on a sunken log and held fast. Instantly the strain on his mouth relaxed. The angler was no longer pulling on him, but on the log. He could jerk now, and he immediately began to twitch his head this way and that, backward and forward, right and left, tearing the hole in his lip a little larger at every yank, until the hook came away and he was free.

It was a painful experience, and he carried the scar as long as he lived, but the lesson he learned was worth all it cost. I won't say that he never touched bait again, but he was much more cautious, and no other artificial fly ever stung him as badly as that one.

The years went by, and the Trout increased in size and strength and wisdom, as a trout should. One after another his rivals went away to the happy hunting-grounds, most of them losing their lives because they could not resist the temptation to taste a made-up fly, or to swallow a luscious angle-

worm festooned on a dainty little steel hook; and the number of fish who dared dispute his right to do whatever he pleased grew beautifully less. And at last there was only one trout left in all the stream who was larger and stronger than he. That was the same big fellow who had come so near swallowing him on the occasion of his first visit to the nesting grounds; and the way the fierce, solemn old brute finally departed this life deserves a paragraph all to itself.

It happened one morning in the early spring, just after the ice had gone out. Our friend was still a trifle sleepy and lazy after the long, dull winter, though he had an eye open, as always, for anything particularly good to eat. I doubt if he would have jumped at any kind of a fly, for it was not the right time of year for flies, and he did not believe in eating them out of season; but almost anything else was welcome. He was faring very well that morning, as it chanced, for the stream was running high, and many a delicious grub and earthworm had been swept into it by the melting snow. And presently, what should come drifting down with the current but a poor little field-mouse, struggling desperately in a vain effort to swim back to the shore. Once before our friend had swallowed a mouse whole, just as you would take an oyster from the half-shell, and he knew that they were very nice, indeed. He made a rush for the unlucky little animal, and in another second he would have had him; but just then the big bully came swaggering up with an air which seemed to say: "That's my meat. You get out of this!"

Our friend obeyed, the big fellow gave a leap and seized the mouse, and then—his time had come. He fought bravely, but he was fairly hooked, and in a few minutes he lay out on the bank, gasping for breath, flopping wildly about, and fouling his beautiful sides with sand and dirt. If he had understood English he might have overheard an argument which immediately took place between the angler and a girl, and which began something like this:

"There!" in a triumphant tone; "who says mice aren't good bait? This is the biggest trout that's been caught in this stream for years."

"Oh, George, don't kill him! He's so pretty! Put him back in the water."

"Put him back in the water? Well, I should say not! What do you take me for?"

Evidently the girl took him for one who could be easily influenced by the right person, for she kept up the argument, and in the end she won her case. The trout was tossed back into the stream, where he gave himself a shake or two, to get rid of the sand, and then swam away, apparently as well as ever. But girls don't always know what is good for trout. It would really have been kinder if the angler had hit him over the head with the butt of his fishing-rod, and then carried him home and put him in the frying-pan. In his struggles a part of the mucus had been rubbed from his body, and that always means trouble for a fish. A few days later our friend met him again, and noticed that a curious growth had appeared on his back and sides—a growth which bore a faint resemblance to the bloom on a peach, and which had taken the exact shape of the prints of the angler's fingers. The fungus had got him. He was dying, slowly but surely, and within a week he turned over on his back and drifted away down the stream. A black bear found him whirling round and round in a little eddy under the bank, and that was the end of him.

And so our friend became the King of the Trout Stream.

You are not to suppose, however, that he paid very much attention to his subjects, or that he was particularly fond of having them about him and giving them orders. On the contrary, he had become very hermit-like in his habits. In his youth he had been fond of society, and he and his companions had often roamed the stream in little schools and bands, but of late years his tastes seemed to have undergone a change, and he kept to himself and lurked in the shady, sunless places till his skin grew darker and darker, and he more and more resembled the shadows in which he lived. His great delight was to watch from the depths of some cave-like hollow under an overhanging bank until a star-gazer, or a herring, or a minnow, or some other baby-

eater came in sight, and then to rush out and swallow him head first. He took ample revenge on all those plaguy little fishes for all that they had done and tried to do to him and his brethren in the early days. The truth is that every brook trout is an Ishmaelite. The hand of every creature is against him, from that of the dragon-fly larva to that of the man with the latest invention in the way of patent fishing-tackle. It is no wonder if he turns the tables on his enemies whenever he has a chance, or even if he sometimes goes so far, in his general ruthlessness, as to eat his own offspring.

Yet, in spite of our friend's moroseness and solitary habits, there were certain times and seasons when he did come more or less in contact with his inferiors. In late spring and early summer he liked to sport for a while in the swift rapids—perhaps to stretch his muscles after the dull, quiet life of the winter-time, or possibly to free himself from certain little insects which sometimes fastened themselves to his body, and which, for lack of hands, it was rather difficult to get rid of. Here he often met some of his subjects, and later, when the hot weather came on, they all went to the spring-holes which formed their summer resorts. And at such times he never hesitated to take advantage of his superior size and strength. He always picked out the coolest and most comfortable places in the pools, and helped himself to the choicest morsels of food; and the others took what was left, without question. And when the summer was gone, and the water grew cold and invigorating, and once more he put on his wedding-garment and hurried away to the gravelly shallows, how different was his conduct from what it had been when he was a yearling! Then he was only a hanger-on; now he selected his nest and his mate to suit himself; and nobody ever dared to interfere. . .

The Trout had altered in many ways besides his relations to his fellows. The curving lines of his body were not quite as graceful as they once had been, and sometimes he wore a rather lean and dilapidated look, especially in the six months from November to May. His tail was not as handsomely forked as when he was young, but was nearly square across the end, and was beginning to be a little frayed at the corners. His

lower jaw had grown out beyond the upper, and its extremity was turned up in a wicked-looking hook which was almost a disfigurement, but which he often found very useful in hustling a younger trout out of the way. Even his complexion had grown darker, as we have already seen. Altogether he was less prepossessing than of old, but of a much more formidable appearance, and the very look of him was enough to scare a minnow out of a year's growth.

But, notwithstanding all changes, the two great interests of his every-day life continued to be just what they had always been—namely, to get enough to eat, and to keep out of the way of his enemies. . . His reign proved a long one, and as the years went by he came to exercise a more and more autocratic sway over the smaller fry. For in spite of his age he was still growing. A trout has an advantage over a land animal in this, that he is not obliged to use any of his food as fuel for keeping himself warm.

He was the King of the Trout-stream; over and over he had run Fate's gantlet, and escaped with his body unharmed and his wits sharper than ever; he knew the wiles of the fly-fishermen better than any other trout in the river; and yet, alas! he fell a victim to a little Indian boy with a piece of edging for a rod, coarse string for a line, and salt pork for bait. . .

In the course of his wanderings he came to where a school of perch were loafing in the shadow of a wharf; and just as he pushed his way in among them, that little white piece of fat pork sank slowly down through the green water. It was something new to the trout; he didn't quite know what to make of it. But the perch seemed to think it was good, and they would be sure to eat it if he didn't; and so, although the string was in plain sight, and ought to have been a sufficient warning, he exercised his royal prerogative, shouldered those yellow-barred plebeians out of the way, and took the titbit for himself. It is too humiliating; let us draw a veil over that closing scene.

The King of the Trout-stream had gone the way of his fathers, and another reigned in his stead.

REYNARD THE FOX

IT was about the Feast of Pentecost (which is commonly called Whitsuntide), when the woods are in their lusti-hood and gallantry, and every tree clothed in the green and white livery of glorious leaves and sweet-smelling blossoms, and the earth is covered in her fairest mantle of flowers, while the birds with much joy entertain her with the delight of their harmonious songs.

Even at this time and entrance of the lusty spring, the Lion, the royal King of beasts, to celebrate this holy feast-time with all triumphant ceremony, intends to keep open court at his great palace of Sanden, and to that end, by solemn proclamation, makes known over all his kingdom to all beasts whatsoever, that, upon pain to be held in contempt, every one should resort to that great celebration. Within a few days after, at the time appointed, all beasts both great and small came in infinite multitudes to the court, only Reynard the fox excepted, who knew himself guilty in so many trespasses against many beasts, that his coming thither must needs have put his life in great hazard and danger.

Now when the King had assembled all his court together, there were few beasts found but made their several complaints against the fox, but especially Isegrim, the wolf, who, being the first and principal complainant, came with all his lineage and kindred, and standing before the King, spoke in this manner:

"My dread and dearest Sovereign Lord the King, I humbly beseech you, that from the height and strength of your great power, and the multitude of your mercies, you will be pleased to take pity on the great trespasses and unsufferable injuries which that unworthy creature Reynard the fox hath done to me, my wife, and our whole family. Now to give your highness some taste of these, first know (if it please your Majesty) that this Reynard came into my house by violence, and against the will of my wife, where, finding my children laid in their quiet couch, he there assaulted them in such

a manner that they became blind. For this offence a day was set and appointed wherein Reynard should come to excuse himself, and to take a solemn oath that he was guiltless of that high injury; but as soon as the book was tendered before him, he that well knew his own guiltiness refused to swear, and ran instantly into his hole, both in contempt of your Majesty and your laws. This, my dread Lord, many of the noblest beasts know which now are resident in your court: nor hath this alone bounded his malice, but in many other things he hath trespassed against me, which to relate, neither the time nor your highness's patience would give sufferance thereunto. Suffice it, mine injuries are so great that none can exceed them, and the shame and villainy he hath done to my wife is such that I can neither bide nor suffer it unrevenged, but I must expect from him amends, and from your Majesty mercy."

When the wolf had spoken these words, there stood by him a little hound whose name was Curtois, who, stepping forth, made likewise a grievous complaint unto the King against the fox, saying that in the extreme cold season of the winter, when the frost was most violent, he being half starved and detained from all manner of prey, had no more meat left him to sustain his life than one poor pudding; which pudding the said Reynard had most unjustly taken away from him.

But the hound could hardly let these words fly from his lips, when, with a fiery and angry countenance, in sprang Tibert the cat among them, and falling down before the King, said, "My Lord the King, I must confess the fox is here grievously complained upon, yet were other beasts' actions searched, each would have enough to do for his own clearing. Touching the complaint of Curtois the hound, it was an offence committed many years ago, and though I myself complain of no injury, yet was the pudding mine and not his; for I won it by night out of a mill when the miller lay asleep, so that if Curtois could challenge any share thereof, it must be from mine interest."

When Panther heard these words of the cat, he stood forth and said, "Do you imagine, Tibert, that it were a just or a good course that Reynard should not be complained upon?"

Why the whole world knows he is a murderer, a vagabond, and a thief. Indeed he loveth not truly any creature, no not his Majesty himself, but would suffer his highness to lose both honor and renown, so that he might thereby attain to himself but so much as the leg of a fat hen. I shall tell you what I saw him do yesterday to Kyward the hare, that now standeth in the King's protection. He promised unto Kyward that he would teach him his *credo*, and make him a good chaplain; he made him come sit between his legs and sing and cry aloud *credo, credo*. My way lay thereby, and I heard the song: then coming nearer, I found that Mr. Reynard had left his first note and song, and begun to play his old deceit; for he had caught Kyward by the throat, and had I not come at that time, he had taken his life also, as you may see by the fresh wound on Kyward at this present. O my Lord the King, if you suffer this unpunished, and let him go quit, that hath thus broken your peace, and profaned your dignity, and doing no right according to the judgment of your laws, your princely children many years hereafter shall bear the slander of this evil."

"Certainly, Panther," said Isegrim, "you say true, and it is fit they receive the benefit of justice that desire to live in peace."

Then spake Grimbard the brock, that was Reynard's sister's son, being much moved with anger: "Isegrim, you are malicious, and it is a common saw, *Malice never spake well*; what can you say against my kinsman Reynard? I would you durst adventure, that whichever of you had most injured one another might die the death, and be hanged as a felon. I tell you, were he here in the court, and as much in the King's favor as you are, it would be much too little satisfaction for you to ask him mercy. You have many times bitten and torn my kinsman with your venomous teeth, and oftener much than I can reckon, yet some I will call up to my remembrance.

"Have you forgot how you cheated him with the plaice which he threw down from the cart, when you followed aloof for fear? Yet you devoured the good plaice alone, and gave him no more but the great bones which you could not eat yourself. The like you did with the fat flitch of bacon, whose taste was so good, that yourself alone did eat it up, and when my

uncle asked his part, you answered him with scorn, 'Fair young man, thou shalt have thy share.' But he got not anything, albeit he won the bacon with great fear and hazard, for the owner came, and caught my kinsman in a sack, from whence he hardly escaped with life. Many of these injuries hath Isegrim done to Reynard, which I beseech your lordships judge if they be sufferable.

"Now comes Kyward the hare with his complaint, which to me seems but a trifle, for if he will learn to read, and read not his lesson aright, who will blame the schoolmaster Reynard if he give him due correction? For if scholars be not beaten and chastened they will never learn.

"Lastly complaineth Curtois that he with great pain had gotten a pudding in the winter, being a season in which victuals are hard to find; methinks silence would have become him better, for he had stolen it; and *Male quæsisisti, et male perdidisti*—that is to say, it is fit that be evil lost which was evil won; who can blame Reynard to take stolen goods from a thief? It is reason that he which understands the law and can discern right, being of great and high birth as my kinsman is, do right unto the law. Nay, had he hanged up Curtois when he took him with the manner, he had offended none but the King in doing justice without leave; wherefore, for respect to his Majesty, he did it not, though he reaped little thanks for his labor. Alas, how do these complaints hurt him! mine uncle is a gentleman and a true man, nor can he endure falsehood; he doth nothing without the counsel of his priest. I affirm, since my Lord the King proclaimed his peace, he never thought to hurt any man. He eateth but once a day, he liveth as a recluse, he chastiseth his body, and weareth a shirt of haircloth; it is above a year since he ate any flesh (as I have been truly informed by them which came but yesterday from him); he hath forsaken his castle Malepardus, and abandoned all royal state, a poor hermitage retains him, hunting he hath forsworn, and his wealth he hath scattered, living only by alms and good men's charities; doing penance for his sins, so that he is become pale and lean with playing and fasting."

Thus, while Grimbard his nephew stood preaching, they

perceived coming down the hill unto them, stout Chanticleer the cock, who brought upon a bier a dead hen, of whom Reynard had bitten off the head, and was brought to the King to have knowledge thereof.

Chanticleer marched foremost, smote piteously his hands and feathers, while on the other side the bier went two sorrowful hens—the one was Tantart, the other the good hen Cragant, being two of the fairest hens between Holland and Arden; these hens bore each of them a straight bright burning taper, and these hens were sisters to Copple, which lay dead on the bier, and in the marching they cried piteously, “Alack and welladay for the death of Copple, our dear sister.” Two young hens bare the bier, which cackled so heavily, and wept so loud for the death of Copple their mother, that the hills gave an echo to their clamor. Thus being come before the King, Chanticleer, kneeling down, spake in this manner:

“Most merciful and my great Lord the King, vouchsafe, I beseech you, to hear our complaint, and redress those injuries which Reynard hath unjustly done to me, and to my children that here stand weeping. For so it is, most mighty sir, that in the beginning of April, when the weather was fair, I being then in the height of my pride and glory, because of the great stock and lineage I came of, and also I had eight valiant sons, and seven fair daughters, which my wife had hatched, all which were strong and fat, and walked in a yard well walled and fenced round about, wherein they had in several sheds for their guard six stout mastiff dogs, which had torn the skins of many wild beasts, so that my children feared not any evil which might happen unto them. But Reynard, that false and dissembling traitor, envying their happy fortune because of their safety, many times assailed the walls, and gave such dangerous assaults, that the dogs divers times were let forth unto him and hunted him away. Yea, once they lighted upon him, and bit him, and made him pay the price for his theft, and his torn skin witnessed; yet nevertheless he escaped, the more was the pity; albeit, we were quit of his troubling a great while after. At last he came in the likeness of a hermit, and brought me a letter to read, sealed with your Majesty’s seal, in which I found written,

that your highness had made peace throughout all your realm, and that no manner of beast or fowl should do injury one to another. He affirmed unto me that for his own part he was become a monk or cloistered recluse, vowing to perform a daily penance for his sins; and showed unto me his beads, his books, and the hair shirt next to his skin, saying in humble wise unto me, 'Sir Chanticleer, never henceforth be afraid of me, for I have vowed nevermore to eat flesh. I am now waxed old, and would only remember my soul; therefore I take my leave, for I have yet my noon and my even song to say.' Which spake, he departed, saying his *credo* as he went, and laid him down under a hawthorn; at this I was exceeding glad, that I took no heed, but went and clucked my children together, and walked without the wall, which I shall ever rue. For false Reynard, lying under a bush, came creeping betwixt us and the gate, and suddenly surprised one of my children, which he trussed up in his mail and bore away, to my great sorrow. For having tasted the sweetness of our flesh, neither hunter nor hound can protect or keep him from us. Night and day he waits upon us with that greediness, that of fifteen of my children he hath left me but four unslaughtered, and yesterday Copple my daughter, which here lieth dead on this bier, was after her murder, by a kennel of hounds, rescued from him. This is my plaint, and this I leave to your highness's mercy to take pity of me, and the loss of my fair children."

Then spake the King: "Sir Grimbard, hear you this of your uncle the recluse? he hath fasted and prayed well; and well, believe me, if I live a year, he shall dearly abide it. As for you, Chanticleer, your complaint is heard and shall be cured; to your daughter that is dead, we will give her the rite of burial, and with solemn dirges bring her to the earth, with worship; which finished, we will consult with our lords how to do you right and justice against the murderer." Then began the *Placebo Domine*, with all the verses belonging to it, which are too many to recite; and as soon as the dirge was done, the body was interred, and upon it a fair marble stone laid, being polished as bright as glass, in which was engraven in great letters this inscription following:

COPPLE,
CHANTICLEER'S DAUGHTER,
WHOM REYNARD THE FOX HATH SLAIN,
LIETH HERE BURIED;
MOURN THOU THAT READEST IT,
FOR HER DEATH WAS UNJUST AND LAMENTABLE

After this the King sent for his lords and wisest counselors to consult how this foul murder of Reynard's might be punished. In the end it was concluded that Reynard should be sent for, and without all excuse to appear before the King to answer those trespasses should be objected against him.

The King called for Tibert the cat, and said to him, "Sir Tibert, you shall go to Reynard, and command him to appear, and answer his offences; for though he be cruel to other beasts, yet to you he is courteous. Assure him if he fail at your first summons, that I will take so severe a course against him and his posterity, that his example shall terrify all offenders."

Then said Tibert the cat, "My dread Lord, they were my foes which thus advised you, for there is nothing in me that can force him either to come or tarry. I beseech your Majesty send some one of greater power; I am little and feeble."

The King replied, "It is your wisdom, sir Tibert, I employ, and not your strength, and many prevail with art, when violence returns with lost labor."

"Well," said the cat, "since it is your pleasure, it must be accomplished; Heaven make my fortune better than my heart presageth."

This Tibert made things in readiness, and went towards Malepardus, and in his journey he saw come flying towards him one of Saint Martin's birds, to whom the cat cried aloud, "Hail, gentle bird, I beseech thee turn thy wings and fly on my right hand." But the bird turned the contrary way, and flew on his left side; then grew the cat very heavy, for he was wise and skilful in augurism, and knew the sign to be ominous; nevertheless, as many do, he armed himself with better hope, and went to Malepardus, where he found the fox standing before his castle gates, to whom Tibert said, "Health to my fair

cousin Reynard, so it is that the King by me summons you to the court, in which if you fail or defer time, there is nothing more assured unto you than a cruel and a sudden death."

The fox answered, "Welcome, dear cousin Tibert, I obey your command, and wish my Lord the King infinite days of happiness, only let me entreat you to rest with me to-night, and take such cheer as my simple house affordeth. To-morrow, as early as you will, we will go towards the court, for I have no kinsman I trust so dearly as yourself. Here was with me the other day the treacherous knight sir Bruin the bear, who looked upon me with that tyrannous cruelty, that I would not for the wealth of an empire have hazarded my person with him. But, my dear cousin, with you I will go, were a thousand sicknesses upon me."

Tibert replied, "You speak like a noble gentleman, and methinks it is best now to go forward, for the moon shines as bright as day."

"Nay, dear cousin," said the fox, "let us take the day before us, so may we encounter with our friends; the night is full of danger and suspicion."

"Well," said the cat, "if it be your pleasure, I am content; what shall we eat?"

Reynard said, "Truly my store is small, the best I have is a honeycomb, too pleasant and sweet; what think you of it?"

Tibert replied, "It is meat I little respect, and seldom eat; I had rather have one mouse than all the honey in Europe."

"A mouse," said Reynard, "why, my dear cousin, here dwelleth a priest hard by, who hath a barn by his house so full of mice that I think half the wains in the parish are not able to bear them."

"O dear Reynard," quoth the cat, "do but lead me thither, and make me your servant forever."

"Why," said the fox, "love you mice so exceedingly?"

"Beyond expression," quoth the cat; "why, a mouse is beyond venison or the delicatest cates on princes' tables; therefore, conduct me thither, and command my friendship in any matter; had you slain my father, my mother, and all my kin, I would clearly forgive you."

Then said Reynard, "Sure you do but jest."

"No, by my life," said the cat.

"Well, then," quoth the fox, "if you be in earnest, I will so work that this night I will fill your belly."

"It is not possible," said the cat.

"Then follow me," said the fox, "for I will bring you to the place presently."

Thus away they went with all speed to the priest's barn, which was well walled about with a mud wall, where but the night before the fox had broken in, and stolen from the priest an exceeding fat hen, at which the priest was so angry, that he had set a gin or snare before the hole to catch him at his next coming, which the false fox knew perfectly, and therefore said to the cat, "Sir Tibert, creep in at this hole, and believe it you shall not tarry a minute's space, but you shall have more mice than you are able to devour. Hark, you may hear how they peep; when your belly is full, come again, and I will stay and await for you here at this hole, that tomorrow we may go together to the court. But, good cousin, stay not too long, for I know my wife will hourly expect us."

"Then," said the cat, "think you I may safely enter in at this hole? these priests are wise, and subtle, and couch their danger so close, that rashness is soon overtaken."

"Why, cousin Tibert," said the fox, "I never saw you turn coward before; what, man, fear you a shadow?"

The cat, ashamed at his fear, sprang quickly in at the hole, but was presently caught fast by the neck in the gin, which as soon as the cat felt and perceived, he quickly leaped back again, so that the snare running close together, he was half strangled, so that he began to struggle and cry out and exclaim most piteously.

Reynard stood before the hole and heard all, at which he infinitely rejoiced, and in great scorn said, "Cousin Tibert, love you mice? I hope they be well fed for your sake; knew the priest or Martinet of your feasting, I know them of so good disposition, they would bring you sauce quickly. Methinks you sing at your meat, is that the court fashion? If it be, I

would Isegrim the wolf were coupled with you, that all my friends might be feasted together."

But all this while the poor cat was fast, and mewed so piteously, that Martinet leaped out of bed, and cried to his people, "Arise, for the thief is taken that had stolen our hens."

With these words the priest unfortunately rose up and awaked all in his house, crying, "The fox is taken, the fox is taken!" and arising, he gave to Jullock his wife an offering candle to light, and then coming first to Tibert, he smote him with a great staff, and after him many other, so that the cat received many deadly blows, and the anger of Martinet was so great, that he struck out one of the cat's eyes, which he did to second the priest, thinking at one blow to dash out the cat's brains. But the cat perceiving his death so near him, in a desperate mood he leaped upon the priest, and scratched and tore him in so dread a manner, that the poor priest fell down in a swoon, so that every man left the cat to revive the priest. And while they were doing this, the fox returned home to Malepardus, for he imagined the cat was past all hope to escape. But the poor cat seeing all his foes busy about the priest, he presently began to gnaw and bite the cord, till he had sheared it quite asunder in the midst. And he leaped out of the hole and went roaring and stumbling, to the King's court. But before he got thither, it was fair day, and the sun being risen, he entered the court like the pitifullest beast that ever was beheld; for by the fox's craft his body was beaten and bruised, his bones shivered and broken, one of his eyes lost, and his skin rent and mangled.

This when the King beheld, and saw Tibert so pitifully mangled, he grew infinitely angry and took counsel once more how to revenge the injuries upon the fox. After some consultation, Grimbard the brock, Reynard's sister's son, said to the rest of the King's council, "My good lords, though my uncle were twice so evil as those complaints make him, yet there is remedy enough against his mischiefs. Therefore it is fit you do him justice as to a man of his rank, which is, he must be the third time summoned, and if then he appear not, make him guilty of all that is laid against him."

Then the King demanded of the brock whom he thought fittest to summon him, or who would be so desperate to hazard his hands, his ears, nay, his life, with so tyrannous and irreligious a being?

"Truly," answered the brock, "if it please your Majesty, I am that desperate person who dare adventure to carry the message to my most subtle kinsman, if your highness but command me."

Then said the King, "Go, Grimbard, for I command you; yet take heed of Reynard, for he is subtle and malicious."

The brock thanked his Majesty, and so taking humble leave, went to Malepardus, where he found Reynard and Ermelin his wife sporting with their young whelps; then having saluted his uncle and his aunt, he said, "Take heed, fair uncle, that your absence from the court add not more mischief to your cause than the offence doth deserve. Believe, it is high time you appear at the court, since your delay doth beget but more danger and punishment. The complaints against you are infinite; therefore your wisdom may tell you, that if you delay but one day further, there is not left to you or yours any hope of mercy. For within three days your castle will be demolished, your kindred made slaves, and yourself exempted for a public example. Therefore, my best uncle, I beseech you recollect your wisdom, and go with me presently to the court, I doubt not but your discretion shall excuse you, for you have passed through many as eminent perils, and made your foes ashamed, while the innocence of your cause hath borne you spotless from the tribunal."

Reynard answered, "Nephew, you say true, and I will be advised and go with you, not to answer offences, but in that I know the court stands in need of my counsel. The King's mercy I doubt not, if I may come to speak with his Majesty, though mine offences were ten times doubled; for I know the court cannot stand without me, and that shall his highness understand truly. Though I know I have many enemies, yet it troubles me not; for mine innocence shall awaken their injuries, and they shall know that in high matters of state and policy Reynard cannot be missing. They may well harp

upon things, but the pitch and ground must come from my relation. It is the envy of others hath made me leave the court, for though I know their shallowness cannot disgrace me, yet may their multitudes oppress me; nevertheless, nephew, I will go with you to the court, and answer for myself, and not hazard the welfare of my wife and children. The King is too mighty, and though he do me injury, yet will I bear it with patience." This spoke, he turned to his wife and said, "Dame Ermelin, have care of my children, especially Reynardine my youngest son, for he had much of my love, and I hope will follow my steps; also Rossel is passing hopeful, and I love them entirely, therefore regard them, and if I escape, doubt not but my love shall requite you."

At this leave-taking Ermelin wept, and her children howled, for their lord and victualer was gone, and Malepardus left unprovided.

As soon as it was bruited in the court that Reynard the fox, and Grimbard his kinsman were arrived there, every one, from the highest to the lowest, perpared himself to complain of the fox; at which Reynard's heart quaked, but his countenance kept the old garb, and he went as proudly as ever he was wont with his nephew through the high street, and came as gallantly into the court as if he had been the King's son and as clear from trespass as the most innocent whosoever; and when he came before the chair of state, in which the King sat, he said, "Heaven give your Majesty glory and renown above all the princes of the earth; I assure your highness there was never king had a truer servant than myself have been to you, and yet am, and so will die. Nevertheless, my dread Lord, I know there be many in this court that seek my confusion, if they could win belief with your Majesty. But you scorn the slanders of malice, and although in these days flatterers have the most room in princes' courts, yet with you it is not so, nor shall they reap anything but shame for their labor."

But the King cut him short at these words, and said, "Peace, traitorous Reynard, I know your dissimulation, and can expound your flattery, but both shall now fail you. Think you I can be caught with the music of your words? No, it hath

too oft deceived me; the peace which I commanded and swore unto, that have you broken."

And as he would have gone forward, Chanticleer crying out, "O how have I lost this noble peace?"

"Be still, Chanticleer," said the King, and then he proceeded, "Thou evil among good ones, with what face canst thou say thou lovest me, and seest all those wretched creatures ready to disprove thee, whose very wounds yet spit bloody defiance upon thee; and for which believe thy dearest life shall answer."

"*In nomine patris, etc.,*" said the fox, "my dread Lord, as for Tibert, whom I received with all friendship, if he against my will or advice will steal into the priest's barn to catch mice, and there lose his eyes, nay, his life, wherein is mine offence, or how become I their guardian? O my dread Lord, you may do your royal pleasure, and however mine innocence plead, yet your will may adjudge me to what death contents you. I am your vassal, and have no support but your mercy; I know your strength and mine own weakness, and that my death can yield you but small satisfaction, yet whatsoever your will is, that to me shall be most acceptable."

And as he thus spake, Bellin the ram stepped forth, and his ewe dame Oleway, and besought the King to hear their complaint; with them Bruin the bear and all his mighty lineage; and Tibert the cat, Isegrim the wolf, Kyward the hare, and Panther, the boar, the camel, and Bruel the goose, the kid and the colt, Baldwin the ass, Bortle the bull, and Hamel the ox, the weasel, Chanticleer the cock, and Partlet with all her children; all these with one entire noise cried out against the fox, and so moved the King with their complaints, that the fox was taken and arrested.



THE COURT OF KING NOBLE.

THE HOMESICKNESS OF KEHONKA*

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

THE April night, softly chill and full of the sense of thaw, was closing down over the wide salt marshes. Near at hand the waters of the Tantramar, resting at full tide, glimmered through the dusk and lapped faintly among the winter-ruined remnants of the sedge. Far off—ininitely far it seemed in that illusive atmosphere, which was clear yet full of the ghosts of rain—the last of day-light lay in a thin streak, pale and sharp, along a vast arc of the horizon. Overhead it was quite dark; for there was no moon, and the tenuous spring clouds were sufficient to shut out the stars. They clung in mid-heaven, but kept to their shadowy ranks without descending to obscure the lower air. Space and mystery, mystery and space, lay abroad upon the vague levels of marsh and tide.

Presently, from far along the dark heights of the sky, came voices, hollow, musical, confused. Swiftly they journeyed nearer; they grew louder. The sound—not vibrant, yet strangely far-carrying—was a clamorous monotony of honk-a-honk, honk-a-honk, honka, honka, honk, honk. It hinted of wide distance voyaged over on tireless wings, of a tropic winter passed in feeding amid remote, high-watered meadows of Mexico and Texas, of long flights yet to go, toward the rocky tarns of Labrador and the reed beds of Ungava. As the sound passed straight overhead the listener on the marsh below imagined, though he could not see, the strongly beating wings, the out-stretched necks and heads, the round, unswerving eyes of the wild goose flock in its V-shaped array, winnowing steadily northward through the night. But this particular flock was not set, as it chanced, upon an all-night journey. The wise old gander winging at the head of the V knew of good feeding grounds near by, which he was ready to revisit. He led the flock straight on, above the many windings of the Tantramar,

till its full-flooded sheen far below him narrowed and narrowed to a mere brook. Here, in the neighborhood of the uplands, were a number of shallow, weedy, fresh water lakes, with shores so choked with thickets, and fenced apart with bogs as to afford a security which his years and broad experience had taught him to value. Into one of these lakes, a pale blurr amid the thick shadows of the shores, the flock dropped with heavy splashings. A scream or two of full-throated content, a few flappings of wings and rufflings of plumage in the cool, and the voyagers settled into quiet.

All night there was a silence around the flock, save for the whispering seepage of the snow patches that still lingered among the thickets. With the first creeping pallor of dawn the geese began to feed, plunging their long black necks deep into the water and feeling with the sensitive inner edges of their bills for the swelling root-buds of weed and sedge. When the sun was about the edge of the horizon, and the first rays came sparkling, of a chilly pink most luminous and pure, through the lean traceries of the brushwood, the leader raised his head high and screamed a signal. With answering cries and a tempestuous splashing the flock flapped for a few yards along the surface of the water. Then they rose clear, formed quickly into rank, and in their spacious V went honking northward over the half-lighted, mysterious landscapes. But, as it chanced, not all the flock set out with that morning departure. There was one pair, last year's birds, upon whom had fallen a weariness of travel. Perhaps in the coils of their brains lurked some inherited memory of these safe resting-places and secluded feeding-grounds of the Midgic lakes. However that they may have been, they chose to stay where they were, feeling in their blood no call from the cold north solitudes. Dipping and bowing, black neck by neck, they gave no heed to the leader's signal, nor to the noisy going of the flock. Pushing briskly with the black webs of their feet against the discolored water they swam to the shore and cast about for a place to build their nest.

There was no urgent hurry, so they chose not on that day nor the next. When they chose, it was a little bushy islet off a point of land, well tangled with alder and osier and a

light flotsam of driftwood. The nest, in the heart of the tangle, was an apparently haphazard collection of sticks and twigs, well raised above the damp, well lined with moss and feathers. Here, in course of days, there accumulated a shining cluster of six large white eggs. But by this time the spring freshet had gone down. The islet was an islet no longer, but a mere adjunct of the point, which any inquisitive foot might reach dry-shod. Now just at this time it happened that a young farmer, who had a curious taste for all the wild kindred of the wood, and flood, and air, came up from the lower Tantramar with a wagon-load of grist for the Midgic mill. While his buckwheat and barley were a-grinding he thought of a current opinion to the effect that the wild geese were given to nesting in the Midgic lakes. "If so," said he to himself, "this is the time they would be about it." Full of interest, a half hour's tramp through difficult woods brought him to the nearest of the waters. An instinct, an intuition born of his sympathy with the furtive folk, led him to the point, and out along the point to that once islet, with its secret in the heart of the tangle. Vain were the furious hissings, the opposing wings, the wide black bills that threatened and oppugned him. With the eager delight of a boy he pounced upon those six great eggs, and carried them all away. "They will soon turn out another clutch," said he to himself, as he left the bereaved pair, and tramped elatedly back to the mill. As for the bereaved pair, being of a philosophic spirit, they set themselves to fulfil as soon as possible his prophecy.

On the farm by the lower Tantramar, in a hogshedd half filled with straw and laid on its side in a dark corner of the toolshed, those six eggs were diligently brooded for four weeks and two days by a comfortable gray and white goose of the common stock. When they hatched, the good gray and white mother may have been surprised to find her goslings of an olive-green hue, instead of the bright golden yellow which her past experience and that of her fellows had taught her to expect. She may have marveled, too, at their unwonted slenderness and activity. These trivial details, however, in no way dampened the zeal with which she led them to the goose pond, or the

fidelity with which she pastured and protected them. But rats, skunks, sundry obscure ailments, and the heavy wheels of the farm wagon, are among the perils, which, the summer through, lie in wait for all the children of the feathered kin upon the farm; and so it came about that of the six young ones so successfully hatched from the wild-goose eggs, only two lived till the coming of autumn brought them full plumage and the power of flight. Before the time of the southward migration came near, the young farmer took these two and clipped from each the strong primaries of their right wings. "They seem contented enough and tame as any," he said to himself, "but you never can tell what'll happen when the instinct strikes 'em." Both the young wild geese were fine males. Their heads, and long, slim necks were black, as were also their tails, great wing-feathers, bills and feet. Under the tail their feathers were of snowiest white, and all the other portions of their bodies a rich grayish brown. Each bore on the side of its face a sharply defined triangular patch of white, mottled with faint brown markings that would disappear after the first molt. In one the white cheek-patches met under the throat. This was a large, strongly built bird, of a placid and domestic temper. He was satisfied with the undistinguished gray companions of the flock. He was content, like them, to gutter noisily with his discriminating bill along the shallow edges of the pond, to float and dive and flap in the deeper center, to pasture at random over the wet meadow, biting off the short grasses with quick, sharp, yet graceful curving dabs. Goose-pond and wet meadow and cattle-trodden barnyard bounded his aspirations. When his adult voice came to him, all he could say was honk, honk, contemplatively, and sometimes honk-a-honk when he flapped his wings in the exhilarating coolness of the sunrise. The other captive was of a more restless temperament, slenderer in build, more eager and alert of eye, less companionable of mood. He was, somehow, never seen in the center of the flock—he never seemed a part of it. He fed, swam, rested, preened himself, always a little apart. Often, when the others were happily occupied with their familiar needs and satisfactions, he would stand motionless, his compact, glossy head high in the air,

looking to the north as if in expectation, listening as if he awaited longed-for tidings. The triangular white patch on each side of his head was very narrow, and gave him an expression of wildness; yet in reality he was no more wild, or rather no more shy, than any others of the flock. None, indeed, had so confident a fearlessness as he. He would take oats out of the farmer's hand, which none of the rest quite dared to do.

Until late in the autumn, the lonely, uncomraded bird was always silent. But when the migrating flocks began to pass overhead, on the long, southward trail, and their hollow clamor was heard over the farmstead night and morning, he grew more restless. He would take a short run with outspread wings, and then, feeling their crippled inefficiency, would stretch himself to his full height and call, a sonorous, far-reaching cry—ke-honk-a, ke-honk-a. From this call, so often repeated throughout October and November, the farmer named him Kehonka. The farmer's wife favored the more domesticated and manageable brother, who could be trusted never to stray. But the farmer, who mused deeply over his furrows, and half-wistfully loved the wild kindred, loved Kehonka, and used to say he would not lose the bird for the price of a steer. "That there bird," he would say, "has got dreams away down in his heart. Like as not, he remembers things his father and mother have seen, up amongst the ice cakes and the northern lights, or down among the bayous and the big southern lilies." But all his sympathy failed to make him repent of having clipped Kehonka's wing.

During the long winter, when the winds swept fiercely the open marshes of the Tantramar, and the snow piled in high drifts around the barns and wood-piles, and the sheds were darkened, and in the sun at noonday the strawy dungheaps steamed, the rest of the geese remained listlessly content. But not so Kehonka. Somewhere back of his brain he cherished pre-natal memories of warm pools in the South, where leafy screens grew rank, and the sweet-rooted water-plants pulled easily from the deep black mud, and his true kindred were screaming to each other at the oncoming of the tropic dark. When the flock was out in the barnyard, pulling lazily at the

trampled litter, and snatching scraps of the cattle's chopped turnips, Kehonka would stand aloof by the water trough, his head erect, listening, longing. As the winter sun sank early over the fir woods back of the farm, his wings would open, and his desirous cry would go echoing three or four times across the still countryside—ke-honk-a—ke-honk-a—ke-honk-a! Whereat the farmer's wife, turning her buckwheat pancakes over the hot kitchen stove, would mutter impatiently; but the farmer, slipping to the door of the cow-stable with the bucket of feed in his hand, would look with deep eyes of sympathy at the unsatisfied bird. "He wants something that we don't grow round here," he would say to himself; and little by little the bird's restlessness came to seem to him the concrete embodiment of certain dim outreachings of his own. He, too, caught himself straining his gaze beyond the marsh horizons of Tan-tramar.

When the winter broke, and the seeping drifts shrank together, and the brown of the plowed fields came through the snow in patches, and the slopes leading down to the marshland were suddenly loud with running water, Kehonka's restlessness grew so eager that he almost forgot to feed. It was time, he thought, for the northward flight to begin. He would stand for hours, turning first one dark eye, then the other, toward the soft sky overhead, expectant of the V-shaped, journeying flock, and the far-off clamor of voices from the South crying to him in his own tongue. At last, when the snow was about gone from the open fields, one evening at the shutting-in of dark, the voices came. He was lingering at the edge of the goose-pond, the rest having settled themselves for the night, when he heard the expected sounds. Honk-a-honk, honk-a-honk, honk-a-honk-a, honk, honk, they came up against the light April wind, nearer, nearer, nearer. Even his keen eye could not detect them against the blackness; but up went his wings, and again and again he screamed to them sonorously. In response to his call, their flight swung lower, and the confusion of their honking seemed as if it were going to descend about him. But the wary old gander, their leader, discerned the roofs, man's handiwork, and suspected treachery. At his sharp signal the

flock, rising again, streamed off swiftly toward safer feeding grounds, and left Kehonka to call and call unanswered. Up to this moment all his restlessness had not led him to think of actually deserting the farmstead and the alien flock. Though not of them he had felt it necessary to be with them. His instinct for other scenes and another fellowship had been too little tangible to move him to the snapping of established ties. But now, all his desires at once took concrete form. It was his, it belonged to himself—that strong, free flight, that calling through the sky, that voyaging northward to secret nesting-places. In that wild flock which had for a moment swerved downward to his summons, or in some other flock, was his mate. It was mating season, and not until now had he known it.

Nature does sometimes, under the pressure of great and concentrated desires, make unexpected effort to meet unforeseen demands. All winter long, though it was not the season for such growth, Kehonka's clipped wing-primaries had been striving to develop. They had now, contrary to all custom, attained to an inch or so of effective flying web. Kehonka's heart was near bursting with his desire as the voices of the unseen flock died away. He spread his wings to their full extent, ran some ten paces along the ground, and then, with all his energies concentrated to the effort, he rose into the air and flew with swift-beating wings out into the dark upon the northward trail. His trouble was not the lack of wing-surface, but the lack of balance. One wing being so much less in spread than the other, he felt a fierce force striving to turn him over at every stroke. It was the struggle to counteract this tendency that wore him out. His first desperate effort carried him half a mile. Then he drooped to earth, in a bed of withered salt-grass, all awash with the full tide of Tantrammar. Resting amid the salt-grass he tasted such an exultation of freedom that his heart forgot its soreness over the flock which had vanished. Presently, however, he heard again the sound that so thrilled his every vein. Weird, hollow, echoing with memories and tidings, it came throbbing up the wind. His own strong cry went out at once to meet it—ke-honk-a, ke-honk-a, ke-honk-a. The voyagers this time were flying very low. They came near,

nearer, and at last, in a sudden silence of voices, but a great flapping of wings, they settled down in the salt grass all about him.

The place was well enough for a night's halt—a shallow, marshy pool which caught the overflow of the highest spring tides, and so was not emptied by the ebb. After its first splashing descent into the water, which glimmered in pale patches among the grass stems, every member of the flock sat for some moments motionless as statues, watchful for unknown menace; and Kehonka, his very soul trembling with desire achieved, sat motionless among them. Then, there being no sign of peril at hand, there was a time of quiet paddling to and fro, a scuttling of practised bills among the grass-roots, and Kehonka found himself easily accepted as a member of the flock. Happiness kept him restless and on the move long after the others had their bills tucked under their wings. In the earliest gray of dawn, when the flock awoke to feed, Kehonka fed among them as if he had been with them all the way on their flight from the Mexican plains. But his feeding was always by the side of a young female who had not yet paired. It was interrupted by many little courtesies of touching bill and bowing head, which were received with plain favor; for Kehonka was a handsome and well-marked bird. By the time the sky was red along the east and strewn with pale, blown feathers of amber pink toward the zenith, his swift wooing was next door to winning. He had forgotten his captivity and clipped wing. He was thinking of a nest in the wide emptiness of the North.

When the signal cry came, and the flock took flight, Kehonka rose with them. But his preliminary rush along the water was longer than that of the others, and when the flock formed into flying order he fell in at the end of the longer leg of the V, behind the weakest of the young geese. This would have been a humiliation to him, had he taken thought of it at all; but his attention was all absorbed in keeping his balance. When the flock found its pace, and the cold sunrise air began to whistle past the straight, bullet-like rush of their flight, a terror grew upon him. He flew much better than he had flown the night before; but he soon saw that this speed of theirs was beyond

him. He would not yield, however. He would not lag behind. Every force of his body and his brain went into that flight, till his eyes blurred and his heart seemed on the point of bursting. Then, suddenly, with a faint, despairing note, he lurched aside, shot downward, and fell with a great splash into the channel of the Tantramar. With strong wings, and level, unpausing flight, the flock went on to its north without him.

Dazed by the fall, and exhausted by the intensity of his effort, Kehonka floated, moveless, for many minutes. The flood tide, however, racing inland, was carrying him still northward; and presently he began to swim in the same direction. In his sick heart glowed still the vision of the nest in the far-off solitudes, and he felt that he would find there waiting for him, the strong-winged mate who had left him behind. Half an hour later another flock passed honking overhead, and he called to them; but they were high up, and feeding time was past. They gave no sign in answer. He made no attempt to fly after them. Hour after hour he swam on with the current, working ever north. When the tide turned he went ashore, still following the river, till its course changed toward the east; whereupon he ascended the channel of a small tributary which flowed in on the north bank. Here and there he snatched quick mouthfuls of sprouting grasses, but he was too driven by his desire to pause for food. Sometimes he tried his wings again, covering now some miles at each flight, till by and by, losing the stream because its direction failed him, he found himself in a broken upland country, where progress was slow and toilsome. Soon after sunset, troubled because there was no water near, he again took wing, and over dark woods which filled him with apprehension he made his longest flight. When about spent he caught a small gleaming of water far below him, and alighted in a little woodland glade wherein a brook had overflowed its low banks.

The noise of his abrupt descent loudly startled the wet and dreaming woods. It was a matter of interest to all the furry, furtive ears of the forest for a half mile round. But it was in no way repeated. For perhaps fifteen minutes Kehonka floated, neck erect, head high and watchful, in the middle of the pool, with no movement except the slight, unseen oaring of

his black-webbed feet, necessary to keep the current from bearing him into the gloom of the woods. This gloom, hedging him on every side, troubled him with a vague fear. But in the open of the mid-pool, with two or three stars peering faintly through the misted sky above him he felt comparatively safe. At last, very far above, he heard again that wild calling of his fellows—honk-a-honk, honk-a-honk, honka, honka, honk honk—high and dim and ghostly, for these rough woodlands had no appeal for the journeying flocks. Remote as the voices were, however, Kehonka answered at once. His keen, sonorous, passionate cry rang strangely on the night, three times. The flock paid no heed to it whatever, but sped on northward with unvarying flight and clamor; and as the wizard noise passed beyond, Kehonka, too weary to take wing, followed eagerly to the northerly shore of the pool, ran up the wet bank, and stood straining after it.

His wings were half spread as he stood there quivering with his passion. In his heart was the hunger of the quest. In his eyes was the vision of nest and mate, where the service-berry thickets grew by the wide sub-arctic's waters. The night wind blew steadily away from him to the underbrush close by; or even in his absorption he would have noticed the approach of a menacing, musky smell. But every sense was now numb in the presence of his great desire. There was no warning for him.

The underbrush, rustled, ever so softly. Then a small, delicately moving, fine-furred shape, the discourager of quests, darted stealthily forth, and with a bound that was feathery in its blown lightness, seeming to be uplifted by the wide-plumed tail that balanced it, descended on Kehonka's body. There was a thin honk, cut short by keen teeth meeting with a crunch and a twist in the glossy, slim blackness of Kehonka's neck. The struggle lasted scarcely more than two heart beats. The wide wings pounded twice or thrice upon the ground, in fierce convulsion. Then the red fox, with a sidewise jerk of his head flung the heavy, trailing carcass into a position for its easy carrying, and trotted off with it into the darkness of the woods.

THE STORY OF A HOMER*

By FRANK M. GILBERT

I CALL him Steeple Dick because he was raised in a church steeple. To all intents and purposes he was a common blue, town pigeon, just like so many that gain a precarious living flying around the streets and picking up what they can. In almost any large city the steeples and belfries are full of these nomads and they all pass as common pigeons, belonging to nobody; but to any one who closely noticed our Dick, the bold, fearless look about the head, the full damson eyes, the tapering neck, the square shoulders, strong wings and short, compact body set on sturdy red legs, showed that he was something out of the ordinary. The wattle round his eyes and the other V-shaped wattle over his beak, also gave him a different appearance from the stragglers that picked around by day and roosted in the old steeple at night. Again, the others might grow careless while feeding, and narrowly escape the step of a horse or the wheel of a wagon in the street, or the stone of the small boy; but not so Dick. He was ever on guard and at the slightest motion was up in the air and out of danger. Though he did not know it, Dick was of royal blood, and thereby hangs a tale.

Across the water, in the kingdom of Belgium, the homer is almost a household god. There it is bred to perfection. No other pigeon is so bold and fearless, so full of bulldog tenacity, so full of royal courage. No other has that unfailing instinct that makes him stop at nothing, whether mountain or sea, ice or torrid heat; but will cause him, when released, to fly in a direct line to his home loft, where his mate and little ones are.

So high in esteem are these birds held that they are used as

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royal gifts. In 1894 the King of Belgium sent some of these homers to the heir apparent of England, who in turn gave some to a friend who was coming to America. By some means, a grand pair were released on a Western railroad. At the first dash they went high in the air, on their strong wings, with ever widening circles, their keen eyes looking for some familiar point. But all in vain. They had never been trained in America, and were strangers in a strange land. Day after day they flew, trying all points of the compass, but were baffled everywhere. One evening, after the ice of a sleet storm had clogged their wings, they settled on one of the highest buildings they could find in a city they had reached, and, closing up together, sat and shivered through the long night. Next morning brought a snow, and then, knowing that their last hope of any landmark was gone, they began to look for shelter.

It happened they had lit on a church. On one side of its steeple a slat, long battered by the elements, had given down and through this the royal pair saw many a street straggler come and go. They flew over and for a few days roosted with the other birds as best they could, caring for little save a place to sleep. But in a short time the first warm spring breezes began to blow through the steeple, and the breeding instinct became strong. The pair cast covetous glances at a corner of the steeple which seemed to have been left by the builder's especially for a pigeon's nest. It was not long till, *vi et armis*, it was theirs.

There Dick's career began, and it began alone, for the egg that was to have produced his mate was broken in a struggle for the nest.

Dick's first remembrance was of being imprisoned in something round, smooth, and warm. He could feel at times a turning over of his prison, and hear a soft little coo. Something told him he must get out, so, with his diminutive beak, he began a tap-tap that soon made cracks in his prison walls. Then he would feel his prison turn again, and a gentle pricking from the outside would crack the walls still more. Again he heard that soft coo, and feeling that he must answer in some way, he almost frightened out what little life he had by utter-

ing his first squeak. Finally there was a break in the wall and a small wing slipped from where it had lain around his neck, and somehow got outside. Next, a weak little leg wriggled out, and it was only a short time till he felt he was free and lying under a soft, downy breast, listening to the most delightful coos of affection. Of course he was blind and there was nothing but down on his body, and of course he did not know where his head, legs or wings belonged; but the familiar beak would straighten them out and gradually place them as they should be. Then the beak would move around his head and lift it up, and his own little beak would somehow slip into that large one, from whose depths would come the most delicious food.

One day his eyes opened, and he saw a most beautiful mother looking at him with her loving eyes. Soon she stepped daintily off, and his great, strong father, one of whose feet could easily crush Dick, stepped into the nest, but oh so carefully, that Dick felt nothing till the warm breast was over him.

As Dick waxed in strength he began to "take notice." He would sleep contentedly in the nest, or look over the side, watching the other birds. But they were different from his parents. Their feathers were not so hard or shiny. Not a bird in the steeple had even a wire on its legs, while his mother and father had beautiful silver bands on each leg. If he could have read, he would have found that one band was the band of the Royal Homing Club, and the others were special bands won by wonderful flights. The father had homed from one thousand miles away, while the mother had a velocity record of one thousand five hundred yards a minute. Dick was very proud of those bands, and often wondered if they would grow on his legs.

Thus passed the days of his babyhood, till he was able to chase his parents out on the church roof and beg for food, or to take short flights with them; when one day they pecked at him and refused to feed him. Then his troubles began. Henceforth he must forage for himself. He flew around after the common pigeons and soon learned how to pick up a precarious living in the streets.

One sad day his parents disappeared. No doubt in the long days of nesting they had thought the matter over and decided to make one more trial to reach their old home, even if they had to cross the ocean to do so. Whether they dropped exhausted on some ship and were helped across, or whether some storm at sea swept them away forever, no one ever knew. If they died, it was while they were struggling on undaunted and striving to reach the old home loft in far-off Belgium.

Dick grew strong and full of vigor. Soon all the little pin-feathers became matured and perfect, and a beautiful green sheen came on his neck. No bird could hope to fly as he did. He would dart into the air and soar in wide circles, with a great flapping of wings that made him the envy of all the others. He was the king of the steeple. He had long ago whipped the miserable speckled cock that used to perch at the broken slat every evening and meanly fight and keep out all the young and timid birds till they were nearly frozen. He had long ago beaten out the pair of common looking scrubs that had tried to steal the old home nest as soon as his parents left, and it was now his, where he perched supreme every night.

Early one morning he noticed a crowd of men, with watches in hand, open some large hampers out of which flew a great lot of pigeons. All started off North save one little hen, which seemed utterly bewildered. She would make short flights, but soon come back to her starting-point, to sit there friendless and alone. Then again she would try, going high into the air, eagerly looking for some familiar landmark, but only to come back to the building where she first stopped.

To one who knows the homer and its ways the explanation is simple. She was a young bird who had never been away from the home loft, even for a short trial flight, and, of course, had no bearings to aid her.

Dick had noticed her several times during the day. He had even flown a little with her, just for exercise; had noticed that she looked a great deal like his mother, and had two bands on her legs; but he had not been really interested in her until he saw her give up, utterly disheartened and worn out, and draw up close to a chimney, where she sat homeless and alone.

Then all the chivalry in Dick's heart came in play. He flew over where the stranger timidly sat, and waltzed around in ever decreasing circles, uttering his tenderest love notes. The sun shone on his burnished neck; he spread his tail and walked forward, stopping just far enough away to show how gentle he could be, and how, though not desiring in the least to be pressing, still he wished to lay his heart at the feet of beauty. Never did bird tell such an ardent tale of love. He stopped and drew near the little stranger, and pretended to smooth his feathers, though the rascal knew that each was in exactly the proper position. Finally the object of his adoration walked up, stuck out her little beak, and Dick got his first kiss.

How easy, then, to fly over to the steeple and show her his home. How he coaxed and cooed while she preened the feathers on his head and neck, gently closed his eyes, ever and anon giving him a kiss, and cuddling close to him in the old nest.

Soon Dick became the busiest pigeon in the city. No common straw was good enough for little Dorothy's nest. Each twig, each straw, each bit of hay must be carefully shaken and investigated before the young husband would fly to the steeple with it; for the new nest must be the best one ever built there.

One day little Dorothy showed him an egg, and two days later another. Oh! how precious those eggs were, and how carefully the pair slipped on and off the nest. How they patiently waited till incubation should be over and the two little squeakers be ready to be fed.

One evening, just the day the eggs were both hatched, Dick watched and waited, but no little Dorothy came. Often he thought he must leave the treasured young ones and look for her, but he could not bear to go. Finally, with a glad coo, Dorothy appeared at the old slat. Hardly daring to rest on it, dragging one useless leg behind her, she fluttered as best she could to the nest. While she had been hunting carefully for just the kind of scraps to make the proper food for the nestlings, a boy had shot her, mangling one thigh.

How tenderly poor Dick tried to help her, but it was of

no avail. With one leg under her and the other lying a useless thing by the side of the nest, the little mother took up the night's vigil.

What matter the fever? What matter the agony that shot up and down her whole side, making her eyes look sunken and her feathers ruffled with pain; all save those plastered to her side with blood. Her little nestlings were under her, and that was enough. Of course Dick took up most of the burden. Early in the morning and late as he could see in the evening, he was out hunting food for the young; so that Dorothy might have little to do; but he could not feed her, and it was pitiful to see her limping along, driven away by the stronger birds, and gaining a more precarious living than ever.

The young grew fat, however, for Dick cared for them. Dorothy's leg soon healed, though it had to be held at an angle from her body, and she still covered her little ones at night.

One night there was a sudden noise, a door was pushed open and a blinding light filled the belfry. The frightened pigeons knew not which way to go. Two boys began to catch them, stunning some with blows of a stick or ruthlessly clutching others off the nests.

"Here's a cripple," said one as he swept poor Dorothy off her little ones.

"Never mind," said the other, "slap it in the sack. They won't notice it." Dick was jerked from a corner back of the nest, where he had hidden to escape detection, and in a few moments no pigeons were left in the old steeple save those too young to fly.

The sacks of pigeons were put in a wagon and jolted to a place where in turn the birds were put into long boxes, and left the remainder of the night. Till the next afternoon, they stayed there without a drop of water or a grain of food, when they were taken to a long, low meadow, where a lot of men with guns were gathered.

Then Dick knew what it meant. The birds had been caught for a shooting-match. In his great flights over the surrounding country, he had seen the same thing before; pigeons put into little traps, a word given, the birds thrown into the air,

only to be cut down by the deadly shot of the marksman who stood at a certain distance back at a line.

But Dick, being a bird of more than ordinary intelligence, had noticed another thing: that good strong birds which started directly away from the crowd and on the other side of the traps, and flew low, confused the shooters, and thus got safely away. In fact, many a crippled bird that had stopped at the steeple had told how it was done. So Dick's heart throbbed with hope, and the old courage of his race surged through his blood and shone in his eyes. If only he could get near little Dorothy, to tell her what to do! By good fortune, in the shifting of the boxes to get fresh birds, he heard her soft coo and hurried to her side. He saw that she was suffering, and that the torture of the close sack and the crowded box had greatly injured the mutilated leg.

Her turn soon came. The boy who took her out cramped the poor stiff leg close to her body, so she might pass muster and therefore when she was put in the trap she was half crazed with pain. When the trap was pulled she sprang up with every vestige of strength she had; but with only one leg fit to use she toppled over and before she could right herself she fell, a bleeding mass of feathers: killed almost before she left the trap.

Then poor Dick knew that all rested with him, and like a stoic he waited. The boy who pulled him out saw no fear in the brave eyes. He found no resistance in that compact body. Dick was ready.

When the trap flew open, he ran rapidly along the ground a few paces, and sprang into the air with a burst of speed such as gave his mother a record.

"Bang!" went one barrel of the shooter's gun, but not a scratch. "Bang!" went the other, and the shot didn't even reach Dick. He was already thinking of his starving nestlings in the old steeple, when up, seemingly right out of the ground in front of him, rose one of those miserable scouts who hang around a shooting-match. Too stingy to take part in the match and pay for their shots, they hang around the outskirts to kill the lucky birds that have escaped, and the poor cripples that, with desperate flutters, have gotten out of bounds.

When Dick saw this fellow, he darted up like a flash, his strong wings beating the air in a perfect agony of fury as he strove to rise out of shooting distance. Too late! A moment and he fell to the ground, his life-blood staining the copper sheen of his breast, a film coming fast over the bright and fearless eyes, the feet clutched tightly together, as with a gasp the bold spirit departed.

That night the moonbeams stole softly through the windows of the old steeple, and lingered a moment tenderly on two little dead forms in the lonely nest. They, too, had had their long hours of suffering. The first night when their mother's warmth was taken from them was bad enough, but their crops were full, and that was a help to keep them warm. All through the next day no parents came to keep off the chill with their warm, downy breasts. Not a drop of water, not a bit of food. The little sister first began to shiver and gasp and cuddle more closely to the sturdy brother. He wondered why she grew so drowsy, and why, when he tried to fondle her with his beak, there was no response, till finally she grew so cold and so still. Then he in turn began to shiver and gasp, his eyes became sunken and blue: one last shudder, and all was over.

Thus Steeple Dick, little lame Dorothy, and the two little ones, orphaned in a day, four of God's feathered creatures, went to their death to satisfy the craving of a few men for what they termed sport.

A STRUGGLE WITH A DEVIL-FISH

(From "*The Toilers of the Sea*")

By VICTOR HUGO

WHEN he awakened he was hungry.

The sea was growing calmer. But there was still a heavy swell, which made his departure, for the present at least, impossible. The day, too, was far advanced. For the sloop with its burden to get to Guernsey before midnight, it was necessary to start in the morning.

Although pressed by hunger, Gilliatt began by stripping himself, the only means of getting warmth. His clothing was saturated by the storm, but the rain had washed out the seawater, which rendered it possible to dry them.

He kept nothing on but his trousers, which he turned up nearly to the knees.

His overcoat, jacket, overalls, and sheepskin he spread out and fixed with large round stones here and there.

Then he thought of eating.

He had recourse to his knife, which he was careful to sharpen and to keep always in good condition; and he detached from the rock a few limpets, similar in kind to the *clonisses* of the Mediterranean. It is well known that these are eaten raw; but after so many labors, so various and so rude, the pittance was meagre. His biscuit was gone; but of water he had now abundance.

He took advantage of the receding tide to wander among the rocks in search of crayfish.

He wandered, not in the gorge of the rocks, but outside among the smaller breakers. It was there that the "*Durande*," ten weeks previously, had struck upon the sunken reef.

For the search that Gilliatt was prosecuting, this part was more favorable than the interior. At low water the crabs are accustomed to crawl out into the air. They seem to like to

warm themselves in the sun, where they swarm sometimes to the disgust of the loiterers, who recognize in these creatures, with their awkward sidelong gait, climbing clumsily from crack to crack the lower stages of the rocks like the steps of a staircase, a sort of sea-vermin.

For two months Gilliatt had lived upon these vermin of the sea.

On this day, however, the crayfish and crabs were both wanting. The tempest had driven them into their solitary retreats; and they had not yet mustered courage to venture abroad. Gilliatt held his open knife in his hand, and from time to time scraped a cockle from under the bunches of seaweed, which he ate while still walking.

He could not have been far from the very spot where *Sieur Clubin* had perished.

As Gilliatt was determining to content himself with the sea-urchins and the *chataignes de mer*, a little clattering noise at his feet aroused his attention. A large crab, startled by his approach, had just dropped into a pool. The water was shallow, and he did not lose sight of it.

He chased the crab along the base of the rock; the crab moved fast.

Suddenly it was gone.

It had buried itself in some crevice under the rock.

Gilliatt clutched the protections of the rock, and stretched out to observe where it shelved away under the water.

As he suspected, there was an opening there in which the creature had evidently taken refuge. It was more than a crevice; it was a kind of porch.

The sea entered beneath it, but was not deep. The bottom was visible, covered with large pebbles. The pebbles were green and clothed with *confervæ*, indicating that they were never dry. They were like the tops of a number of heads of infants, covered with a kind of green hair.

Holding his knife between his teeth, Gilliatt descended, by the help of feet and hands, from the upper part of the escarpment, and leaped into the water. It reached almost to his shoulders.

He made his way through the porch, and found himself in a blind passage, with a roof in the form of a rude arch over his head.

The walls were polished and slippery. The crab was nowhere visible. He gained his feet and advanced in daylight growing fainter, so that he began to lose the power to distinguish objects.

At about fifteen paces the vaulted roof ended overhead. He had penetrated beyond the blind passage. There was here more space, and consequently more daylight. The pupils of his eyes, moreover, had dilated; he could see pretty clearly. He was taken by surprise.

He had made his way again into the singular cavern which he had visited in the previous month. The only difference was that he had entered by the way of the sea.

His eyes became more accustomed to the place. His vision became clearer and clearer. He was astonished. He found, above the level of the water, and within reach of his hand, a horizontal fissure. It seemed to him probable that the crab had taken refuge there, and he plunged his hand in as far as he was able, and groped about in that dusky aperture.

Suddenly he felt himself seized by the arm. A strange indescribable horror thrilled through him.

Some living thing, thin, rough, fat, cold, slimy, had twisted itself round his naked arm, in the dark depth below. It crept upward toward his chest. Its pressure was like a tightening cord, its steady persistence like that of a screw. In less than a moment some mysterious spiral form had passed round his wrist and elbow, and had reached his shoulder. A sharp point penetrated beneath the armpit.

Gilliatt recoiled; but he had scarcely power to move! He was, as it were, nailed to the place. With his left hand, which was disengaged, he seized his knife, which he still held between his teeth, and with that hand, holding the knife, he supported himself against the rocks, while he made a desperate effort to withdraw his arm. He succeeded only in disturbing his persecutor, which wound itself still tighter. It was supple as leather, strong as steel, cold as night.

A second form, sharp, elongated, and narrow, issued out of the crevice, like a tongue out of monstrous jaws. It seemed to lick his naked body. Then suddenly stretching out, it became longer and thinner, as it crept over his skin, and wound itself round him. At the same time a terrible sense of pain, comparable to nothing he had ever known, compelled all his muscles to contract. He felt upon his skin a number of flat rounded points. It seemed as if innumerable suckers had fastened to his flesh and were about to drink his blood.

A third long undulating shape issued from the hole in the rock; and seemed to feel its way about his body; lashed round his ribs like a cord, and fixed itself there.

Agony when at its height is mute. Gilliatt uttered no cry. There was sufficient light for him to see the repulsive forms which had entangled themselves about him. A fourth ligature, but this one swift as an arrow, darted toward his stomach, and wound around him there.

It was impossible to sever or tear away the slimy bands which were twisted tightly round his body, and were adhering by a number of points. Each of the points was the focus of frightful and singular pangs. It was as if numberless small mouths were devouring him at the same time.

A fifth long, slimy, ribbon-shaped strip issued from the hole. It passed over the others, and wound itself tightly around his chest. The compression increased his sufferings. He could scarcely breathe.

These living thongs were pointed at their extremities, but broadened like the blade of a sword toward its hilt. All belonged evidently to the same center. They crept and glided about him; he felt the strange points of pressure, which seemed to him like mouths, change their places from time to time.

Suddenly a large, round, glutinous mass issued from beneath the crevice. It was the center; the five thongs were attached to it like spokes to the nave of a wheel. On the opposite side of this disgusting monster appeared the commencement of three other tentacles, the ends of which remained under the rock. In the middle of this slimy mass appeared two eyes.

The eyes were fixed on Gilliatt.

He recognized the devil-fish.

It is difficult for those who have not seen it to believe in the existence of the devil-fish.

Compared to this creature, the ancient hydras are insignificant.

If terror were the object of its creation, nothing could be imagined more perfect than the devil-fish.

The devil-fish has no muscular organization, no menacing cry, no breast plate, no horn, no dart, no claw, no tail with which to hold or bruise; no cutting fins, or wings with nails, no prickles, no sword, no electric discharge, no poison, no talons, no beak, no teeth. Yet he is of all creatures the most formidably armed.

What, then, is the devil-fish? It is the sea vampire.

This frightful apparition, which is always possible among the rocks in the open sea, is a grayish form, which undulates in the water. It is of the thickness of a man's arm, and in length nearly five feet. Its outline is ragged. Its form resembles an umbrella closed, and without a handle. This irregular mass advances slowly toward you. Suddenly it opens, and eight radii issue abruptly from around a face with two eyes. These radii are alive; their undulation is like lambent flames; they resemble, when opened, the spokes of a wheel, of four or five feet in diameter. A terrible expansion! It springs upon its prey.

The devil-fish harpoons its victim.

It winds around the sufferer, covering and entangling him in its long folds. Underneath it is yellow; above a dull, earthy hue; nothing could render that inexplicable shade dust-colored. Its form is spider-like, but its tints are like those of the chameleon. When irritated, it becomes violet. Its most horrible characteristic is its softness.

Its folds strangle, its contact paralyzes.

It has an aspect like gangrened or scabrous flesh. It is a monstrous embodiment of disease.

It clings closely to its prey, and cannot be torn away; a fact which is due to its power of exhausting air. The eight antennæ, large at their roots, diminish gradually, and end in

needle-like points. Underneath each of these feelers range two rows of pustules, decreasing in size, the largest ones near the head, the smaller at the extremities. Each row contains twenty-five of these. There are, therefore, fifty pustules to each feeler, and the creature possesses four hundred in all. These pustules are capable of acting like cupping-glasses. They are cartilaginous substances, cylindrical, horny, and livid. Upon the large species they diminish gradually from the diameter of a five-franc piece to the size of a split pea. These small tubes can be thrust out and withdrawn by the animal at will. They are capable of piercing to a depth of more than an inch.

This sucking-apparatus has all the regularity and delicacy of a key-board. It stands forth at one moment and disappears the next. The most perfect sensitiveness cannot equal the contractibility of these suckers; always proportioned to the internal movement of the animal, and its exterior circumstances. The monster is endowed with the qualities of the sensitive plant.

When swimming, the devil-fish rests, so to speak, in its sheath. It swims with all its parts drawn close. It may be likened to a sleeve sewn up with a closed fist within. The protuberance, which is the head, pushes the water aside and advances with a vagul undulatory movement. Its two eyes, though large, are indistinct, being of the color of the water.

The devil-fish not only swims, it walks. It is partly fish, partly reptile. It crawls upon the bed of the sea. At these times, it makes use of its eight feelers, and creeps along in the fashion of a species of swift-moving caterpillar.

It has no blood, no bones, no flesh. It is soft and flabby; a skin with nothing inside. Its eight tentacles may be turned inside out like the fingers of a glove.

It has a single orifice in the center of its radii, which appears at first to be neither the vent nor the mouth. It is, in fact, both one and the other. The orifice performs a double function. The entire creature is cold.

The jellyfish of the Mediterranean is repulsive. Contact with that animated gelatinous substance which envelopes the

bather, in which the hands sink, and the nails scratch ineffectively; which can be torn without killing it, and which can be plucked off without entirely removing it—that fluid and yet tenacious creature which slips through the fingers, is disgusting; but no horror can equal the sudden apparition of the devil-fish, that Medusa with its eight serpents.

It is with the sucking-apparatus that it attacks. The victim is oppressed by a vacuum drawing at numberless points; it is not a clawing or a biting, but an indescribable scarification. A tearing of the flesh is terrible, but less terrible than a sucking of the blood. Claws are harmless compared with the horrible action of these natural cupping-glasses. The muscles swell, the fibers of the body are contorted, the skin cracks under the loathsome oppression, the blood spurts out and mingles horribly with the lymph of the monster, which clings to its victim by innumerable hideous mouths. The hydra incorporates itself with the man; the man becomes one with the hydra. The specter lies upon you; the tiger can only devour you; the horrible devil-fish sucks your life-blood away.

He draws you to him, and into himself; while bound down, glued to the ground, powerless, you feel yourself gradually emptied into this horrible pouch, which is the monster itself.

Such was the creature in whose power Gilliat had fallen.

The monster was the mysterious inhabitant of the grotto; the terrible genii of the place. A kind of somber demon of the water.

All the splendors of the cavern existed for it alone.

On the day of the previous month when Gilliat had first penetrated into the grotto, the dark outline, vaguely perceived by him in the ripples of the secret waters, was this monster. It was here in its home.

When entering for the second time into the cavern in pursuit of the crab, he had observed the crevice in which he supposed that the crab had taken refuge, the *pieuvre* was there lying in wait for prey.

Gilliatt had thrust his arm deep into the opening; the monster had snapped at it. It held him fast, as the spider holds the fly.

He was in the water up to his belt; his naked feet clutching

the slippery roundness of the huge stones at the bottom; his right arm bound and rendered powerless by the flat coils of the long tentacles of the creature, and his body almost hidden under the folds and cross folds of this horrible bandage.

Of the eight arms of the devil-fish three adhered to the rock, while five encircled Gilliatt. In this way, clinging to the granite on the one hand, and with the other to its human prey, it enchained him to the rock. Two hundred and fifty suckers were upon him, tormenting him with agony and loathing. He was grasped by gigantic hands, the fingers of which were each nearly a yard long, and furnished inside with living blisters eating into the flesh.

It is impossible to tear one's self from the folds of the devil-fish. The attempt ends only in a firmer grasp. The monster clings with more determined force. Its effort increases with that of its victim; every struggle produces a tightening of its ligatures.

Gilliatt had but one resource, his knife.

His left hand only was free; but the reader knows with what power he could use it. It might have been said that he had two right hands.

His open knife was in his hand.

The antennae of the devil-fish cannot be cut; it is a leathery substance impossible to divide with the knife, it slips under the edge; its position in attack also is such that to cut it would be to wound the victim's own flesh.

The creature is formidable, but there is a way of resisting it. The fishermen of Sark know this, as does any one who has seen them execute certain abrupt movements in the sea. The porpoises know it also; they have a way of biting the cuttlefish which decapitates it. Hence the frequent sight on the sea of penfish, poulps, and cuttlefish without heads.

The devil-fish, in fact, is only vulnerable through the head.

Gilliatt was not ignorant of this fact.

With the devil-fish, as with a furious bull, there is a certain moment in the conflict which must be seized. It is the instant when the devil-fish advances its head. The movement is rapid. He who loses that moment is destroyed.



GILLIATT HAD BUT ONE RESOURCE—HIS KNIFE.

The things we have described occupied only a few moments. Gilliatt, however, felt the increasing power of its innumerable suckers.

The monster is cunning; it tries first to stupefy its prey. It seizes and then pauses a while.

Gilliatt grasped his knife; the sucking increased.

He looked at the monster, which seemed to look at him.

Suddenly it loosened from the rock its sixth antenna, and darting it at him, seized him by the left arm.

At the same moment it advanced its head with a violent movement. In one second more its mouth would have fastened on his breast. Bleeding in the sides, and with his two arms entangled, he would have been a dead man.

But Gilliatt was watchful. He avoided the antenna, and at the moment when the monster darted forward to fasten on his breast, he struck it with the knife clenched in his left hand. There were two convulsive movements in opposite directions—that of the devil-fish and that of its prey. The movements were as rapid as a double flash of lightning.

He had plunged the blade of his knife into the flat, slimy substance, and with a rapid movement, like the flourish of a whip-lash in the air, describing a circle around the two eyes, he wrenched the head off as a man would draw a tooth.

The struggle was ended. The slimy bands relaxed. The air-pump being broken, the vacuum was destroyed. The four hundred suckers, deprived of their sustaining power, dropped at once from the man and the rock. The mass sank to the bottom of the water.

Breathless with the struggle, Gilliatt could dimly perceive upon the stones at his feet, two shapeless, slimy heaps, the head on one side, the rest of the monster on the other.

Fearing, nevertheless, some convulsive return of the death-agony, he recoiled to be out of the reach of the dreaded tentacles.

But the monster was quite dead.

Gilliatt closed his knife.

It was time that he killed the devil-fish. He was almost suffocated. His right arm and his chest were purple. Num-

berless little swellings were visible upon them; the blood flowed from them here and there.

The remedy for these wounds is sea-water. Gilliatt plunged into it, rubbing himself at the same time with the palms of his hands. The swellings disappeared under the friction.

AMONG THE LIONS OF ALGIERS

(From "*Tartarin of Tarascon*")

By ALPHONSE DAUDET

THE skiff from the steamer "Zouave" landed Tartarin, and he set foot upon the little Barbary wharf, where, three hundred years before, a Spanish galley-slave, yclept Miguel Cervantes, devised, under the cane of the Algerian taskmaster, a sublime romance which was to bear the title of "Don Quixote."

"Blidah! Blidah!" called out the guard as he opened the door.

Vaguely through the mud-dimmed glass Tartarin of Tarascon caught a glimpse of a second-rate but pretty town market-place, regular in shape, surrounded by colonnades and planted with orange-trees, in the midst of which what seemed toy leaden soldiers were going through the morning exercise in the clear roseate mist. The cafés were shedding their shutters. In one corner there was a vegetable market. It was bewitching, but it did not smack of lions yet.

"To the south! farther to the south!" muttered the good old desperado, sinking back in his corner.

At this moment the door opened. A puff of fresh air rushed in, bearing upon its wings, in the perfume of the orange-blossoms a little person in a brown frock-coat, old and dry, wrinkled and formal, his face no bigger than your fist, his neckcloth of black silk five fingers wide, a notary's letter-case, and umbrella—the very picture of a village solicitor.

On perceiving the Tarasconian's warlike equipment, the little gentleman, who was seated over against him, appeared excessively surprised, and set to studying him with burdensome persistency.

The horses were taken out and the fresh ones put in, where-

upon the coach started off again. The little weasel still gazed at Tartarin, who in the end took snuff at it.

"Does this astonish you?" he demanded, staring the little gentleman full in the face in his turn.

"Oh, dear no! it only annoys me," responded the other very tranquilly.

And the fact is, that, with his shelter-tent, revolvers, pair of guns in their cases, and hunting-knife, not to speak of his natural corpulence, Tartarin of Tarascon did take up a lot of room.

The little gentleman's reply angered him.

"Do you by any chance fancy that I am going lion-hunting with your umbrella?" queried the great man haughtily.

The little man looked at his umbrella, smiled blandly, and still with the same lack of emotion, inquired:

"Oho, then you are Monsieur"——

"Tartarin of Tarascon, lion-killer!"

In uttering these words the dauntless son of Tarascon shook the blue tassel of his fez like a mane.

Through the vehicle was a spell of stupefaction.

The Trappist brother crossed himself, the dubious women uttered little screams of affright, and the Orléansville photographer bent over towards the lion-slayer, already cherishing the unequalled honor of taking his likeness.

The little gentleman, though, was not awed.

"Do you mean to say that you have killed many lions, Monsieur Tartarin?" he asked, very quietly.

The Tarasconian received his charge in the handsomest manner.

"Is it many have I killed, Monsieur? I wish you had only as many hairs on your head as I have killed of them."

All the coach laughed on observing three yellow bristles standing up on the little gentleman's skull.

In his turn the Orléansville photographer struck in:

"Yours must be a terrible profession, Monsieur Tartarin. You must pass some ugly moments sometimes. I have heard that poor Monsieur Bombonnel"——

"Oh, yes, the panther-killer," said Tartarin, rather disdainfully.

"Do you happen to be acquainted with him?" inquired the insignificant person.

"Eh! of course! Know him? Why, we have been out on the hunt over twenty times together."

The little gentleman smiled.

"So you also hunt panthers, Monsieur Tartarin?" he asked.

"Sometimes, just for pastime," said the fiery Tarasconian. "But," he added, as he tossed his head with a heroic movement that inflamed the hearts of the two sweethearts of the regiment, "that's not worth lion-hunting."

"When all's said and done," ventured the photographer, "a panther is nothing but a big cat."

"Right you are!" said Tartarin, not sorry to abate the celebrated Bombonnel's glory a little, particularly in the presence of ladies.

Here the coach stopped. The conductor came to open the door, and addressed the insignificant little gentleman most respectfully, saying:

"We have arrived, Monsieur."

The little gentleman got up, stepped out, and said before the door was closed again:

"Will you allow me to give you a bit of advice, Monsieur Tartarin?"

"What is it, Monsieur?"

"Faith! you wear the look of a good sort of fellow, so I would, rather than not, let you have it. Get you back quickly to Tarascon, Monsieur Tartarin, for you are wasting your time here. There do remain a few panthers in the colony, but out upon the big cats! they are too small game for you. As for lion-hunting, that's all over. There are none left in Algeria, my friend Chassaing having lately knocked over the last."

Upon which the little gentleman saluted, closed the door, and trotted away chuckling, with his document-wallet and umbrella.

"Guard," asked Tartarin, screwing up his face contemptuously, "who under the sun is that poor little mannikin?"

"What! don't you know him? Why, that there's Monsieur Bombonnel!"

At Milianah, Tartarin of Tarascon alighted, leaving the stage-coach to continue its way towards the South.

Two days' rough journey, two nights spent with eyes open to spy out of window if there were not discoverable the dread figure of a lion in the fields beyond the road—so much sleeplessness well deserved some hours' repose. Besides, if we must tell everything, since his misadventure with Bombonnel, the outspoken Tartarin felt ill at ease, notwithstanding his weapons, his terrifying visage and his red cap, before the Orléansville photographer and the two ladies fond of the military.

So he proceeded through the broad streets of Milianah, full of fine trees and fountains; but whilst looking up a suitable hotel, the poor fellow could not help musing over Bombonnel's words. Suppose they were true! Suppose there were no more lions in Algeria! What would be the good, then, of so much running about and fatigue?

Suddenly, at the turn of a street, our hero found himself face to face with—with what? Guess! "A donkey, of course!" A donkey? A splendid lion this time, waiting before a coffee-house door, royally sitting up on his hind-quarters, with his tawny mane gleaming in the sun.

"What possessed them to tell me that there were no more of them?" exclaimed the Tarasconian, as he made a backward jump.

On hearing this outcry the lion lowered his head, and taking up in his mouth a wooden bowl that was before him on the footway, humbly held it out towards Tartarin, who was immovable with stupefaction. A passing Arab tossed a copper into the bowl, and the lion wagged his tail. Thereupon Tartarin understood all. He saw what emotion had prevented him previously perceiving: that the crowd was gathered around a poor tame, blind lion, and that two stalwart negroes, armed with staves, were marching him through the town as a Savoyard does a marmot.

The blood of Tarascon boiled over at once.

"Wretches that you are!" he roared in a voice of thunder, "thus to debase such noble beasts!"

Springing to the lion, he wrenched the loathsome bowl

from between his royal jaws. The two Africans, believing they had a thief to contend with, rushed upon the foreigner with uplifted cudgels. There was a dreadful conflict: the blackamoors smiting, the women screaming, and the youngsters laughing. An old Jew cobbler bleated out of the hollow of his stall, "Dake him to the shustish of the beace!" The lion himself, in his dark state, tried to roar as his hapless champion, after a desperate struggle, rolled on the ground among the spilt pence and the sweepings.

At this juncture a man cleft the throng, made the negroes stand back with a word, and the women and urchins with a wave of the hand, lifted up Tartarin, brushed him down, shook him into shape, and sat him breathless upon a corner-post.

"What, prince, is it you?" said the good Tartarin, rubbing his ribs. It was indeed Prince Gregory of Montenegro.

"Yes, indeed, it is I, my valiant friend. As soon as your letter arrived, I excused myself from my engagements, hired a post-chaise, flew fifty leagues as fast as a horse could go, and here I am, just in time to snatch you from the brutality of these ruffians. What have you done, in the name of just Heaven, to bring this ugly trouble upon you?"

"What done, prince? It was too much for me to see this unfortunate lion with a begging-bowl in his mouth, humiliated, conquered, buffeted about, set up as a laughing-stock to all this Moslem rabble"—

"But you are wrong, my noble friend. On the contrary, this lion is an object of respect and adoration. This is a sacred beast who belongs to a great monastery of lions, founded three hundred years ago by Mahomet Ben Aouda, a kind of fierce and forbidding La Trappe; full of roarings and wild-beastly odors, where strange monks rear and feed lions by hundreds, and send them out all over Northern Africa, accompanied by begging brothers. The alms they receive serve for the maintenance of the monastery and its mosque; and the two negroes showed so much displeasure just now because it was their conviction that the lion under their charge would forthwith devour them if a single penny of their collection were lost or stolen through any fault of theirs."

On hearing this incredible yet veracious story Tartarin of Tarascon was delighted, and sniffed the air noisily.

"What pleases me in this," he remarked, as the summing up of his opinion, "is that, whether Monsieur Bombonnel likes it or not, there are still lions in Algeria!"—

"I should think there were!" ejaculated the prince enthusiastically. "We will start to-morrow beating up the Shelliff Plain, and you will see lions enough!"

"What, prince! have you an intention to go a-hunting, too?"

"Of course! Do you think I am going to leave you to march by yourself into the heart of Africa, in the midst of ferocious tribes of whose languages and usages you are ignorant? No, no, illustrious Tartarin, I shall quit you no more. Go where you will, I shall make one of the party."

"O prince! prince!"

The beaming Tartarin hugged the devoted Gregory to his breast at the proud thought of his going to have a foreign prince to accompany him in his hunting, after the example of Jules Gérard, Bombonnel, and other famous lion-slayers.

Leaving Milianah at the earliest hour next morning, the intrepid Tartarin and the no less intrepid Prince Gregory descended towards the Shelliff Plain through a delightful gorge shaded with jessamine, carouba, tuyas, and wild-olive trees, between hedges of little native gardens and thousands of merry lively rills, which scampered down from rock to rock with a singing splash—a bit of landscape meet for the Lebanon.

As much loaded with arms as the great Tartarin, Prince Gregory had, over and above that, donned a queer but magnificent military cap, all covered with gold lace and a trimming of oak-leaves in silver cord, which gave His Highness the aspect of a Mexican general or a railway station-master on the banks of the Danube.

This plague of a cap much puzzled the beholder; and as he timidly craved some explanation, the prince gravely answered:

"It is a kind of head-gear indispensable for travel in Algeria."

While brightening up the peak with a sweep of his sleeve, he instructed his simple companion in the important part which

the military cap plays in the French connection with the Arabs, and the terror this article of army insignia alone has the privilege of inspiring, so that the Civil Service has been obliged to put all its employees in caps, from the extra-copyist to the receiver-general. To govern Algeria (the prince is still speaking) there is no need of a strong head, or even of any head at all. A military cap does it alone, if showy and belaced, and shining at the top of a non-human *pole*, like Gessler's.

Thus chatting and philosophizing, the caravan proceeded. The barefooted porters leaped from rock to rock with ape-like screams. The gun-cases clanked, and the guns themselves flashed. The natives who were passing, salaamed to the ground before the magic cap. Up above, on the ramparts of Milianah, the head of the Arab department, who was out for an airing with his wife, hearing these unusual noises, and seeing the weapons gleam between the branches, fancied there was a revolt, and ordered the drawbridge to be raised, the general alarm to be sounded, and the whole town put under a state of siege.

A capital commencement for the caravan!

Unfortunately, before the day ended, things went wrong. Of the black luggage-bearers, one was doubled up with atrocious colics from having eaten the diachylon out of the medicine-chest; another fell on the roadside dead drunk with camphorated brandy; the third carrier of the traveling-album, deceived by the gilding on the clasps into the persuasion that he was flying with the treasures of Mecca, ran off into the Zaccar on his best legs.

This required consideration. The caravan halted, and held a counsel in the broken shadow of an old fig-tree.

"It's my advice that we turn up negro porters from this evening forward," said the prince, trying without success to melt a cake of compressed meat in an improved patent triple-bottomed saucepan. "There is, haply, an Arab trader quite near here. The best thing to do is to stop there, and buy some donkeys."

"No, no; no donkeys," interrupted Tartarin, quite red at memory of a donkey that he had shot. "How can you

expect," he added, hypocrite that he was, "that such little beasts could carry all our apparatus?"

The prince smiled.

"You are making a mistake, my illustrious friend. However weakly and meagre the Algerian *bourriquot* may appear to you, he has solid loins. He must have them so to support all that he does. Just ask the Arabs. Hark to how they explain the French Colonial organization. 'On the top,' they say, 'is Mossoo, the Governor, with a heavy club to rap the staff; the staff, for revenge, canes the soldier; the soldier clubs the settler, and he hammers the Arab; the Arab smites the negro, the negro beats the Jew, and he takes it out of the donkey. The poor *bourriquot*, having nobody to belabor, arches up his back and bears it all.' You see clearly now that he can bear your boxes."

"All the same," remonstrated Tartarin, "it strikes me that jackasses will not chime in nicely with the effect of our caravan. I want something more Oriental. For instance, if we could only get a camel"—

"As many as you like," said his Highness; and off they started for the Arab mart.

It was held a few miles away, on the banks of the Shelliff. There were five or six thousand Arabs in tatters here, grovelling in the sunshine and noisily trafficking, amid jars of black olives, pots of honey, bags of spices, and great heaps of cigars; huge fires were roasting whole sheep, basted with butter; in open-air slaughter-houses stark naked negroes, with ruddy arms and their feet in gore, were cutting up kids hanging from crosspoles, with small knives.

In one corner, under a tent patched with a thousand colors, a Moorish clerk of the market in spectacles scrawled in a large book. Here was a cluster of men shouting with rage: it was a spinning-jenny game, set on a corn-measure, and Kabyles were ready to cut one another's throats over it. Yonder were laughs and contortions of delight: it was a Jew trader on a mule drowning in the Shelliff. Then there were dogs, scorpions, ravens, and flies—more flies than anything else.

But a plentiful lack of camels abounded. They finally

unearthed one, though, of which the M'zabites were trying to get rid—the real ship of the desert, the classical, standard camel, bald, wobegone, with a long Bedouin head, and its hump become limp in consequence of unduly long fasts, hanging melancholily on one side.

Tartarin considered it so handsome that he wanted the entire party to get upon it. Still his Oriental craze!

The beast knelt down for them to strap on the boxes.

The prince enthroned himself on the animal's neck. For the sake of the greater majesty, Tartarin got them to hoist him on the top of the hump between two boxes, where, proud, and cosily settled down, he saluted the whole market with a lofty wave of the hand, and gave the signal of departure.

Thunderation! if the people of Tarascon could only have seen him!

The camel rose, straightened up its long, knotty legs and stepped out.

Oh, stupor! At the end of a few strides Tartarin felt he was losing color, and the heroic *chechia* assumed one by one its former positions in the days of sailing in the "Zouave." This devil's own camel pitched and tossed like a frigate.

"Prince! prince!" gasped Tartarin, pallid as a ghost, as he clung to the dry tuft of the hump, "Prince, let's get down. I find—I feel that I m-m-must get off, or I shall disgrace France."

A deal of good talk that was—the camel was on the go, and nothing could stop it. Behind it raced four thousand barefooted Arabs, waving their hands and laughing like mad, so that they made six hundred thousand white teeth glitter in the sun.

The great man of Tarascon had to resign himself to circumstances. He sadly collapsed on the hump, where the fez took all the positions it fancied, and France was disgraced.

Sweetly picturesque as was their new steed, our lion-hunters had to give it up, purely out of consideration for the red cap, of course. So they continued the journey on foot as before, the caravan tranquilly proceeding southwardly by short stages, the Tarasconian in the van, the Montenegrin in the rear, and the camel, with the weapons in their cases, in the ranks.

The expedition lasted nearly a month. . . .

But still no lions, no more than on London Bridge.

Nevertheless, the Tarasconian did not grow disheartened. Ever gravely diving more deeply into the south, he spent the days in beating up the thickets, probing the dwarf-palms with the muzzle of his rifle, and saying, "Boh!" to every bush. And every evening, before lying down, he went into ambush for two or three hours. Useless trouble, however, for the lion did not show himself.

One evening, though, going on six o'clock, as the caravan scrambled through a violet-hued mastic-grove, where fat quails tumbled about in the grass, drowsy through the heat, Tartarin of Tarascon fancied he heard—though afar and very vague, and thinned down by the breeze—that wondrous roaring to which he had so often listened by Mitaine's Menagerie at home.

At first the hero feared he was dreaming; but in an instant further the roaring recommenced more distinct, although yet remote; and this time the camel's hump shivered in terror, and made the tinned meats and arms in the cases rattle, whilst all the dogs in the camps were heard howling in every corner of the horizon.

Beyond doubt this was the lion.

Quick! Quick! to the ambush. There was not a minute to lose.

Near at hand there happened to be an old *marabout* or saint's tomb, with a white cupola, and the defunct's large yellow slippers placed in a niche over the door, and a mass of odd offerings—hems of blankets, gold thread, red hair,—hung on the wall.

Tartarin of Tarascon left his prince and his camel and went in search of a good spot for lying in wait. Prince Gregory wanted to follow him, but the Tarasconian refused, bent on confronting Leo alone. But still he besought his Highness not to go too far away, and, as a measure of foresight, he entrusted him with his pocketbook, a good-sized one, full of precious papers and bank-notes, which he feared would get torn by the lion's claws. This done, our hero looked up a good place.

A hundred steps in front of the temple a little clump of rose-laurel shook in the twilight haze on the edge of a rivulet

all but dried up. Thither went Tartarin and took his position, one knee on the ground, according to the regular rule, his rifle in his hand, and his huge hunting-knife stuck boldly before him in the sandy bank.

Night fell.

The rosy tint of nature changed into violet, and then into dark blue. A pretty pool of clear water gleamed like a hand-glass over the river-pebbles; this was the watering-place of the wild animals.

On the other slope the whitish trail was dimly to be discerned which their heavy paws had traced in the bush—a mysterious path which made one's flesh creep. Join to this sensation that from the vague swarming sound in African forests, the swishing of branches, the velvety pads of roving creatures, the jackal's shrill yelp, and up in the sky, two or three hundred feet aloft, vast flocks of cranes passing on with screams like poor little children having their weasands slit. You will own that there were grounds for a man being moved.

Tartarin was moved: the poor fellow's teeth chattered, and on the cross-bar of his hunting-knife, planted upright in the bank, as we repeat, his rifle-barrel rattled like a pair of castanets. Do not ask too much of a man! There are times when one is not in the mood; and, moreover, where would be the merit if heroes were never afraid?

Well, yes, Tartarin was afraid, and all the time, too, for the matter of that. Nevertheless he held out for an hour; better, for two; but heroism has its limits. Nigh him, in the dry part of the rivulet-bed, the Tarasconian unexpectedly heard the sound of steps and of pebbles rolling. This time terror lifted him off the ground. He banged away both barrels at haphazard into the night, and retreated as fast as his legs would carry him to the *marabout's* chapel-vault, leaving his knife standing up in the sand like a cross commemorative of the grandest panic that ever assailed the soul of a conqueror of hydras.

"Help! this way, prince; the lion is on me!"

There was silence.

"Prince, prince, are you there?"

The prince was not there. On the white moonlit wall of the fane the camel alone cast the queer-shaped shadow of protuberance. Prince Gregory had cut and run with the wallet of bank-notes. His Highness had been for the month past awaiting this opportunity.

Not until early on the morrow of this adventurous and dramatic eve did our hero awake and acquire assurance doubly sure that the prince and the treasure had really gone off, without any prospect of return. When he saw himself alone in the little white tomb-house, betrayed, robbed, abandoned in the heart of savage Algeria, with a one-humped camel and some pocket-money as all his resources, then did the representative of Tarascon for the first time doubt. He doubted Montenegro, friendship, glory, and even lions; and the great man blubbered bitterly.

While he was pensively seated on the sill of the sanctuary, holding his head between his hands and his gun between his legs, with the camel mooning at him, the thicket over the way was divided, and the stupor-stricken Tartarin saw a gigantic lion appear not a dozen paces off. It thrust out its high head and emitted powerful roars, which made the temple walls shake beneath their votive decorations, and even the saint's slippers dance in their niche.

The Tarasconian alone did not tremble.

"At last you've come!" he shouted, jumping up and leveling the rifle.

Bang, bang! went a brace of shells into its head.

It was done. For a minute, on the fiery background of the Afric sky, there was a dreadful firework display of scattered brains, smoking blood and tawny hair. When all fell, Tartarin perceived two colossal negroes furiously running towards him, brandishing cudgels. They were his two negro acquaintances of Milianah!

Oh, misery!

This was the domesticated lion, the poor blind beggar of the Mohammed Monastery, whom the Tarasconian's bullets had knocked over.

This time, in spite of Mahound, Tartarin escaped neatly.

Drunk with fanatical fury, the two African collectors would have surely beaten him to pulp had not the god of chase and war sent him a delivering angel in the shape of the rural constable of the Orléansville commune. By a bypath this *garde champêtre* came up, his sword tucked under his arm.

The sight of the municipal cap suddenly calmed the negroes' choler. Peaceful and majestic, the officer with the brass badge drew up a report on the affair, ordered the camel to be loaded with what remained of the king of beasts, and the plaintiffs as well as the delinquent to follow him, proceeding to Orléansville, where all was deposited with the law-courts receiver.

There issued a long and alarming case! . . .

The puzzle lay in the limitation of the two territories being very hazy in Algeria.

At length, after a month's running about, entanglements, and waiting under the sun in the yards of Arab departmental offices, it was established that, whereas the lion had been killed on the military territory, on the other hand Tartarin was in the civil territory when he shot. So the case was decided in the civil courts, and our hero was let off on paying two thousand five hundred francs damages, costs not included.

How could he pay such a sum?

The few piastres escaped from the prince's sweep had long since gone in legal documents and judicial libations. The unfortunate lion-destroyer was therefore reduced to selling the store of guns by retail, rifle by rifle; so went the daggers, the Malay kreeses, and the life-preservers. A grocer purchased the preserved aliments; an apothecary what remained of the medicaments. The big boots themselves walked off after the improved tent to a dealer of curiosities who elevated them to the dignity of "rarities from Cochin-China."

When everything was paid up, only the lion's skin and the camel remained to Tartarin. The hide he had carefully packed, to be sent to Tarascon to the address of brave Commandant Bravida, and, later on, we shall see what came of this fabulous trophy. As for the camel, he reckoned on making use of him to get back to Algiers, not by riding on him, but by selling him to pay his coach-fare—the best way to employ a camel in travel-

ing. Unhappily the beast was difficult to place and no one would offer a copper for him.

Still Tartarin wanted to regain Algiers by hook or crook. . . . So our hero did not hesitate; distressed but not downcast, he undertook to make the journey afoot and penniless by short stages.

In this enterprise the camel did not cast him off. The strange animal had taken an unaccountable fancy for his master, and on seeing him leave Orléansville, he set to striding steadfastly behind him, regulating his pace by his, and never quitting him by a yard.

At the first outset Tartarin found this touching; such fidelity and devotion above proof went to his heart, all the more because the creature was accommodating, and fed himself on nothing. Nevertheless, after a few days, the Tarasconian was worried by having his glum companion perpetually at his heels, to remind him of his misadventures. Ire arising, he hated him for his sad aspect, hump and gait of a goose in harness. To tell the whole truth, he held him as his Old Man of the Sea, and only pondered on how to shake him off; but the follower would not be shaken off. Tartarin attempted to lose him, but the camel always found him; he tried to outrun him, but the camel ran faster. He bade him begone, and hurled stones at him. The camel stopped with a mournful mien, but in a minute resumed the pursuit, and always ended by overtaking him. Tartarin had to resign himself.

For all that, when, after a full week of tramping, the dusty and harassed Tarasconian espied the first white housetops of Algiers glimmer from afar in the verdure, and when he got to the city gates on the noisy Mustapha Avenue, amid the Zouaves, Biskris, and Mahonnais, all swarming around him and staring at him trudging by with his camel, overtaken patience escaped him.

"No! no!" he growled, "it is not likely! I cannot enter Algiers with such an animal!"

Profiting by a jam of vehicles, he turned off into the fields and jumped into a ditch. In a minute or so he saw over his head on the highway, the camel flying off with long strides and stretching his neck with a wistful air.

Relieved of a great weight thereby, the hero sneaked out of his covert, and entered the town anew by a circuitous path which skirted the wall of his own little garden. . . .

"You'd best cut back to Tarascon at full speed," said Captain Barbassou.

"It's easy to say, 'Cut back.' Where's the money to come from? Don't you know that I was plucked out there in the desert?"

"What does that matter?" said the captain merrily. "The 'Zouave' sails to-morrow, and if you like I will take you home. Does that suit you, mate? Ay? Then all goes well. You have only one thing to do. There are some bottles of fizz left, and half the pie. Sit you down and pitch in without any grudge."

After the minute's wavering which self-respect commanded, the Tarasconian chose his course manfully. Down he sat, and they touched glasses. Baya, gliding down at that chink, sang the finale of "Marco la Bella," and the jollification was prolonged deep into the night.

About 3 A. M., with a light head, but a heavy foot, our good Tarasconian was returning from seeing his friend the captain off, when, in passing the mosque, the remembrance of his muezzin and his practical jokes made him laugh, and instantly a capital idea of revenge flitted through his brain.

The door was open. He entered, threaded long corridors hung with mats, mounted and kept on mounting till he finally found himself in a little oratory, where an openwork iron lantern swung from the ceiling, and embroidered an odd pattern in shadows upon the blanched walls.

There sat the cricr on the divan, in his large turban and white pelisse, with his Mostaganam pipe, and a bumper of absinthe before him, which he whipped up in the orthodox manner, while awaiting the hour to call true believers to prayer. At view of Tartarin, he dropped his pipe in terror.

"Not a word, knave!" said the Tarasconian, full of his project. "Quick! Off with turban and coat!"

The Turkish priest-cricr tremblingly handed over his outer garments, as he would have done with anything else.

Tartarin donned them, and gravely stepped out upon the minaret platform.

In the distance the sea shone. The white roofs glittered in the moonbeams. On the sea breeze was heard the strumming of a few belated guitars. For a space the Tarasconian muezzin gathered himself up for the effort, and then, raising his arms, he set to chanting in a very shrill voice:

"La Allah il Allah! Mahomet is an old humbug! The Orient, the Koran, bashaws, lions, Moorish beauties—they are all not worth a fly's skip! There is nothing left but gammoners. Long live Tarascon!"

While the illustrious Tartarin, in his queer jumbling of Arabic and Provençal, flung his mirthful maledictions to the four quarters, sea, town, plain and mountain, the clear, solemn voices of the other muezzins answered him, taking up the strain from minaret to minaret, and the believers of the upper town devoutly beat their bosoms.

The "Zouave" had her steam up, ready to sail.

Tartarin of Tarascon had no luggage. Here he comes down the Rue de la Marine through the little market, full of bananas and melons, accompanied by his friend Barbassou. The hapless Tarasconian left on the Moorish strand his gun-cases and his illusions, and now he had to sail for Tarascon with his hands in his otherwise empty pockets. He had barely leaped into the captain's cutter before a breathless beast slid down from the heights of the square and galloped towards him. It was the faithful camel, who had been hunting after his master in Algiers during the last four-and-twenty hours.

On seeing him, Tartarin changed countenance, and feigned not to know him, but the camel was not going to be put off. He scampered along the quay; he whinnied for his friend, and regarded him with affection.

"Take me away," his sad eyes seemed to say, "take me away in your ship, far, far from this sham Arabia, this ridiculous Land of the East, full of locomotives and stage coaches, where a camel is so sorely out of keeping that I do not know what will become of me. You are the last real Turk, and I am the last camel. Do not let us part, O my Tartarin!"

"Is that camel yours?" the captain inquired.

"Not at all!" replied Tartarin, who shuddered at the idea of entering Tarascon with that ridiculous escort; and, impudently denying the companion of his misfortunes, he spurned the Algerian soil with his foot, and gave the cutter the shoving-off start. The camel sniffed of the water, extended its neck, cracked its joints, and, jumping in behind the row-boat at haphazard, he swam towards the "Zouave" with his humpback floating like a bladder, and his long neck projecting over the wave like the beak of a galley.

Cutter and camel came alongside the mail steamer together.

"This dromedary regularly cuts me up," observed Captain Barbassou, quite affected. "I have a good mind to take him aboard and make a present of him to the Zoölogical Gardens at Marseilles."

And so they hauled up the camel with many blocks and tackles upon the deck, being increased in weight by the brine, and the "Zouave" started.

From hour to hour, through the cabin port-holes, where he stuck out his nose now and then, Tartarin saw the Algerian blue sky pale away; until one morning, in a silvery fog, he heard with delight Marseilles bells ringing out. The "Zouave" had arrived and cast anchor.

Our hero, having no luggage, got off, without saying anything, hastily slipped through Marseilles for fear he was still pursued by the camel, and never breathed till he was in a third-class carriage making for Tarascon.

Deceptive security!

Hardly were they two leagues from the city before every head was stuck out of window. There were outcries and astonishment. Tartarin looked in his turn, and—what did he descry! the camel, reader, the inevitable camel, racing along the line behind the train, and keeping up with it! The dismayed Tartarin drew back and shut his eyes.

After this disastrous expedition of his he had reckoned on slipping into his house *incognito*. But the presence of this burdensome quadruped rendered the thing impossible. What

kind of a triumphal entry would he make? Good heavens! not a sou, not a lion, nothing to show for it save a camel!

"Tarascon! Tarascon!"

He was obliged to get down.

O amazement!

Scarcely had the hero's red fez popped out of the doorway before a loud shout of "Tartarin forever!" made the glazed roof of the railway station tremble. "Long life to Tartarin, the lion-slayer!" And out burst the windings of horns and the choruses of the local musical societies.

Tartarin felt death had come: he believed it was a hoax. But, no! all Tarascon was there, waving their hats, all of the same way of thinking. Behold the brave Commandant Bravida, Costecalde the armorer, the Chief Judge, the chemist, and the whole noble corps of cap-poppers, who pressed around their leader, and carried him in triumph out through the passages.

Singular effects of the mirage!—the hide of the blind lion sent to Bravida was the cause of all this riot. With that humble fur exhibited in the club-room, the Tarasconians, and, at the back of them, the whole South of France, had grown exalted. The *Semaphore* newspaper had spoken of it. A drama had been invented. It was not merely a solitary lion which Tartarin had slain, but ten, nay, twenty—pooh! a herd of lions had been made marmalade of. Hence, on disembarking at Marseilles, Tartarin was already celebrated without being aware of it, and an enthusiastic telegram had gone on before him by two hours to his native place.

But what capped the climax of the popular gladness was to see a fancifully shaped animal, covered with foam and dust, appear behind the hero, and stumble down the station stairs.

Tarascon for an instant believed that its dragon was come again.

Tartarin set his fellow-citizens at ease.

"This is my camel," he said.

Already feeling the influence of the splendid sun of Tarascon, which makes people tell "bouncers" unwittingly, he added, as he fondled the camel's hump:

"It is a noble beast! It saw me kill all my lions!"

BLACK BEAUTY

By ANNA SEWALL

I

MY EARLY HOME

THE first place that I can well remember, was a large pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water in it. Some shady trees leaned over it, and rushes and water-lilies grew at the deep end. Over the hedge on one side we looked into a plowed field, and on the other we looked over a gate at our master's house, which stood by the roadside; at the top of the meadow was a plantation of fir-trees, and at the bottom a running brook overhung by a steep bank.

While I was young I lived upon my mother's milk, as I could not eat grass. In the day time I ran by her side, and at night I lay down close by her. When it was hot, we used to stand by the pond in the shade of the trees, and when it was cold, we had a nice warm shed near the plantation.

As soon as I was old enough to eat grass, my mother used to go out to work in the daytime, and came back in the evening.

There were six young colts in the meadow besides me; they were older than I was; some were nearly as large as grown-up horses. I used to run with them, and had great fun; we used to gallop all together round and round the field, as hard as we could go. Sometimes we had rather rough play, for they would frequently bite and kick as well as gallop.

One day, when there was a good deal of kicking, my mother whinnied to me to come to her, and then she said:

"I wish you to pay attention to what I am going to say to you. The colts who live here are very good colts, but they are cart-horse colts, and, of course, they have not learned manners.

You have been well bred and well born; your father has a great name in these parts, and your grandfather won the cup two years at the Newmarket races; your grandmother had the sweetest temper of any horse I ever knew, and I think you have never seen me kick or bite. I hope you will grow up gentle and good, and never learn bad ways; do your work with a good will, lift your feet up well when you trot, and never bite or kick even in play."

I have never forgotten my mother's advice; I knew she was a wise old horse, and our master thought a great deal of her. Her name was Duchess, but he often called her Pet.

Our master was a good, kind man. He gave us good food, good lodging, and kind words; he spoke as kindly to us as he did to his little children. We were all fond of him, and my mother loved him very much. When she saw him at the gate, she would neigh with joy, and trot up to him. He would pat and stroke her and say, "Well, old Pet, and how is your little Darkie?" I was a dull black, so he called me Darkie; then he would give me a piece of bread, which was very good, and sometimes he brought a carrot for my mother. All the horses would come to him, but I think we were his favorites. My mother always took him to the town on a market-day in a light gig.

There was a plowboy, Dick, who sometimes came into our field to pluck blackberries from the hedge. When he had eaten all he wanted, he would have, what he called, fun with the colts, throwing stones and sticks at them to make them gallop. We did not much mind him for we could gallop off; but sometimes a stone would hit and hurt us.

One day he was at this game, and did not know that the master was in the next field; but he was there, watching what was going on: over the hedge he jumped in a snap, and catching Dick by the arm, he gave him such a box on the ear as made him roar with the pain and surprise. As soon as we saw the master, we trotted up nearer to see what went on.

"Bad boy!" he said, "bad boy! to chase the colts. This is not the first time, nor the second, but it shall be the last—there—take your money and go home, I shall not want you on

my farm again." So we never saw Dick any more. Old Daniel, the man who looked after the horses, was just as gentle as our master, so we were well off.

II

MY BREAKING IN

I was now beginning to grow handsome; my coat had grown fine and soft, and was bright black. I had one white foot, and a pretty white star on my forehead. I was thought very handsome; my master would not sell me till I was four years old; he said lads ought not to work like men, and colts ought not to work like horses till they were quite grown up.

When I was four years old, Squire Gordon came to look at me. He examined my eyes, my mouth, and my legs; he felt them all down; and then I had to walk and trot and gallop before him; he seemed to like me, and said, "When he has been well broken in, he will do very well." My master said he would break me in himself, as he should not like me to be frightened or hurt, and he lost no time about it, for the next day he began.

Every one may not know what breaking in is, therefore I will describe it. It means to teach a horse to wear a saddle and bridle and to carry on his back a man, woman, or child; to go just the way they wish, and to go quietly. Besides this, he has to learn to wear a collar, a crupper, and a breeching, and to stand still whilst they are put on; then to have a cart or a chaise fixed behind him, so that he cannot walk or trot without dragging it after him: and he must go fast or slow, just as his driver wishes. He must never start at what he sees, nor speak to other horses, nor bite, nor kick, nor have any will of his own; but always do his master's will, even though he may be very tired or hungry; but the worst of all is, when his harness is once on, he may neither jump for joy nor lie down for weariness. So you see this breaking in is a great thing.

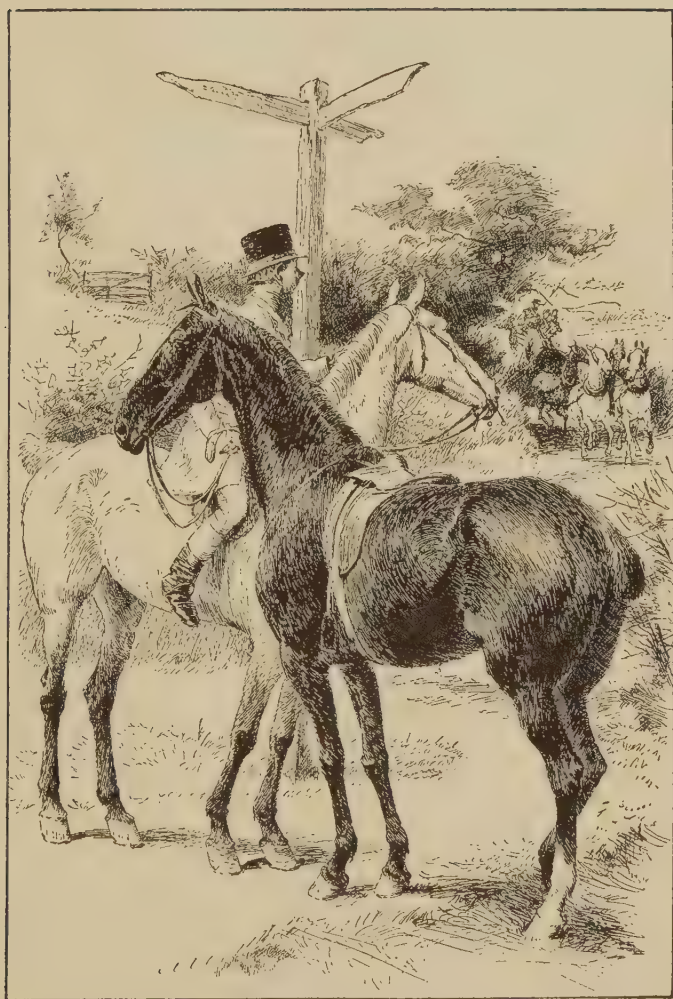
I had of course long been used to a halter and a head-stall, and to be led about in the field and lanes quietly, but now I was to have a bit and bridle; my master gave me some oats as usual

and after a good deal of coaxing, he got the bit into my mouth, and the bridle fixed, but it was a nasty thing! Those who have never had a bit in their mouths cannot think how bad it feels; a great piece of cold hard steel as thick as a man's finger to be pushed into one's mouth, between one's teeth and over one's tongue, with the ends coming out at the corner of your mouth, and held fast there by straps over your head, under your throat, round your nose, and under your chin; so that no way in the world can you get rid of the nasty hard thing; it is very bad! yes, very bad! at least I thought so; but I knew my mother always wore one when she went out, and all horses did when they were grown up; and so, what with the nice oats, and what with my master's pats, kind words, and gentle ways, I got to wear my bit and bridle.

Next came the saddle, but that was not half so bad; my master put it on my back very gently, while old Daniel held my head; he then made the girths fast under my body, patting and talking to me all the time; then I had a few oats, then a little leading about, and this he did every day till I began to look for the oats and the saddle. At length one morning, my master got on my back and rode me round the meadow on the soft grass. It certainly did feel queer; but I must say I felt rather proud to carry my master, and as he continued to ride me a little every day, I soon became accustomed to it.

The next unpleasant business was putting on the iron shoes; that too was very hard at first. My master went with me to the smith's forge, to see that I was not hurt or got any fright. The blacksmith took my feet in his hand one after the other, and cut away some of the hoof. It did not pain me, so I stood still on three legs till he had done them all. Then he took a piece of iron the shape of my foot, and clapped it on, and drove some nails through the shoe quite into my hoof, so that the shoe was firmly on. My feet felt very stiff and heavy, but in time I got used to it.

And now having got so far, my master went on to break me to harness; there were more new things to wear. First, a stiff heavy collar just on my neck, and a bridle with great side-pieces against my eyes called blinkers, and blinkers indeed



BLACK BEAUTY AND HIS MOTHER.

they were, for I could not see on either side, but only straight in front of me; next there was a small saddle with a nasty stiff strap that went right under my tail; that was the crupper. I hated the crupper—to have my long tail doubled up and poked through that strap was almost as bad as the bit. I never felt more like kicking, but of course I could not kick such a good master, and so in time I got used to everything, and could do my work as well as my mother.

I must not forget to mention one part of my training, which I have always considered a very great advantage. My master sent me for a fortnight to a neighboring farmer's, who had a meadow which was skirted on one side by the railway. Here were some sheep and cows, and I was turned in among them.

I shall never forget the first train that ran by. I was feeding quietly near the pales which separated the meadow from the railway, when I heard a strange sound at a distance, and before I knew whence it came—with a rush and a clatter, and a puffing out of smoke—a long black train of something flew by, and was gone almost before I could draw my breath. I turned, and galloped to the further side of the meadow as fast as I could go, and there I stood snorting with astonishment and fear. In the course of the day many other trains went by, some more slowly; these drew up at the station close by, and sometimes made an awful shriek and groan before they stopped. I thought it very dreadful, but the cows went on eating very quietly, and hardly raised their heads as the black frightful thing came puffing and grinding past.

For the first few days I could not feed in peace; but as I found that this terrible creature never came into the field, or did me any harm, I began to disregard it, and very soon I cared as little about the passing of a train as the cows and sheep did.

Since then I have seen many horses much alarmed and restive at the sight or sound of a steam engine; but thanks to my good master's care, I am as fearless at railway stations as in my own stable.

Now if any one wants to break in a young horse well, that is the way.

My master often drove me in double harness with my mother.

ther, because she was steady, and could teach me how to go better than a strange horse. She told me the better I behaved, the better I should be treated, and that it was wisest always to do my best to please my master; "but," said she, "there are a great many kinds of men; there are good, thoughtful men like our master, that any horse may be proud to serve; but there are bad, cruel men, who never ought to have a horse or dog to call their own. Beside, there are a great many foolish men, vain, ignorant, and careless, who never trouble themselves to think; these spoil more horses than all, just for want of sense; they don't mean it, but they do it for all that. I hope you will fall into good hands; but a horse never knows who may buy him, or who may drive him; it is all a chance for us, but still I say, do your best wherever it is, and keep up your good name."

III

THE FIRE

One evening, a traveler's horse was brought in by the second ostler, and while he was cleaning him, a young man with a pipe in his mouth lounged into the stable to gossip.

"I say, Towler," said the ostler, "just run up the ladder into the loft and put some hay down into this horse's rack, will you?" only lay down your pipe.

"All right;" said the other, and went up through the trap-door; and I heard him step across the floor overhead and put down the hay. James came in to look at us the last thing, and then the door was locked.

I cannot say how long I had slept, nor what time in the night it was, but I woke up very uncomfortable, though I hardly knew why. I got up, the air seemed all thick and choking. I heard Ginger coughing, and one of the other horses seemed very restless; it was quite dark, and I could see nothing, but the stable seemed full of smoke and I hardly knew how to breathe.

The trap-door had been left open, and I thought that was the place it came through. I listened and heard a soft rushing

sort of noise, and a low crackling and snapping. I did not know what it was, but there was something in the sound so strange, that it made me tremble all over. The other horses were now all awake; some were pulling at their halters, others were stamping.

At last I heard steps outside, and the ostler who had put up the traveler's horse burst into the stable with a lantern, and began to untie the horses, and try to lead them out; but he seemed in such a hurry, and so frightened himself that he frightened me still more. The first horse would not go with him; he tried the second and third, they too would not stir. He came to me next and tried to drag me out of the stall by force; of course that was no use. He tried us all by turns and then left the stable.

No doubt we were very foolish, but danger seemed to be all round, and there was nobody we knew to trust in, and all was strange and uncertain. The fresh air that had come in through the open door made it easier to breathe, but the rushing sound overhead grew louder, and as I looked upward, through the bars of my empty rack, I saw a red light flickering on the wall. Then I heard a cry of "Fire" outside, and the old ostler quietly and quickly came in; he got one horse out, and went to another, but the flames were playing round the trap door, and the roaring overhead was dreadful.

The next thing I heard was James's voice, quiet and cheery, as it always was.

"Come, my beauties, it is time for us to be off, so wake up and come along." I stood nearest the door, so he came to me first, patting me as he came in.

"Come, Beauty, on with your bridle, my boy, we'll soon be out of this smother." It was on in no time; then he took the scarf off his neck, and tied it lightly over my eyes, and patting and coaxing he led me out of the stable. Safe in the yard, he slipped the scarf off my eyes, and shouted, "Here somebody! take this horse while I go back for the other."

A tall broad man stepped forward and took me, and James darted back into the stable. I set up a shrill whinny as I saw him go. Ginger told me afterwards, that whinny was the best

thing I could have done for her, for had she not heard me outside, she would never have had courage to come out.

There was much confusion in the yard; the horses being got out of other stables, and the carriages and gigs being pulled out of houses and sheds, lest the flames should spread further. On the other side the yard, windows were thrown up, and people were shouting all sorts of things; but I kept my eye fixed on the stable door, where the smoke poured out thicker than ever, and I could see flashes of red light; presently I heard above all the stir and din a loud clear voice, which I knew was master's:

"James Howard! James Howard! are you there?" There was no answer, but I heard a crash of something falling in the stable, and the next moment I gave a loud joyful neigh, for I saw James coming through the smoke leading Ginger with him; she was coughing violently and he was not able to speak.

"My brave lad!" said master, laying his hand on his shoulder, "are you hurt?"

James shook his head, for he could not yet speak.

"Aye," said the big man who held me; "he is a brave lad, and no mistake."

"And now," said master, "when you have got your breath, James, we'll get out of this place as quickly as we can," and we were moving towards the entry, when from the market-place there came a sound of galloping feet and loud rumbling wheels.

"'Tis the fire-engine! the fire-engine!" shouted two or three voices, "stand back, make way!" and clattering and thundering over the stones two horses dashed into the yard with the heavy engine behind them. The firemen leaped to the ground; there was no need to ask where the fire was—it was torching up in a great blaze from the roof.

We got out as fast as we could into the broad quiet market-place; the stars were shining, and except the noise behind us, all was still. Master led the way to a large hotel on the other side, and as soon as the ostler came, he said, "James, I must now hasten to your mistress; I trust the horses entirely to you, order whatever you think is needed," and with that he was

gone. The master did not run, but I never saw mortal man walk so fast as he did that night.

There was a dreadful sound before we got into our stalls; the shrieks of those poor horses that were left burning to death in the stable—it was very terrible! and made both Ginger and me feel very bad. We, however, were taken in and well done by.

The next morning the master came to see how we were and to speak to James. I did not hear much, for the ostler was rubbing me down, but I could see that James looked very happy, and I thought the master was proud of him. Our mistress had been so much alarmed in the night, that the journey was put off till the afternoon, so James had the morning on hand, and went first to the inn to see about our harness and the carriage, and then to hear more about the fire. When he came back, we heard him tell the ostler about it. At first no one could guess how the fire had been caused, but at last a man said he saw Dick Towler go into the stable with a pipe in his mouth, and when he came out he had not one, and went to the tap for another. Then the under ostler said he had asked Dick to go up the ladder to put down some hay, but told him to lay down his pipe first. Dick denied taking the pipe with him, but no one believed him. I remember our coachman John Manly's rule, never to allow a pipe in the stable, and thought it ought to be the rule everywhere.

James said the roof and floor had all fallen in, and that only the black walls were standing; the two poor horses that could not be got out, were buried under the burnt rafters and tiles.

IV

A STRIKE FOR LIBERTY

One day my lady came down later than usual, and the silk rustled more than ever.

"Drive to the Duchess of B——'s," she said, and then after a pause—"Are you never going to get those horses' heads up, York? Raise them at once, and let us have no more of this humoring and nonsense."

York, my lady's coachman, came to me first, while the groom stood at Ginger's head. He drew my head back and fixed the rein so tight that it was almost intolerable; then he went to Ginger, who was impatiently jerking her head up and down against the bit, as was her way now. She had a good idea of what was coming, and the moment York took the rein off the terret in order to shorten it, she took her opportunity, and reared up so suddenly, that York had his nose roughly hit, and his hat knocked off; the groom was nearly thrown off his legs. At once they both flew to her head, but she was a match for them, and went on plunging, rearing, and kicking in a most desperate manner; at last she kicked right over the carriage-pole and fell down, after giving me a severe blow on my near quarter. There is no knowing what further mischief she might have done, had not York promptly sat himself down flat on her head, to prevent her struggling, at the same time calling out, "Unbuckle the black horse! run for the winch and unscrew the carriage pole; cut the trace here—somebody, if you can't unhitch it." One of the footmen ran for the winch, and another brought a knife from the house. The groom soon set me free from Ginger and the carriage, and led me to my box. He just turned me in as I was, and ran back to York. I was much excited by what had happened, and if I had ever been used to kick or rear, I am sure I should have done it then; but I never had, and there I stood angry, sore in my leg, my head still strained up to the terret on the saddle, and no power to get it down. I was very miserable, and felt much inclined to kick the first person who came near me.

Before long, however, Ginger was led in by two grooms, a good deal knocked about and bruised. York came with her and gave his orders, and then came to look at me. In a moment he let down my head.

"Confound these bearing-reins!" he said to himself; "I thought we should have some mischief soon—master will be sorely vexed; but there—if a woman's husband can't rule her, of course a servant can't; so I wash my hands of it, and if she can't get to the Duchess' garden party, I can't help it."

York did not say this before the men; he always spoke

respectfully when they were by. Now, he felt me all over, and soon found the place above my hock where I had been kicked. It was swelled and painful; he ordered it to be sponged with hot water, and then some lotion was put on.

Lord W——was much put out when he learned what had happened; he blamed York for giving way to his mistress, to which he replied, that in future he would much prefer to receive his orders only from his lordship; but I think nothing came of it, for things went on the same as before. I thought York might have stood up better for his horses, but perhaps I am no judge.

Ginger was never put into the carriage again, but when she was well of her bruises, one of Lord W——'s younger sons said he should like to have her; he was sure she would make a good hunter. As for me, I was obliged still to go in the carriage, and had a fresh partner called Max; he had always been used to the tight rein. I asked him how it was he bore it.

"Well," he said, "I bear it because I must, but it is shortening my life, and it will shorten yours too, if you have to stick to it."

"Do you think," said I, "that our masters know how bad it is for us?"

"I can't say," he replied, "but the dealers and the horse-doctors know it very well. I was at a dealer's once, who was training me and another horse to go as a pair; he was getting our heads up, as he said, a little higher and a little higher every day. A gentleman who was there asked him why he did so; 'Because,' said he, 'people won't buy them unless we do. The London people always want their horses to carry their heads high, and to step high; of course it is very bad for the horses, but then it is good for trade. The horses soon wear up, or get diseased, and they come for another pair.' That," said Max, "is what he said in my hearing, and you can judge for yourself."

What I suffered with that rein for four long months in my lady's carriage, it would be hard to describe; but I am quite sure that, had it lasted much longer, either my health or my temper would have given way. Before that, I never knew

what it was to foam at the mouth, but now the action of the sharp bit on my tongue and jaw, and the constrained position of my head and throat, always caused me to froth at the mouth more or less. Some people think it very fine to see this, and say, "What fine, spirited creatures!" But it is just as unnatural for horses as for men, to foam at the mouth: it is a sure sign of some discomfort, and should be attended to. Besides this, there was a pressure on my windpipe, which often made my breathing very uncomfortable; when I returned from my work, my neck and chest were strained and painful, my mouth and tongue tender, and I felt worn and depressed.

In my old home, I always knew that John and my master were my friends; but here, although in many ways I was well treated, I had no friend. York might have known, and very likely did know, how that rein harassed me; but I suppose he took it as a matter of course that could not be helped; at any rate, nothing was done to relieve me.

V

THE LADY ANNE, OR A RUNAWAY HORSE

Early in the spring Lord W—and part of his family went up to London, and took York with them. I and Ginger and some other horses were left at home for use, and the head groom was left in charge.

The Lady Harriet, who remained at the Hall, was a great invalid, and never went out in the carriage, and the Lady Anne preferred riding on horseback with her brother, or cousins. She was a perfect horsewoman, and as gay and gentle as she was beautiful. She chose me for her horse, and named me "Black Auster." I enjoyed these rides very much in the clear cold air, sometimes with Ginger, sometimes with Lizzie. This Lizzie was a bright bay mare, almost thoroughbred, and a great favorite with the gentlemen, on account of her fine action and lively spirit; but Ginger, who knew more of her than I did, told me she was rather nervous.

There was a gentleman of the name of Blantyre staying

at the Hall; he always rode Lizzie, and praised her so much, that one day Lady Anne ordered the side-saddle to be put on her, and the other saddle on me. When we came to the door, the gentleman seemed very uneasy.

"How is this?" he said, "are you tired of your good Black Auster?"

"Oh! no, not at all," she replied, "but I am amiable enough to let you ride him for once, and I will try your charming Lizzie. You must confess that in size and appearance she is far more like a lady's horse than my own favorite."

"Do let me advise you not to mount her," he said; "she is a charming creature, but she is too nervous for a lady. I assure you she is not perfectly safe; let me beg you to have the saddles changed."

"My dear cousin," said Lady Anne, laughing, "pray do not trouble your good careful head about me; I have been a horsewoman ever since I was a baby, and I have followed the hounds a great many times, though I know you do not approve of ladies hunting; but still that is the fact, and I intend to try this Lizzie that you gentlemen are all so fond of; so please help me to mount like a good friend as you are."

There was no more to be said; he placed her carefully on the saddle, looked to the bit and curb, gave the reins gently into her hand, and then mounted me. Just as we were moving off, a footman came out with a slip of paper and message from the Lady Harriet—"Would they ask this question for her at Dr. Ashley's, and bring the answer?"

The village was about a mile off, and the Doctor's house was the last in it. We went along gaily enough till we came to his gate. There was a short drive up to the house between tall evergreens. Blantyre alighted at the gate, and was going to open it for Lady Anne, but she said, "I will wait for you here, and you can hang Auster's rein on the gate."

He looked at her doubtfully—"I will not be five minutes," he said.

"Oh, do not hurry yourself; Lizzie and I shall not run away from you."

He hung my rein on one of the iron spikes, and was soon

hidden among the trees. Lizzie was standing quietly by the side of the road a few paces off with her back to me. My young mistress was sitting easily with a loose rein, humming a little song. I listened to my rider's footsteps until they reached the house, and heard him knock at the door. There was a meadow on the opposite side of the road, the gate of which stood open; just then, some cart horses and several young colts came trotting out in a very disorderly manner, whilst a boy behind was cracking a great whip. The colts were wild and frolicksome, and one of them bolted across the road, and blundered up against Lizzie's hind legs; and whether it was the stupid colt, or the loud cracking of the whip, or both together, I cannot say, but she gave a violent kick, and dashed off into a headlong gallop. It was so sudden, that Lady Anne was nearly unseated, but she soon recovered herself. I gave a loud shrill neigh for help: again and again I neighed, pawing the ground impatiently, and tossing my head to get the rein loose. I had not long to wait. Blantyre came running to the gate; he looked anxiously about, and just caught sight of a flying figure; now far away on the road. In an instant he sprang to the saddle. I needed no whip, or spur, for I was as eager as my rider; he saw it, and giving me a free rein, and leaning a little forward, we dashed after them.

For about a mile and a half the road ran straight, and then bent to the right, after which it divided into two roads. Long before we came to the bend, she was out of sight. Which way had she turned? A woman was standing at her garden-gate, shading her eyes with her hand, and looking eagerly up the road. Scarcely drawing the rein, Blantyre shouted, "Which way?" "To the right," cried the woman, pointing with her hand, and away we went up the right-hand road; then for a moment we caught sight of her; another bend and she was hidden again. Several times we caught glimpses, and then lost them. We scarcely seemed to gain ground upon them at all. An old road-mender was standing near a heap of stones—his shovel dropped, and his hands raised. As we came near he made a sign to speak. Blantyre drew the rein a little. "To the common, to the common, sir; she has turned off there."

I knew this common very well; it was for the most part very uneven ground, covered with heather and dark green furze-bushes, with here and there a scrubby old thorn-tree; there were also open spaces of fine short grass, with anthills and mole-turns everywhere; the worst place I ever knew for a headlong gallop.

We had hardly turned on the common, when we caught sight again of the green habit flying on before us. My Lady's hat was gone, and her long brown hair was streaming behind her. Her head and body were thrown back, as if she were pulling with all her remaining strength, and as if that strength were nearly exhausted. It was clear that the roughness of the ground had very much lessened Lizzie's speed, and there seemed a chance that we might overtake her.

Whilst we were on the highroad, Blantyre had given me my head; but now with a light hand and a practised eye, he guided me over the ground in such a masterly manner, that my pace was scarcely slackened, and we were decidedly gaining on them.

About half-way across the heath there had been a wide dike recently cut, and the earth from the cutting was cast up roughly on the other side. Surely this would stop them! but no; with scarcely a pause Lizzie took the leap, stumbled among the rough clods, and fell. Blantyre groaned, "Now Auster, do your best!" He gave me a steady rein, I gathered myself well together, and with one determined leap cleared both dike and bank.

Motionless among the heather, with her face to the earth lay my poor young mistress. Blantyre kneeled down and called her name—there was no sound; gently he turned her face upward, it was ghastly white, and the eyes were closed. "Annie, dear Annie, do speak!" but there was no answer. He unbuttoned her habit, loosened her collar, felt her hands and wrist, then started up and looked wildly around him for help.

At no great distance there were two men cutting turf, who seeing Lizzie running wild without a rider had left their work to catch her.

Blantyre's halloo soon brought them to the spot. The foremost man seemed much troubled at the sight, and asked what he could do.

"Can you ride?"

"Well, sir, I bean't much of a horseman, but I'd risk my neck for the Lady Anne; she was uncommon good to my wife in the winter."

"Then mount this horse, my friend; your neck will be quite safe, and ride to the Doctor's and ask him to come instantly—then on to the Hall—tell them all that you know, and bid them send me the carriage with Lady Anne's maid and help. I shall stay here."

"All right, sir, I'll do my best, and I pray God the dear young lady may open her eyes soon." Then seeing the other man, he called out, "Here, Joe, run for some water, and tell my missis to come as quick as she can to the Lady Anne."

He then somehow scrambled into the saddle, and with a "Gee up" and a clap on my sides with both his legs, he started on his journey, making a little circuit to avoid the dike. He had no whip, which seemed to trouble him, but my pace soon cured that difficulty, and he found the best thing he could do was to stick to the saddle, and hold me in, which he did manfully. I shook him as little as I could help, but once or twice on the rough ground he called out, "Steady! Woah! Steady." On the high road we were all right; and at the Doctor's, and the Hall, he did his errand like a good man and true. They asked him in to take a drop of something. "No! no," he said, "I'll be back to 'em again by a short cut through the fields, and be there afore the carriage."

There was a great deal of hurry and excitement after the news became known. I was just turned into my box, the saddle and bridle were taken off, and a cloth thrown over me.

Ginger was saddled and sent off in great haste for Lord George, and I soon heard the carriage roll out of the yard.

It seemed a long time before Ginger came back, and before we were left alone; and then she told me all that she had seen.

"I can't tell much," she said; we went a gallop nearly all the way, and got there just as the Doctor rode up. There was a woman sitting on the ground with the lady's head in her lap. The Doctor poured something into her mouth, but all that I heard was 'she is not dead.' Then I was led off by a man to

a little distance. After a while she was taken to the carriage, and we came home together. I heard by master say to a gentleman who stopped him to inquire, that he hoped no bones were broken, but that she had not spoken yet."

When Lord George took Ginger for hunting, York shook his head; he said it ought to be a steady hand to train a horse for the first season, and not a random rider like Lord George.

Ginger used to like it very much, but sometimes when she came back, I could see that she had been very much strained, and now and then she gave a short cough. She had too much spirit to complain, but I could not help feeling anxious about her.

Two days after the accident, Blantyre paid me a visit: he patted me and praised me very much, he told Lord George that he was sure the horse knew of Annie's danger as well as he did. "I could not have held him in, if I would," said he; "she ought never to ride any other horse." I found by their conversation, that my young mistress was now out of danger, and would soon be able to ride again. This was good news to me, and I looked forward to a happy life.

LIST OF BEST BOOKS OF MODERN TALES AND ANIMAL STORIES

ALCOTT, LOUISA M.	<i>Little Women</i>
BROWN, DR. JOHN	<i>Rab and his Friends</i>
BROWN, DR. JOHN	<i>Majorie Fleming</i>
COCHRANE, ROBERT	<i>Four Hundred Animal Stories</i>
COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE	<i>The Spy</i>
DICKENS, CHARLES	<i>David Copperfield</i>
ELIOT, GEORGE	<i>The Mill on the Floss</i>
EASTMAN, C. A.	<i>The Red Hunters and the Animal People</i>
GREENWOOD, GRACE	<i>Heads and Tails</i>
HALE, EDWARD EVERETT	<i>The Man Without a Country</i>
HALÉVY, L.	<i>L'Abbe Constantin</i>
HARRIS, JOEL CHANDLER	<i>Uncle Remus</i>
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL	<i>The Scarlet Letter</i>
HOLDER, C. F.	<i>The Ivory King</i>
HULBERT, WILLIAM D.	<i>Forest Neighbors</i>
JEFFERIES, RICHARD	<i>Wood Magic</i>
KIPLING, RUDYARD	<i>Jungle Books</i>
KIPLING, RUDYARD	<i>Boys' Stories</i>
KIPLING, JOHN LOCKWOOD	<i>Beast and Man in India</i>
KNOX, THOMAS W.	<i>Horse Stories</i>
KNOX, THOMAS W.	<i>Dog Stories</i>
LANG, ANDREW	<i>The Red Book of Animal Stories</i>
LOCKWOOD, SAMUEL	<i>Animal Memoirs</i>
MARLITT, E.	<i>Old Mam'selle's Secret</i>
MARRYAT, F.	<i>Mr. Midshipman Easy</i>
MARTIN, ANNIE	<i>Home Life on an Ostrich Farm</i>
MILLER, OLIVE THORN	<i>Our Home Pets</i>
MILLER, OLIVE THORN	<i>Four Handed Folk</i>
MILLER, OLIVE THORN	<i>Little Brothers of the Air</i>
MORGAN, C. LLOYD	<i>Animal Sketches</i>

OIDA, (L. DE LA RAMÉE)	. . .	<i>Dog of Flanders</i>
OIDA, (L. DE LA RAMÉE)	. . .	<i>Bimbi Stories</i>
OLIVANT, ALFRED	. . .	<i>Bob, Son of Baille</i>
POE, EDGAR ALLAN	. . .	<i>The Gold Bug</i>
PORTER, J. H.	. . .	<i>Wild Beasts</i>
REID, CAPT. MAYNE	. . .	<i>Giraffe Hunters</i>
REID, CAPT. MAYNE	. . .	<i>Bruin</i>
REID, CAPT. MAYNE	. . .	<i>Cliff Climber</i>
REPPLIER, AGNES	. . .	<i>The Fireside Sphynx</i>
RICE, WALLACE	. . .	<i>Animals</i>
ROBERTS, CHARLES G. D.	. . .	<i>Kindred of the Wild</i>
ROBERTS, CHARLES G. D.	. . .	<i>The Haunters of the Silences</i>
ROBERTS, CHARLES G. D.	. . .	<i>The Heart that Knows</i>
ROOSEVELT, THEODORE	. . .	<i>The Wilderness Hunter</i>
SCHIRREN, .	<i>Popular History of Animals for Young People</i>	
SCOTT, SIR WALTER	. . .	<i>Ivanhoe</i>
SETON, ERNEST THOMPSON	. . .	<i>The Biography of a Grizzly</i>
SEWELL, ANNA	. . .	<i>Black Beauty</i>
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS	. . .	<i>Kidnapped</i>
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS	. . .	<i>Treasure Island</i>
STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER	. . .	<i>Uncle Tom's Cabin</i>
THACKERY, WILLIAM M.	. . .	<i>Pendennis</i>
VELVIN, ELLEN	. . .	<i>Behind the Scenes with Wild Animals</i>
VELVIN, ELLEN	. . .	<i>Wild Animal Celebrities</i>
VERNE, JULES	. . .	<i>Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea</i>
WARD, ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS	. . .	<i>Loveliness</i>
WOOD, J. G.	. . .	<i>Man and Beast Here and Hereafter</i>
WOOD, THEODORE	. . .	<i>Nature and Her Servants</i>





